

MARCH

FIFTEEN CENTS

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE



SUBMARINE MOVIES
-ALL SIDES OF CENSORSHIP-A WEEK END
WITH MARY PICKFORD
-EIGHT SHORT STORIES
-WHO'S MARRIED TO
WHO - TWENTY-FIVE
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Through the New York Evening Sun, the Vitagraph Company of America is conducting at this writing a prize photoplay contest. The first prize is one thousand dollars; the second, two hundred and fifty dollars; and there are consolation prizes of one hundred dollars each. These prize contests have greatly encouraged and stimulated the amateur photoplay writers throughout the country.

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

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VOL. VII

No. 4

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Pictures of Popular Photoplayers

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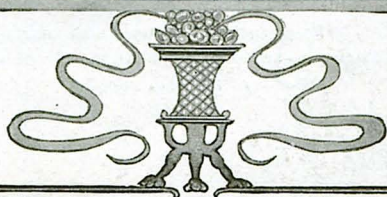
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POPULAR PHOTOPLAYERS



MARIE WALCAMP





RHEA MITCHELL

Her life was not in the least exciting until she joined the New York Motion Picture Corporation. Since then, she has been cast almost entirely for roles which require her jumping off cliffs, being rescued from burning ships, getting lost in swamps and quick-sands, or being drowned. Miss Mitchell was born in Portland, Oregon.

Photo by Witzel, Los Angeles



ELAINE IVANS

was trained for grand opera and is playing in motion pictures, an art for which it would appear, all her training, was absolutely wasted. But with such an equipment as hers it is impossible to believe that she will not win a larger following than would have been hers as a grand opera singer. Miss Ivans has just been engaged to appear in Mina films.

Photo by Apeda, New York



IRENE HOWLEY

Miss Howley entered pictures to play leads under Oscar Apfel in the Reliance, and the quality of her work was so good that none other than D. W. Griffith persuaded her to leave the Reliance and work under him. Miss Howley has been called by Harrison Fisher the most beautiful woman in America.

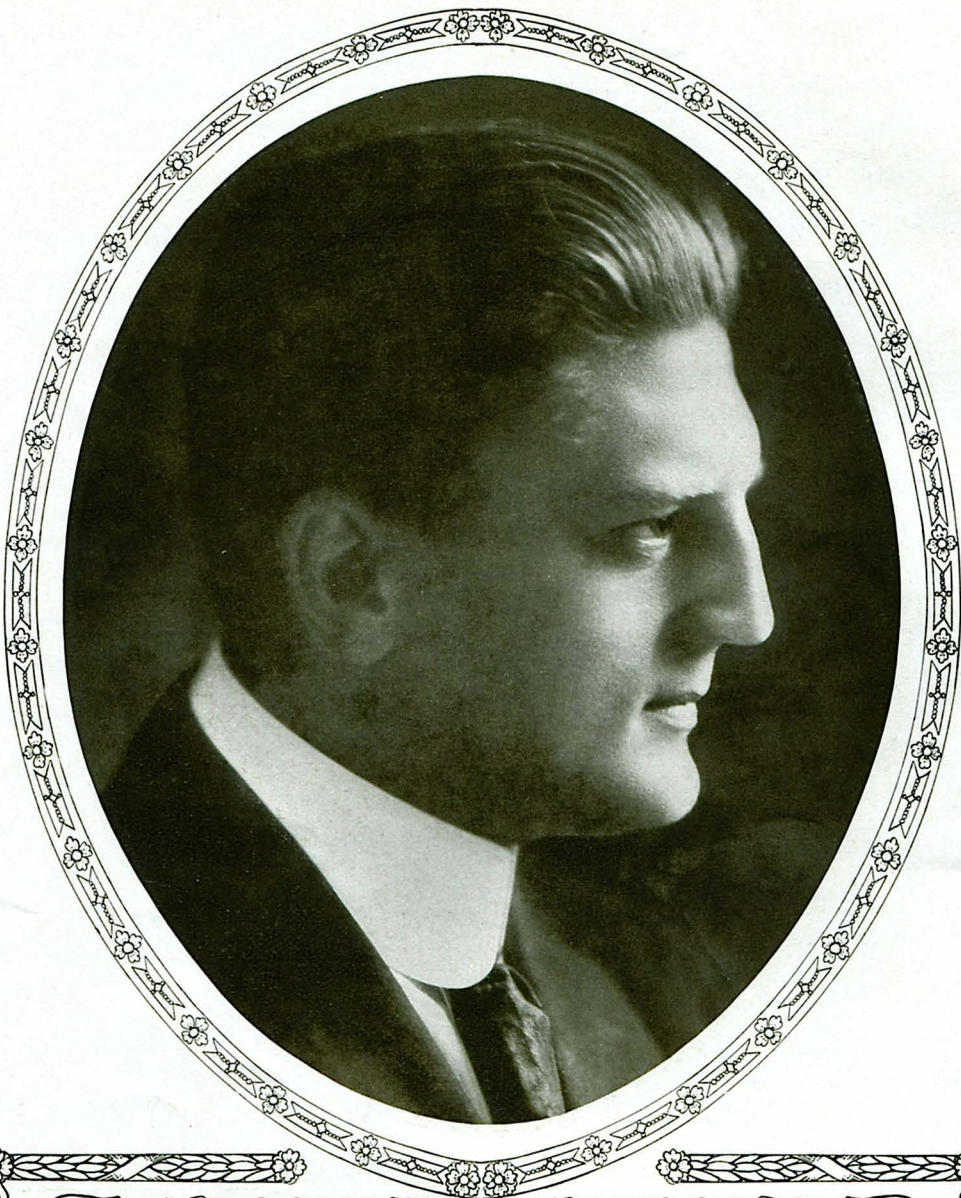
Photo by White, New York



MARGARET GIBSON

although only nineteen years old, has been on the stage and in the movies practically all her life. The daughter of professionals, she was brought up in the theatre and at fifteen she was a well-known juvenile playing in the western states. She joined the Vitagraph western Company about two years ago and her success was assured at once.

Photo by Westshore News Bureau



LEMAR JOHNSTONE

has been with half a dozen motion picture companies in half as many years and his face has become familiar to fans throughout the country. His rise has been a marked one for his only appearances on the legitimate stage were with stock and repertoire companies, and he is now a leading man in the new Majestic Company.



LOUISE HUFF

the littlest leading lady at Lubinville has often been called the "Kate Greenaway girl of the screen," and she is a veritable Kate Greenaway girl with her violet eyes, her blonde curls and her delicate skin. She says she's just an old-fashioned girl who likes to stay at home and one believes this even while her fondness for fox-trotting contradicts it.



GUY OLIVER

is perhaps best known to movie fans through his work in the "Reporter Jimmie" series and "The Blue Flame" series. In other Selig productions in which he has appeared he has been a newspaper reporter, investigator, secret service man, detective, etc. His work is always cleancut and distinctive.

Photo by Witzel, Los Angeles



STELLA RAZETO

in private life is Mrs. Edward J. LeSaint. Although she has been with Selig Polyscope Company less than two years, her beauty, her grace, and her natural ability have won her an important place among the popular Selig stars. One of her best recent interpretations was that of the role of the princess in "The Strange Case of the Princess Khan."

Photo by Witzel, Los Angeles



BUCK CONNORS

has had a career which equals that of any hero of melodrama. In the course of this career he learned to ride anything and the most stubborn of bucking bronchos can't shake him off, but occasionally when the director of the Albuquerque Film Company demands it he has to fall off. Buck says the next time he falls it will be the horse's fault.

Photo by Witzel, Los Angeles



MABEL TRUNNELLE

admits that outside the studio motoring is her favorite diversion. She and her husband, Herbert Prior, spend most of their leisure during the winter months at Jacksonville, Florida. Her last appearance on the legitimate stage was with "Polly of the Circus," but in 1910 she joined the Edison Company, left them for one year and then went back.



YALE BOSS

is very proud of the fact that, dressed up in girl's clothes for the picture called, "The Janitor's Flirtation," he not only fooled the other boys about the studio but completely took in his director as well. It is to be noted that Yale Boss is still being referred to as a boy even though he recently graduated to long trousers.

Photo by Sarony, New York



ARLINE PRETTY

likes acting for the movies although when her first picture was made, a little more than three years ago, she looked upon her venture merely as an interesting excursion into an unknown land. Ever since her return to pictures (about a year ago) Miss Pretty has been cast as King Baggot's leading woman.

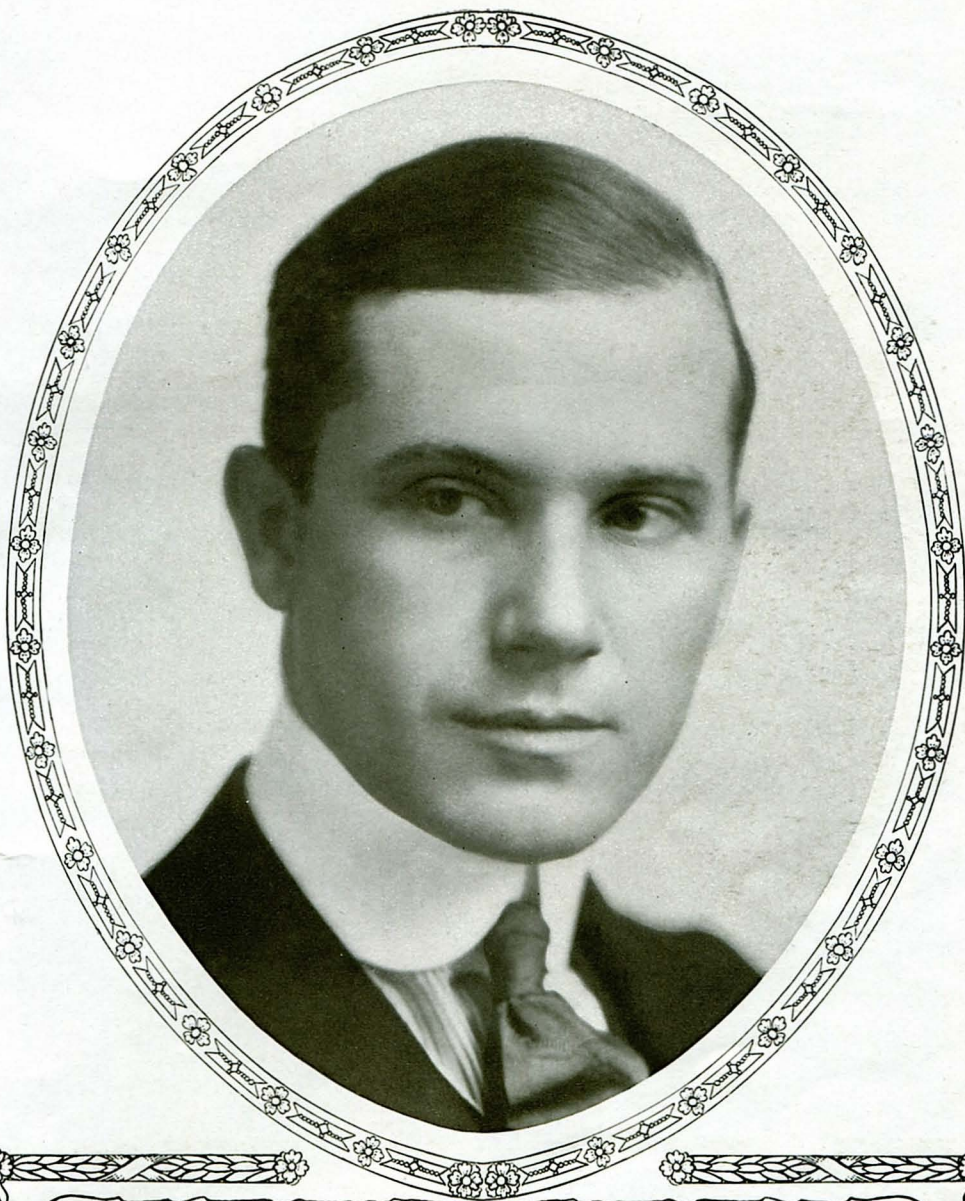
Photo by Floyd, New York



MARY ALDEN

is the actress who explained that her reason for wearing a blonde wig over her dark hair in "The Battle of the Sexes," was that she "always plays weak women as a blonde." There is probably not an actress on the screen who changes her appearance as completely as does Miss Alden. She doesn't care whether her admirers recognize her or not.

Photo by Witzel, Los Angeles



EDDIE LYONS

formerly leading man in Al. Christie's Nestor Company, has been made director of a second Nestor Company which is to work in conjunction with the original company. They weren't sure that Eddie Lyons could produce pictures until Mr. Christie went east one time and then he put on three such funny films that they gave him his own company.

Photo by Photoplayers Studio, Los Angeles



Beatrice Van, the charming little Universal actress who frequently appears with Pauline Bush, always wears frocks that enhance her blondness, in this case, a dress of delicate green. The baby waist is practically sleeveless and has a quaint little girdle of black velvet edged with a ruffle of chiffon. The full tunic of green chiffon is weighted with crystal beads, and swings as gracefully from the waist as does the black chiffon cape, jet-bordered, from shoulders.



PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE



Vol. 7. No. 4

March, 1915

The Broken Toy

RALPH HILTON WAS ENGAGED TO A GIRL WHO LOVED HIM ENOUGH TO GIVE HIM UP WHEN HE FELL IN LOVE WITH ANOTHER IT COST HIM A LOT OF PAIN AND ANGUISH TO FIND OUT WHETHER HE WAS IN LOVE WITH MERLE OR HER DANCING.

Written from the Scenario of Olga Printzlau Clark

By Joseph Gollomb

Illustrations from the Universal Film

THERE was a gasp of delighted surprise in the ballroom as the long curtains at one end swept apart. From behind a bank of flowers in the conservatory beyond, stepped the breathing incarnation of the dance. A figure—was she girl or nymph?—floated into the ballroom in a cloud of gossamer silk to the strains of a Brahms Hungarian Dance.

To the guests, the dancer was the spirit of spring gales, the awakening of life, the delight of beauty in rhythmic motion. To Mme. Flournoy, the hostess, she spelled a social triumph. But to her daughter, Louise, the little dancer brought desolation in the hour of joy, for she saw her fiance, Ralph, breathless, wide-eyed, eager, gazing as one possessed. As she sat beside him, she felt him swaying in time to the music, following every movement of the dancer unconsciously with his own body.

She softly touched his hand. How she had learned to expect that instant response of his to her least touch! Now, his hand remained inert to hers. Timidly she pressed his fingers. Breathlessly she waited for the belated response, more ardent than ever, as apology for the delay. It was a last, an almost intangible hope. It was not fulfilled.

The orchestra's accompaniment to the dance ended delicately on the harp. With its last note, the dancer swept wittingly to the floor and a moment later was hidden in the conservatory behind the curtains. Even as the folds met, the enthusiastic applause swept into the conservatory from the ballroom beyond.

But two people did not applaud.

Louise's hand seemed paralyzed; Ralph's, bound by a spell. With a terrible effort Louise made her lips say:

"Ralph!"

"Yes, Louise," Ralph murmured. His mind hardly recognized her presence, so intent was his gaze on the purple hangings before the conservatory. There was no more for her to say. She only stepped back a pace and waited.

The guests had left the young couple alone in that corner of the room. There was no one to see the silent drama that was enacting itself between the two young people whose joy they thought they were celebrating. Even the third player in the drama, in the conservatory beyond, was quite unconscious. The little dancer had sunk down on a wicker chair near a little iridescent fountain which seemed to continue in its purling song the music to which



She did not dare to look down as she felt him touch her fingers.

she had danced so entrancingly a moment ago. She was tired, but on her lips lingered the smile of the artist over work well done. The smile changed to a look of wistfulness.

Rapt as she had been in her dance, she had noticed a grey-eyed young man, whose gaze had followed her every movement eagerly. She had seen the girl beside him. And suddenly she felt very much alone—more alone than she had ever felt even in her solitary, friendless life.

The purple curtain parted and the grey-eyed young man, slowly, half fearfully and as if against his own will, approached her.

"I want—to tell you—how much you—your dance has fascinated me." He almost stammered as if he were afraid of her. She hardly knew what response she made to him. She only knew that his eyes were burning into hers; that he had timidly seated himself at her side; that he was very much afraid of her and that she wanted very, very much to put him at his ease.

"Tell me about yourself," he said.

She smiled shyly.

"There's very little to tell. My name is Merle Nash—"

She heard him whisper her name after her.

"My father and mother were circus folks—acrobats," she went on, trying to persuade herself that she had heard nothing. "They were very, very much in love with each other. I remember that, although I was only a little girl at the time. Then one day at practice my father fell—to his death. Soon after my mother followed him. His death broke her heart.

"Old Sylvan—dear old Sylvan,"—her voice shook a little—"the dancing master of the troupe, gave me a home. He taught me to dance. Then, he died and I was left alone in the world—a young girl with nothing but her dancing to keep her from starvation. So that's how I came to dance for a living."

She did not dare to look down as she felt him touch her fingers. Other men before this had done the same—or tried to do it. She never needed to do more than look down at their presumptuous touch to make them realize their attentions were not wanted. This time she was afraid to look down—afraid lest she find that the touch was only accidental.

Then unmistakably, she felt his lips softly touch her fingers. What was it—that rush of sweet thrill through her veins? Ah, she knew, though she had never felt it before in her life! And—daring and glorious thought—she knew that he, the young stranger, also felt it.

Neither of them saw the purple curtains part for a moment; nor the eyes full of agony of heart that looked in at them. But the little eddy of sound from the ballroom, which flowed into the conservatory at the parting of the curtains, woke them both with a shock.

"I must—we must be friends," he pleaded, hurriedly, like a boy who had to play a part too hard and mature for his years. "Where can I see you?"

She told him. She had never done that for any stranger before. He walked slowly toward the ballroom. Then the curtain hid him, and she went slowly away.

Just outside the curtain, Ralph felt a touch on his arm. He turned, startled, and saw Louise. She said nothing, only held out a ring to him. It was the one he had put on her finger a few hours before.

"Louise—"

She held up her hand for silence.

"Please spare me," she pleaded, the pain in her face and voice silencing him. "I—I saw. I am not angry—no. I would give my life to—to keep you. But I know it would be in vain. I hope you will be happy. Good-bye!"

They parted. She, to mend as best she could her shattered joy, so poignant only an hour before; he, to his new—no, to his first real love.

Ralph found Merle in a little, tidy boarding house where Merle's little room seemed to him to breathe more the spirit of home than any room he had ever entered.

They were shy with each other at first. Yet each felt as if nothing had been more surely intended from the beginning of

time than that he and he alone of all men in the world should be with her.

That first visit was followed by many others and by offerings of flowers and little gifts of sweets and delicate, exquisite bits of adornment for her.

Then one day, as they came in from a day's loitering in spring woods, he asked her to marry him very soon. It was no surprise to her, that he, a man of wealth and high social standing, should ask her to be his wife. She was at once too unworldly and too proud to see this.

Yet in her heart she felt a shock of fear. She knew that he had promised to marry Louise Flournoy; that she herself had taken him away from her, though she would have died sooner, had she known at the time what she was doing.

Even as she gave herself simply to his embrace the fear that she would meet the same fate as that other girl went through her. But she could no more turn back than she could withdraw herself from his arms or her lips from his kisses.

All through the dream-like days of preparation for marriage that followed, on the outstanding day itself, in the days of the honeymoon that followed she tried to drive her fear away—but never entirely with success.

She had long before given up her dancing except when in irresistible mood in the spring woods or in her room she broke into a glad spontaneous little dance before him. And Ralph did not have the insight to let her go on with what seemed to him only a regrettable way of earning a living.

And she, eager to do everything he wanted, gave up what had been the joy of her life and played the decorous lady of society to please him.

At first, in the early days of their home-making, Ralph was content to devote himself entirely to her, and spent his evenings at home. Little by little, however, she felt something going out of her life. Then he began to spend more of his evenings at his club. As she waited, heavy-hearted, on such evenings, for him to come home, she tried to beat down the fear that came to her again and again. How often he went there, now, her fear whispered, and how late he stayed!

In gathering panic she watched him the few evenings he stayed at home. There was no mistaking it—the waning of his



"Mummy dear, may I give the man a penny and go out and dance to the music?"

love! A hundred tests she tried on him, which had brought sure, loving reactions on his part in the early days of their love. Now, they passed unheeded or brought only a mechanical little pat, which hurt her worse than no response at all.

Then one evening, she knew beyond doubt that the most precious thing in her life was gone. He had been out late the night before at his club and was sitting before the hearth reading a newspaper with interest. When she slipped up behind him and put her hands over his eyes as she had done to his delight a hundred times before, he snatched her hands away from his face with an exclamation of impatience.

If he had slapped her on the cheek he could not have brought a more terrible little whimper of pain from her. He sprang up apologetic, and tried to caress her. But she stood turned to stone, her eyes staring in horror at him.

Ralph tried in vain to bring back to life the love which had filled his heart with such glory before. Neither of them could understand or explain it. He gave up trying to explain the change and tried to forget it.

Merle, however, had nothing else in life to occupy her. And she grew pale and thin. One evening, after dinner, as she was in her room wistfully going over the memories of earlier and happier days, and he sat by himself before the hearth downstairs, her eyes fell on her old dancing costume—the one she had worn on the day she first met him.

As if the skies had parted and let her glimpse the sun for the first time in many days, the thought came to her.

"It was not the woman in me he loved. It was the dancing toy! As long as I danced for him, he loved me. When I stopped it, his love stopped with it!"

Feverishly she put on her old dancing costume. She stole down to where he sat by the fire, moody, unhappy. She clapped her hands softly. He turned and saw her.

A cry of surprise escaped him.

She rose on her toes, curtsied and began a stately little minuet measure. He hummed an air to her steps. To foil his music she broke into a gay cachuka. With a little laugh he changed his tune. She changed her dance and he followed with delight.



Ralph looked once at a little trinket on her costume and then at her face.



"This is your baby—we both want to be with you."

She had found the spring whence his love for her had flowed and touched it to life again, stronger than ever before. He loved the dancing doll in her and she, in that role, accepted his love and fed it by dancing for him.

Then—one day the dancing doll broke!

She was about to step into their automobile when her foot slipped, turned under her and she swooned with the pain. She floated back to consciousness and heard the physician say to her husband in a low voice:

"I'm afraid she'll limp for the rest of life!"

Merle watched her husband. But she knew what would happen. In the first days of her convalescence he was tender and affectionate. Then, when she began to limp about and could even go out of doors, he left her more and more to herself. She knew that this time there was no magic elixir to bring back his dead love.

Perhaps if Ralph had known that in a few months he would be a father, love for his wife would have surged up again.

But proud little woman that she was, Merle did not want his love if she, in herself, did not inspire it—as a woman, not merely as a dancing toy or as the mother of her husband's child.

All the pride in her rebelled at remaining the dressed and fed dependent in the house of a man who no longer loved her.

In the silent midnight she made her resolution. Rising, she silently packed a little bundle of her own belongings—the little bundle she had brought to this house when she came to it a bride. It was the little dress she used to wear as a child when old Sylvan taught her to dance after her parents had died.

Dressing, she went into Ralph's room, softly kissed him, left a note pinned to his pillow and slipped out into the night.

"Dearest," it read, "with your love for me dead, I cannot bear to stay.

When you awake I shall be gone forever. But I shall love you always."

In the dreary years that followed Ralph found at last what he had not known until too late. He loved Merle. But no amount of money spent in searching for her availed him. She had really gone from him forever. He spent his evenings alone, remorse, regret and loneliness eating his heart.

Nor had the years brought forgetfulness to Merle. After the birth of little Adele, her daughter, she struggled hard to make a scant, bare living as a seamstress. Only the sternest resolution kept her from surrendering time and time again. But she kept up the brave fight alone.

One day, when little Adele was six years old, the child was sitting by her mother's chair, sewing at a doll's dress, when the strains of a hurdy-gurdy sprang up beneath their window. Some impulse in the child made her jump up as if electrified.

"Mummy, dear, may I give the man a penny and go out to dance to the music?" she asked eagerly.

Merle kissed the child, took a coin out of the little savings bank and leaned out of the window to see. Adele ran down the front steps eagerly. Too eagerly—for she tripped and fell, and broke her precious doll. She ran back for consolation to her mother. Merle kissed her again.

"I'll mend it, dearest. Go and dance and when you return your doll will be well again!"

Adele was easily consoled and ran out to dance with the other children.

"Why, little girl, you could make money dancing, you do it so nicely!" one child exclaimed, admiringly to Adele. "My mother works in that rich house two blocks off, and she says that every time the people there have a ball they pay people to dance for them, the way you do!"

Little Adele listened with glistening eyes. If she could only earn a little money and save her mother from that terrible, ceaseless sewing! She ran into the house with the glad tidings.

That night in bed, she missed her mother from her side. Following her into the next room she saw her bending over a trunk, in which lay a little dancing costume, just her size. Her mother was kissing a photograph of a man and crying. Adele came to her and put her arms about her.

"Never mind, mummy, dear, some day I'll make money as a dancer for you and then you won't have to cry any more!"

Work either builds up or destroys the worker. Merle broke down from too much work and too little food. Adele bravely took care of her and gave her food as long as there was food in the house to give.

When the last bit of bread gave out, Adele arrived at a determination. She had seen motors go by her window to the big house, where a ball was in progress.

Her mother was asleep. Adele tiptoed to the trunk. Taking from it the little dress her mother had danced in when she was a child, she put it on. With a shawl about her she stole out of the house and down the street to the grand house.

Down carpeted halls she stole to where she heard beautiful music playing. For a moment she hesitated before a wall of heavy hangings. Then she threw off her shawl and stepped out into a brilliantly lighted hall full of people.

Her appearance at the entrance to the ballroom was greeted with cries of delighted surprise. The guests thought their hostess had arranged for this and made an aisle for Adele.

With her heart beating fast, but a tremulous smile on her lips the child in the little ballet costume made her way to the center of the ballroom. At a nod from the hostess the orchestra struck up the delicate, staccato ballet music from "Coppelia."

Like a miniature queen of the ballet, the

child went through an impromptu dance to the music, a dance that brought shouts of laughter and admiration and applause from the guests. They clamored for another dance and for a third—and the child responded because she loved to dance and because it was "to help mother."

In one corner of the ballroom a man had been sitting by himself. He appeared to have come there only to try to forget some sorrow. It was Ralph Hilton. At first he paid no attention to what was diverting the guests.

Then a hope that he, too, might be diverted, drew him toward the center of the crowd just as Adele was finishing her fourth dance. Without knowing why Ralph drew nearer and nearer to the child.

Suddenly she stopped, put her hand up to her head and reeled. She fell into the arms of a gentleman who had stared into her eyes as if he were seeing a vision.

Ralph looked once at a little trinket on her costume and then at her face—the exact miniature of Merle. Adele opened her eyes.

"I wanted to help my mother. She's sick and poor," she said tremulously.

"What's your mother's name, my child?" Ralph asked.

"Merle Hilton. Why, what's the matter?"

Ralph had snatched her up in his arms and was running with her through the crowd of guests. Seizing his fur coat from the maid at the door he wrapped Adele in it and without stopping to bid his hostess good-night ran to his automobile.

"Drive—and drive fast to this address!" he shouted to his chauffeur naming the street and number Adele had given him.

Merle was awakened from a troubled sleep by an unaccustomed noise and saw a man in evening dress enter carrying her child in his arms. She sprang out of bed with a wild cry of alarm.

"I'm all right, mother!" Adele cried, "This nice man—"

The man and woman looked at each other as if they were dreaming.

"I've searched for you all these years," he said brokenly. "Life has been empty without you. Do you want to come to me? Are you free to come to me?"

Merle pointed to Adele in answer.

"This is your baby—We both want to be with you."

Romaine Fielding

A Man of the Mountains

By K. W. Baker

AT Glen Eyrie, the famous estate which is one of the "show-places" of that tourists' paradise, Colorado Springs, there is now living and working a man who is more and more frequently referred to as "the most unique figure in moving pictures." Among the



"I understand the real difference between the East and the West—and I try to get upon the screen the real spirit of the West"

achievements that help to make him unique, one of the most notable is that he can produce a "Western" (as they say in the lingo of the "movies") that really *is* Western. Even those frequenters of the picture-theaters who are surfeited with the usual cowboy-Indian-six-shooter "thriller" will never miss a Romaine Fielding play if they know it.

Once an interviewer asked him how he accounted for the difference between his Western plays and "the others." "I understand the real difference between the

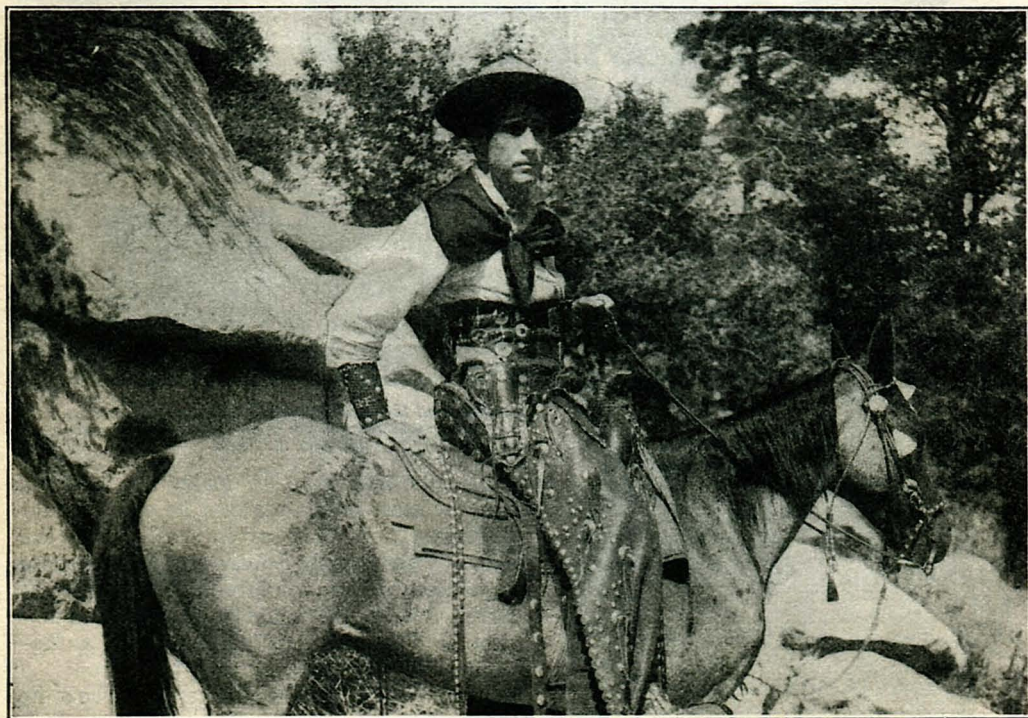


East and the West," he answered simply. "And I try to get upon the screen the real spirit of the West." If he had added—a patent fact to everyone who talks with him—that he is a passionate lover of the West—he would probably have covered the ground. That is, if we agree to ignore for the moment two not inconsiderable factors of success that have no local habitation—genius and personality.

Nevertheless, it is undeniably the Western mountains which most inspire the genius, and satisfy the personality, of Romaine Fielding. For some time the studio he directed was situated at Las Vegas, New Mexico, where he put over some remarkable "stunts" in the way of securing the enthusiastic co-operation of crowds of people from every walk of life in getting some large effects which he had very much at heart. He is credited with an uncanny, Pied-Piper sort of fascination for all sorts of folks, from the newsboy to the banker, which makes them anxious to take any amount of trouble just for the pleasure of pleasing him. Out there, they say, he was called "the most popular man

in New Mexico." From Las Vegas he moved his studio to Galveston, where he spent several months, covering the period when the troops were being held there in readiness for transportation to Vera Cruz. He produced some great war pictures, and he liked Galveston; but he could not stand the low altitude. He frankly admits that when he left Galveston he was just about on the verge of collapse. He betook himself once more to the mountains, with his great train of fellow-actors and helpers of all sorts—this time to Glen Eyrie. There the wine of the air immediately restored his bodily vigor, and set his mental machinery whirring at its customary amazing rate. He was wild with delight over the beauty of the place, like a boy let loose from school. "I call it my Palace of Dreams," he wrote a friend, speaking of the famous mansion of the estate, with its art treasures, collections of old armor, and mediaeval architecture. "These wonderful mountains understand me, and I understand them. This is the place for me."

After all, when a man works habitually from twelve to twenty hours a day as actor,



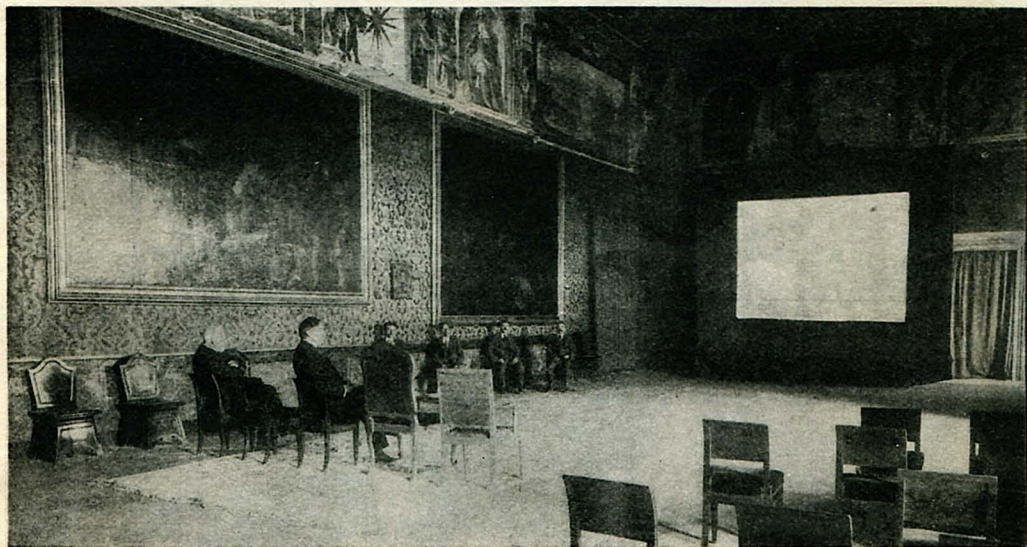
Romaine Fielding was born among the mountains — and he is a "man of the mountains" in character as well as temperament.

author, director and business manager for a large company, one would think he is entitled to whatever stimulus is to be derived from a high altitude, inspiring scenery, and bracing air. For Romaine Fielding writes all his own plays, plans them and creates them, to the minutest details. He used the same single-minded determination and thoroughness, for instance, in trapping and taming a rattlesnake which played the "villain" in one of his unique plays, that he uses in formulating and enforcing the strict—but just and beneficent—rules by which he governs the heterogeneous crowd of people under his control. And—as the climax to his incredible list of accomplishments—he is a doctor, a graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University. He remarks, in an offhand fashion, that his knowledge of this sort has often

stood him in good stead when accidents and illnesses have occurred to his people in out-of-the-way places.

Romaine Fielding was born among the mountains; but they were the mountains of Corsica, not of the United States. His parents were wealthy, and the son had an expensive education; but soon after he left college his father lost his fortune, and died a little later. So the young man was left to fight his way up alone. It was evidently a hard fight; but he was blessed with extraordinarily ambition and energy, as well as with an extraordinary gift. Today, successful and increasingly famous, the same fiery intensity and consuming ambition with which he works toward still higher goals of artistic achievement, mark him, in character as well as in temperament, a "man of the mountains."

Moving Pictures at the Vatican



ONE might write sensational headlines on the story of the first motion picture entertainment in the Vatican, but the bare statement of the fact that the late Pope Pius X not only consented to have motion pictures exhibited in the papal throne room,

but also permitted James Slevin to make moving pictures there, is sensation enough.

The Pope's delight was so great that he consented to let Slevin take pictures of the Vatican and of religious ceremonies there. —*Moving Picture World*.

The Live Moving Picture Camera Man Now



© International News Service

Harry K. Thaw, slayer of Stanford White, posing for the moving picture camera man in the home he recently purchased at Manchester, N. H.



Photo Hearst-Selig News Pictorial

Reviving a victim of the New York Subway disaster in which thousands had a narrow escape from death during the morning rush hour. Every ambulance in New York City was called into service to transport victims to the hospitals. The pulmotor which is being used in the above illustration undoubtedly saved hundreds of lives.



Photo Universal Animated Weekly

New York experienced the worst subway disaster in its history, in January. A fire started while hundreds of trains were filled with people bound for their work, shops, and offices. Streets were torn open to rescue the passengers imprisoned in the tubes which were filled with deadly gases, and Broadway resembled an open air hospital.

Gets All the Important News of the Day

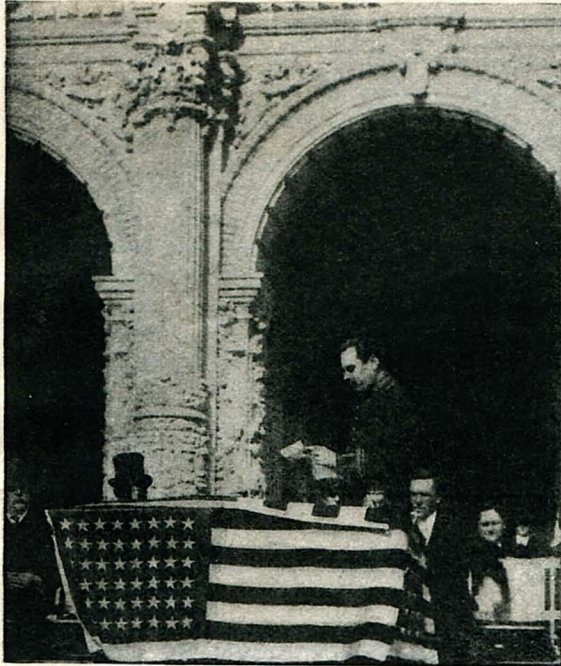
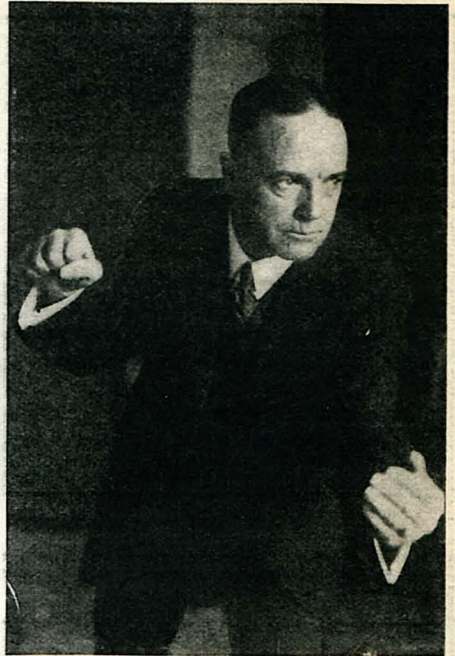


Photo Hearst-Selig News Pictorial

Scene at the opening of the San Diego exposition. Hundreds of dignitaries representing many nations attended the formal exercises which marked the event.



© International News Service

Billy Sunday, former baseball player, now one of the world's most famous evangelists, in one of his characteristic speaking poses.



Photo Hearst-Selig News Pictorial

Vinson Walsh, called the "Billion Dollar Baby," heir to two vast fortunes, posed with Grace Darling, the world's first pictorial reporter, and two of his pets, at McLean home in Washington.

The World's Most Important News as Seen



Photo Hearst-Selig News Pictorial

British sharpshooters in the advance trenches. Probably the least hard to bear of the hardships of war, is staying behind earthworks as shown in the picture above.

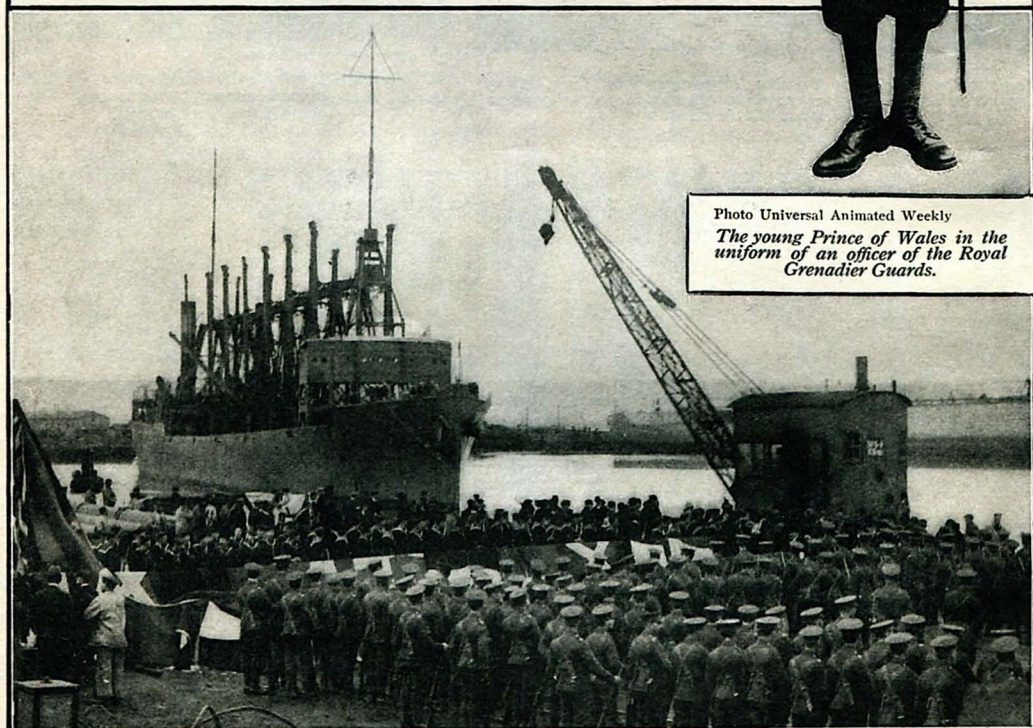


Photo Universal Animated Weekly

The young Prince of Wales in the uniform of an officer of the Royal Grenadier Guards.

Photo Universal Animated Weekly

The Christmas ship, "Jason," arriving at Devonport, England, laden with presents from the children of America to the Children of Belgium.

by the Busy Eye of Moving Picture Camera



Photo Universal Animated Weekly

Canadian troops now training preparatory to joining the English forces in Europe. These troops are being hardened to withstand the wearing life that they will have to live in the trenches.



Photo Universal Animated Weekly

One of the freak effects of German shells at Scarborough, England. Under cover of fog, German cruisers made a daring dash through England's powerful fleet and did great damage, an example of which is shown.



Photo Universal Animated Weekly

When the Germans bombarded Scarborough, one shell passed through a house, pierced a garden wall, passed over a road, and finally buried itself in a garden. The picture shows the extent of damage.

Robert Donald Walker—Hero

Robert Walker acts for the Kalem-Florida Company very often, with Alice Hollister.



ROBERT DONALD WALKER is a hero. Everybody who has known Robert Donald from the time when he was born in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, on the eighteenth of June, 1888, has known of his capacity for heroism. Didn't he go to school in New York City? And didn't he go on the stage, playing in "The Pink Lady" and "A Fool There Was?" But it remained for the Kalem Florida Company to bring out Robert Donald's great gift.

It happened this way:

The St. John's River is wide.

He was born in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, on the 18th of June, 1888.



It is also rushing. The way that the waters come down at Lahore is not a circumstance to the way that the St. John's River tumbles, and twists, and tears its way through Florida. And, although you wouldn't expect it of anything in Florida, the St. John's River is cold in winter. Once in a while Florida produces some January days that don't get in the come-where-it's-always-warm advertisements. On those days the St. John's River is much like Lake Superior.

On this particular day when Robert Donald Walker won his accolade the St. John's River was, if not wetter than usual, at least colder. Had any one been leisurely or warm enough to stand on its bank, dropping a thermometer down into its depths, he would have found that the mean temperature was much meaner than its wont. Children on their way to school shuddered as the icy blasts arose.

But the director of the Kalem Company did not shiver as he approached the bank, scenario in hand. Directors are accustomed to approaching banks without trepidation. He cast his eye upon the scene, measuring the distance across the raging torrent of the St. John's.

"It can be done," quoth he to his trusty minion.

"What can be done, melud?" the minion asked.

"The swim," saith the director.

"It shall be done, melud," the minion responded.

But who should do the deed?

The director gazed about him. His eye fell upon Robert Donald, striding toward him with manly eagerness to be about his chosen task.

"Hi, there," he quoth, "come hither, advance, give the countersign, speed up, hike, come on! There's work for thee, Horatius." Robert Donald heard the summons. Speeding forward on wings of the spirit and on the goloshes with which he fought the rigors of the Florida winter, he came close to the director, the overlord of the destinies of the Kalemities.

"Canst swim?" he heard.

"I can," he shouted. "Then swim," came the order.

Speedily did Robert Donald Walker divest himself of his overcoat. Hastily did he shed his goloshes. Right bravely did he slip out of his coat. For an instant he stood beside the director and his minion, the camera man. Then, his arms upraised, his head lowered a trifle as if he were about to storm the gates of iniquity, he rushed forward, springing far out into the icy water of the terrible river.

"Remember," he shouted from the icy torrent, "I am a Republican!"

Around him surged the waves.

"He will drown, melud," whimpered the minion.

"Hearest thou what he said?" cried the director. "Watch him, mark his movements well. He will breast the flood and come to shore."

"Which shore, melud?"

"How can I know that? But whichever it be, you be on the opposite shore," went the order. And Paul Revere crept away with the camera.

But our hero?

Tumbled by the waters, tossed by the icebergs, almost knocked into insensibility by the liners that kept crossing and recrossing his path, Robert Donald kept on. Then a great cry arose from the minion.

"Avaunt," he shuddered, "look out for alligators." But the director batted never an eyelash. Neither did Robert Donald. An alligator's head rose above the stormy surface. Another and another followed till the St. John's River looked like a tank at a circus. And still Robert Donald swam on.

Two hours afterward he came to shore, the same shore where he started.

"Arise, Sir Knight," said the director, dubbing him upon his sleek and shining hair. Robert Donald arose.

"How did you do it?" cried the camera man, running over the sixty-foot rustic bridge from the opposite bank. "Where did you learn to be a hero?"

Robert Donald Walker did not falter.

"Remember," he said, "that I have played in 'The Old Army Coat,' and that I am a married man."

"Throw him in again," ordered the director.

Fairy Tales for Grown-ups



The patchwork girl of Oz is already known to the countless thousands of children who read L. Frank Baum's fairy tales.

Way back in 1902 he made the most popular of his stories into a musical extravaganza, "The Wizard of Oz," and it was immensely successful. That wasn't quite a fair test, however. Musical extravaganza has all sorts of things that may make it attractive to grown-ups that fairy stories don't possess. But motion pictures are the test.

But he has modeled his films more or less on the musical comedy plan. The only difference is that there are dozens of settings in a film where there would be only half a dozen in a play. He has secured for the leading parts the same people who were successful in these parts on the stage. The only thing that is gone from the regular musical play is the color and the dialogue, and as for putting it over the books—well, wait till you see one of these pictures. It's the book come true!

WELL, here they are! the Patchwork Girl, the Scarecrow, the Tin Woodman, and the

Wizard and the Tic Toc Man and countless others. You don't know them? Then you're almost certain to be a grown-up, for all the children know them.

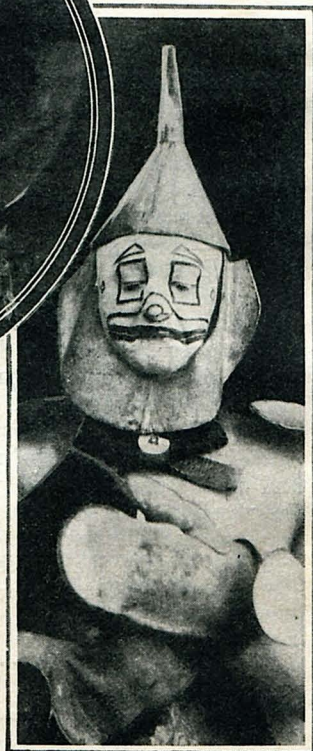
It may be a sweeping statement to say that all the children know them, but at least it isn't a bit extravagant to say that countless thousands of children know them, for there is no more popular writer of children's stories in this country than L. Frank Baum, and these fantastic figures have stepped right out of one of his fairy tales and into the film.

It isn't just recently that L. Frank Baum conceived the notion that the grown-ups would like his fairy stories just as well as the children.

It isn't hard to believe that the Tin Woodman is even more fun in a picture than he is in a book.



Mr. Frank Moore, who takes the part of the Scarecrow in the film release, "The New Wizard of Oz," was the scarecrow in "The Tic-Toc Man of Oz," which had such a successful run in Los Angeles, and throughout the Middle West.



The Garden of Lies

By Bruce Westfall

WHEN DENNIS MALLORY FELL IN LOVE WITH THE LADY OF THE GARDEN, HE NEVER DREAMED THAT HE WAS TO BECOME OF TRAGIC IMPORTANCE IN HER LIFE. WHY HE DID AND WHAT WAS THE OUTCOME IS THE STORY.

Written from the All Star Film by Louis Reeves Harrison, released by the Alco Film Corporation, and based on the novel by Justus Miles Forman.



She came toward him swaying a little, and he took her in his arms.

DENNIS MALLORY apostrophized the telegraph messenger, in his uniform that made him look like a real functionary. The messenger had demanded an answer; Dennis refused it. But he spoke in English, English tempered with the faintest of brogues.

"Is it an answer you'd have?" he said.

"Faith—and I have none! It's a story they're wanting from me—and I with none to send them! None that's worth the price of cabling! I might tell them of the beautiful lady that was thrown from her carriage as she and her new husband were riding away on their honeymoon—if only I hadn't done it already! The Princess Carl of Novodna—Miss Eleanor Mannering of Philadelphia, that was! No, me lad—devil a bit of copy shall you have from me! So be off with you!"

He translated that last, and the messenger departed. Truly all English and Americans were mad, thought the messenger. The "gnadiger Herr" knew well that he, Franz, spoke no word of English—yet it was his pleasure to harangue him thus, on every opportunity, in that strange tongue! But, since it was the pleasure of Dennis Mallory also to bestow tips of extraordinary size, Franz was agreeable. So he went away and Dennis went back to the window and indulged again in a practice most reprehensible—and of which he had been guilty for these many days. It might be suspected that his inability to satisfy the insistent demands of his distant paper for copy were not unconnected with this pursuit of his.

What he did, briefly, was this. He went



There would be a maid—or another lady, almost as beautiful

to his window and trained a pair of high-powered field glasses upon a certain spot. And when he had that spot exactly in focus he stared. What he saw was a very beautiful lady, who wandered in a garden of surpassing loveliness. Sometimes, but never for very long, this lady was alone. There would be a maid, or one or two or three old men, whom Dennis hated, or another lady, almost as beautiful, but with hair that was light instead of dark. Sometimes Dennis' lady sat with the fair one and they talked.

And that was all he knew! In the back of his mind there was an uncomfortable, a damnable suspicion. But he ground it down, refused to harbor it. This because he was Irish, for one thing, American for another, and in love, if you please, with this strange lady of the garden, for all of the rest of things! He had never spoken to her? No! Nor seen her except through his field glass? No! What of it? She was beautiful.

She was also the Princess Carl of Novodna, who had been Eleanor Mannering, and the lady of the golden hair was her cousin, Jessica Mannering, who owned the lovely garden and the villa within it. It was this that Dennis suspected. If he had been other than himself, if he had been anything in the world but the mad young Irish-American adventurer that he was, he would have known it, and he would have

put his glasses and his dreams away together and gone about his business. But not so Dennis!

He lived too late, this Dennis Mallory. That, at least, is what is always said of men of his sort. He had the qualities that people seemed to love and to admire some centuries ago, and of which they are now a little afraid. He was a bit of a poet, and he could sing the songs that he composed in a way to bring tears to your eyes or a laugh to your lips, whichever he chose. And he was a bit of a fighter, too. Not so many years before he would have found enough of that somewhere in South America, or with the Foreign Legion of France in Algiers. But now deep peace brooded over all the world—the peace that hung, like the heavy air before a thunderstorm, before

the great war came. So he was just a newspaper man. And in New York he had got himself and his paper into some legal trouble with his infernal quixotism, and he had been sent abroad to give the trouble time to simmer down.

"I'm a fool!" said Dennis to himself, and closed the glasses with a snap.

He wasn't, quite. He knew, you see, that this lady, though he still vowed that she must not be the Princess Carl, was not the sort of lady to whom one can speak without an introduction. And he had ransacked his brain, but vainly, all these days for a way to surmount that obstacle.

So the stage was set, and the play began. In the town, in a little inn he favored, Dennis had seen, from time to time, the two men who were in attendance upon the lady they were guarding. Kindly men—but Dennis could grant them nothing of the sort, for they held aloof from him, and from all others, for that matter. They minded their own business, but he did know, having pried shamelessly, that one was called Von Aldorz and that the other was Sir Philip McKenzie, a famous London specialist in diseases of the nerves.

And then, while he glowered at them one day in the little old inn, the miracle came to pass. For McKenzie rose and came to him.

"You're Irish and a gentleman," he said.

"I'm Irish, and American, and as for the

other, why I hope you're right," said Dennis. "But what's that to you?"

"I don't know," said Sir Philip, and his eyes were puzzled. "I don't know unless we can induce you to help us. I venture, Mr. Mallory, to introduce the Graf von Aldorz, of the hereditary nobility of Novodna."

Von Aldorz bowed from his hips very stiffly, clicking his heels, and Dennis, who knew the continental ways, did likewise.

"We are in trouble, Mr. Mallory," said Sir Philip, his fine eyes troubled. "I have a patient on my hands who's likely to die for lack of the simplest medicine in the world. May I tell you the circumstances?"

"Most certainly, Sir Philip!"

"It is a little hard," the doctor began. "My patient, first, then, is the Princess Carl of Novodna, and you may have heard of the sad accident a few weeks ago?"

"Yes, but her injuries were supposed not to be serious."

"They were not. The bodily ones were not. But an aphasia followed her recov-

ery. Mr. Mallory, the poor lady's mind is in a strange state. I have never, in all my experiences, seen a case just like it. She remembers only that she was married. She knows nothing of her husband's appearance. And yet she is crying out constantly for him."

"Then why doesn't he come to her—he's in Novodna, isn't he?" broke in Mallory.

"Permit me to explain," said Von Aldorz. "Conditions in Novodna are most peculiar, Mr. Mallory. Prince Carl, my master, was called away from Her Highness's side by the news that his uncle was dying—his uncle, a young man, scarcely older than Prince Carl himself! It is a blow of fate! His Majesty was to be married soon—there was every reason to suppose that he would have children, an heir, and that he would reign for many years. Then he was stricken with typhoid! Prince Carl must stay. His marriage has raised dangerous dynastic questions. There is a grave danger of a revolution inspired by resentment at the idea of a commoner's sharing the



Deliberately, he raised his glove and struck Mallory across the face.

throne. These things may be arranged, but for my master to leave the capital now would be a fatal error."

"I see!" said Mallory. "By Jove, they've kept it quiet. I've heard nothing of all this before!"

"You understand the position then, Mr. Mallory," said Sir Philip. "The Princess is dying—I assume the responsibility for the word. And all because her cries for the husband who was driven from her by that accident cannot be answered."

"But, if he can't come to her, why can't she go to him?"

"Because," Von Aldorz said angrily, "Baron von Steinbeck, the Prime Minister, took it upon himself to announce that my master's marriage was only a morganatic one and that it would soon be dissolved. For the Princess to go to Novodna now would be to deny that—and that would mean a revolution."

"Oh! Yes—I see. You are in a hole. But why are you telling me all this? How can I help you?"

Sir Philip looked at him hard.

"I will tell you now," he said. "You are young and not bad looking. You have an air. You are a gentleman. The Princess, I have told you, does not remember her husband's appearance. She is very ill. She is in such a curious state that to thwart her is most dangerous. If you would go to her, kiss her hand—pretend to be the man for whom she cries—"

Dennis Mallory smiled. But as he saw the eagerness, the pleading, in the eyes of the others, as he realized that this was in deadly earnest, that this was no jest, the smile faded from his lips.

"Oh, I say—you can't mean it?" he exclaimed. "Why—one couldn't do it! Even if she is so ill—to play a trick like that—"

"You are a gentleman, Mr. Mallory," said Sir Philip. "And—would it be better to let her die?"

They persuaded him, between them. That was the crowning argument—that he must do this to save her life. And now he knew, and could no longer doubt, that this woman upon whom this strange affliction had come, and whom he must save, was the lady of the garden, the dark-haired lady of his dream.

That was what forced him to agree. He knew Sir Philip's reputation. If Sir Philip said that this was the only way to save

her life, he told the truth. And so—and so, he yielded. But he felt like a criminal as he and Von Aldorz arranged the details.

Then the time came—next day, though the night that had intervened had seemed like a year to him. He went to the garden. It was arranged that he was to find her there. First he saw her cousin, Jessica, who, like himself, had been won over against her will, her better judgment, by Sir Philip.

"I'm afraid, Mr. Mallory," she told him, "I'm afraid of Eleanor. I'm grateful to you. Sir Philip has told me how hard it was to persuade you. It's what will happen when she learns the truth I'm thinking of."

"Miss Mannering, I'll drop it now if you say that you don't approve of this mad scheme," said Dennis eagerly.

"No," she said slowly, "I dare not say that. Sir Philip must know. I would not dare to pit my feeling against his knowledge. He says that there is no other way to save her life. Oh, I do so wish that she had never seen Prince Carl, had never thought of marrying him!"

"But, if she loved him—!"

"I wonder if she did. If her mother's ambition was not— Oh, I should not speak so. Forgive me, Mr. Mallory. I am deeply troubled. Well, you are only kind. Will you go to her now? I think it will be better if you surprise her. She—she is so different! I feel so strange when I am with her. Her face is the same—she looks in every way the same, and yet—it's like being with someone I have never known before."

"If you will show me the way," said Mallory.

So she took him through the house, and to the garden. He stood a moment, looking out.

"It's very beautiful," he said. "Your garden, Miss Mannering—your garden of lies."

She looked at him curiously, and he broke out vehemently,

"I can't help it!" he cried. "This is a place full of lovely things, full of poetry and song and for the telling of true love. And I come into it to lie—to do a dishonorable thing, even tho my motive is good—"

"Yes," she said, "I feel that, too. But you must not reproach yourself. Your part

is good and noble and I admire you for it."

But she could not know, this anxious, grieving Jessica, that he went, trembling, with beating heart, in search of a woman he loved as deeply, as sincerely, as some men can never learn to love, though this was a woman he had never seen before with his unaided eyes.

He found her in a shaded spot. She

and instead there came a look of peace, of perfect happiness and content.

"You!" she said, "So you have come—and you are you!"

She came toward him, swaying a little, and he took her in his arms.

And that was the beginning. There followed more days, and on each one he came to her. Each one, too, saw her growing



With the fewest possible preliminaries, and shocking the punctilious von Aldor greatly by their lack of ceremony, they fell to.

sat on a bench, her hands in her lap, and he watched her for a long moment, unseen, unheard. Then he spoke in a soft whisper. It was the puzzled complaint of a child that she made as she raised her finger and looked at her wedding ring.

"I am married!" she said, "Then why am I alone? Oh, my husband, my husband, whom I must have loved when he put this ring upon my finger!"

Dennis Mallory stepped forward.

"Eleanor!" he said gently, "My love!"

She rose, startled. They faced one another. For a moment he saw terror in her eyes, as she stared at him. But that faded,

stronger. But she was not cured.

"The aphasia lasts still," explained Sir Philip. "Very fortunate, or our benevolent imposture would be detected at once. It's slow work. But she is on the up grade."

"Oh, you men!" cried Jessica, who had been listening indignantly. "Mr. Mallory's the only one of you who has a heart and a soul. You others are just minds. Can't you see what a dreadful thing you have done? Eleanor is in love with Mr. Mallory!"

"With me?" cried Mallory with flaming cheeks. "I don't exist. I'm simply filling

the place of another man—I am a mere—”

“No, it's you who do exist. He is the one who doesn't exist. That's the dreadful part of it.”

“You don't understand the psychology of what I admit is a now interesting situation,” said Sir Philip. “Mallory here does exist for her—but the power of suggestion is what has given him life in her eyes. She does love him, but as the man she married, as the husband dimly remembered, for whom she was longing. At the proper time, I shall produce a shock which will counterbalance the original that caused her state. The aphasia will end—she will have no memory of anything that has occurred in this place.”

“Stuff and nonsense!” said Jessica. “You are very wise, Sir Philip, I know. But you have just proved how little you know of women. We can't be made to love a man by the power of suggestion, and we certainly don't love men because we ought to! I can't argue with you—I'm only a girl. But, I know that you are wrong just the same.”

And so did Mallory. He had known it by some fine, true instinct, from the first. Perhaps, it was the better knowledge that was his because he loved her; perhaps, it was only the true instinct that is the poet's existence. At all events, he knew, and yet could not withdraw. He knew that, too, by instinct. He knew that, having gone so far, he must play the thing out, and go on to the end, bitter as it was sure to be. And day by day now, he thought of that inevitable end, nearer with each passing hour, and wondered what it would be, how it would come upon them.

There were hours in which they were alone. She loved him, loved something at least, that, for want of a better word, must be called him, Dennis Mallory. They sat alone together in that garden of lies and he told her that he loved her—and, as God knew, he told the truth.

“You are so different,” she told him shyly, one day. “Sometimes, you know, dear heart, I almost remember, and I seem to remember, then, that I used to fear you. That I liked you, but never that I loved you. Never that I saw in you what I see now. Now it seems to me that you are like the man I dreamed of when I was a young girl. I can imagine you a poet, or a soldier, brave and gentle, fierce and chiv-

alrous. Oh, I am happy, happy, happy!”

Her words cut him like knives.

“Suppose I were a sham,” he said. “Suppose I had lied to you in all except my love for you? Suppose that my titles, my wealth, were only dreams and lies? Suppose that, after all, I had nothing to offer, nothing to give, but only my love that will endure always, that can never die?”

She laughed as she looked up to meet his eyes, and reproached him tenderly.

“Why should I make myself unhappy by supposing such things?” she said. “But, if I must, then I shall tell you. If such things were true, then my love would turn to hate. I should despise you. Not for being poor, not for having no title, but for having thought my love so poor, so cheap a thing that it was to be won only with lies! I should scorn you for the lie.”

He tried to tell her then, for she had cut him deep. But he could not. For the next moment she was clinging to him, her lips on his, her arms about him. And he returned her caresses, held her close and ever closer. And then looked up at a sudden noise, to see a young man with fierce, angry eyes, staring at them. He knew the intruder. It was Prince Carl of Novodna, and by the black clothes and the deep band of crepe, Dennis knew that it was Prince Carl no longer, but King Carl, who stood before him.

There was just a moment in which Prince Carl—he had not yet been proclaimed as king, and by the laws of Novodna must wait for that before he was formally called king—stood staring. Eleanor looked at him, wondering, a little frightened, a little angered. But there was not even a flash of recognition in her eyes. She looked at the man to whom she had been married as at a man she had never seen before.

Mallory saw the fierce blazing up of Prince Carl's eyes, the flexing of his muscles. On the instant he took his decision. Instinct told him he was hopelessly in the wrong; that he owed this man any reparation he might demand. But something else told him that for Eleanor's sake he must defy her husband, must act as if he were defending his own. He pushed her behind him as Prince Carl, with an inarticulate cry of rage, leaped toward him. He stole one look at her and to his relief he saw that Jessica and Sir Philip had reached her and were taking her away, explaining,

talking eagerly, trying to keep her quiet.

Then Carl was upon him, struggling to seize his throat. But a moment of that work convinced him that he was no match for Mallory, who held him off easily and shook him, when he saw that Carl would not desist.

"I don't want to hurt you," said Mallory. "Stop it—let me explain—oh—"

"I had to do it," he said, regretfully a moment later, as von Aldorz and Sir Philip came up.

Carl lay on the ground, slightly stunned by his fall. Now he rose slowly. Von Aldorz went up to him and drew him aside, despite his protests. He seemed to be explaining something. Carl's face grew black as he listened. Von Aldorz called Sir Philip over to help his explanation. And Dennis, smiling faintly, waited very quietly. The beginning of the end had come; well, he was glad of it! Things would be done in the open perhaps now. There would be no more skulking; no more

deceit. Then Prince Carl approached him.

"I have made a pardonable mistake, I find, Mr. Mallory," he said. "What I thought was not so. However, my honor is involved. You have—you have done things that demand action by me."

Deliberately he raised his glove and struck Mallory across the face. For a moment the blood flamed in Mallory's cheeks. But then, he caught himself; a light of fierce joy came in his eyes.

"I understand, I think," he said. "Your Highness does not like the color of my necktie. Shall we say you insulted me? Very well, I have no friend to send you. If you will be so good as to waive formality and to arrange the matter here and now?"

Prince Carl's eyes held the same fierce light of satisfaction that had been in Mallory's.

"Ah, good, very good!" he said. "I thought that Americans did not fight duels! But, since you will, shall it be with rapiers,



She remembered Mallory! With flaming cheeks she remembered his kisses—the things she had said to him.

and now? The right to name the weapons is mine—but I waive it. You shall choose."

"Rapiers, by all means," said Mallory, "I am at your service."

"Nonsense!" interjected Sir Philip. "Prince Carl, I tell you it was to save her life. You were afraid to come—"

"That is enough," said Carl sternly. "Mr. Mallory and I understand one another very well, I believe. You agree that this is necessary, Mr. Mallory?"

Mallory flushed scarlet.

"Yes, it is necessary," he said at last.

They came to a sheltered spot in the garden, a spot that might have been made to order for their purpose. They stripped to their shirts quickly; with the fewest possible preliminaries, and shocking the punctilious von Aldorз greatly by their lack of ceremony, they fell to.

And all at once, there came a ghastly look into the eyes of Carl of Novodna. He had supposed the duel a formality and he found himself matching swords with a master of fence. The first moment made it plain that Carl, fine swordsman though he was, was utterly, hopelessly outmatched.

In Mallory's eyes there flamed still the look of fierce, cruel joy that had come into them when Carl proposed this duel. For he had known then, as he knew now, that Carl, once they faced one another with drawn swords, was in his power. He could kill him—and there would no longer be one with a right to Eleanor he could not challenge! He could kill him fairly, in self-defence, in a duel forced upon him by a code of honor not his own.

Then suddenly the chance lay open before him. Carl, a brave man, to give him his due, knew himself beaten. He staked all on a single cast. There was a trick of fence. If it succeeded, he could make up for all of Mallory's superior skill; if he failed, he laid himself open to a fatal blow. Mallory knew the trick. He smiled as he parried, smiled as he thrust to give the blow that would end it all. And then, lightning swift, came the revulsion. He couldn't do it. Half way, he changed his purpose; with a twist of his wrist he sent Carl's rapier flying and covered his own blade.

Carl, furious, regained his weapon. He fought desperately now, but in vain. And Mallory, now that he had known temptation and had conquered it, parried without

interest, fighting a purely defensive duel until, to end it, he had disarmed Carl thrice in a whirlwind fury of attack.

"Is it not enough?" he asked after the third time. "Prince, I cannot kill you; I cannot seem to make up my mind to let you kill me! We are wasting our time."

Von Aldorз sustained him. Satisfaction had been given, he declared.

"Mr. Mallory," he said, "has proved his taste in—er—cravats—impeccable!"

Prince Carl, glowering, bowed and withdrew. Mallory walked away with Sir Philip.

"Now, I suppose, she must know the truth," he said.

"I fear so," said Sir Philip. He was troubled. "I—I am beginning to wonder if Miss Mannerling was not wiser than I. I saved her life, but I begin to fear that the price was too great."

"Will he tell her?" asked Mallory.

"No. I must do that myself. It is the shock that should end the aphasia."

"I shall wait here in the garden—this garden of lies," said Mallory. "But I suppose she will not see me again."

Sir Philip did not answer for a moment. Then he laid his hand on Mallory's shoulder.

"You need not reproach yourself," he said. "From first to last you have borne yourself as a very gallant gentleman. And I will tell you something more. Her eyes were on you as you fought. She saw that you spared the life of the man who was seeking to kill you."

Then he went. And for what seemed hours Mallory waited. He could only guess what was going on in the villa. He saw Carl, his face showing his emotion, come out. He saw him start, too, as he came face to face with an old fox-faced man, von Steinbeick, premier of Novodna, as Mallory well knew. But of Eleanor he saw no sign.

Now, what had happened was this. She had been told, and as Sir Philip had predicted, the shock had restored her memory. Yet he had been only half right in his prediction. For she had not forgotten any of the things that had happened during her attack of aphasia. She remembered Mallory! With flaming cheeks she remembered his kisses—the things she had said to him.

"Oh, what have you all done to me?"



"I shall count five," he said. "Unless you have told me then, I shall kill you."

she cried. "You showed me this man—and—I—loved him! Am I to say now that I was quite satisfied with him, but that now that Carl has condescended to return, I will be quite as well satisfied with him?"

"I have stayed away that I might save your crown for you," said Carl. "Great offers have been made to me on the condition that I renounce our marriage. And, I have been threatened with an enforced abdication if I would not do so."

For a moment she was softened.

"And you would not?" she said. "Oh,

Carl, be gentle with me! Give me time. I think I did love you—almost. It was not only your title that made me willing. But now— Oh, I don't know what I shall do!"

"Do you mean that you can love this other—this interloper?" demanded Carl.

"Love him? I hate him!"

And so they left it. Carl went out to meet the angry prime minister, von Steinbeick. And Mallory, seeing their meeting, wondered. But not for long, for down a path of the garden of lies came Eleanor.

He stood in her path. She stopped and stared at him.

"You know?" he said. "You know now what I meant when I said that only my love was true?"

"I know," she said. "All the others I can, some day, forgive. But you, I did not know that there could be, in the form of a man, a thing so low, so vile, as you!"

He winced. She passed him disdainfully. And without a word he passed out—out of the garden of lies. He went back to the room whence he had first seen her, where his field glasses still lay by the window that commanded a view of the garden.

And there, next day, he watched. There he sat and saw her come into the garden of lies. He saw old Steinbeck greet her; he saw her start. Troubled, he saw her move along with the old man and pass through a gate into the public road. And then he saw something that sent him flying down the stairs and racing to the villa. He had seen Jessica appear, and, greatly puzzled, as he guessed, make to follow Eleanor and von Steinbeck. And he had seen a villainous looking man start up in her path and block the passage.

He was just in time—he had never, even in his college days, run so fast. Jessica had tried to pass; the man had stopped her. Mallory crushed him, beat him down.

"It's that horrible Steinbeck—he hates Eleanor!" gasped Jessica. "He would do anything to end the marriage and he has carried her off."

Mallory turned to the prostrate man.

"Tell me where they have taken the Prinzessin," he said. The man was silent. Mallory seized his arm and dragged him to his feet.

"I shall count five," he said, "unless you have told me then, I shall kill you."

The revolver covering his head was too much for Steinbeck's bravo. He broke down.

"I will tell you all I know," he said. "There is a little, empty house not far from here. Her Highness was taken there to sign a paper—I will guide you to it if you wish."

"I do," said Mallory. He raised his voice, crying for von Aldor, for Prince Carl. They came, and the three men, with Sir Philip, set out, guided by the treacherous guardian of the gate.

He led them faithfully, and in the little house shots greeted them. It was soon over, but before the end Prince Carl was dead—killed by von Steinbeck. And Mallory was so grievously wounded that even Sir Philip shook his head ominously.

It was a week later. Eleanor sat with Jessica. Sir Philip came in.

"How is your patient?" asked Eleanor. "He saved me from a great danger, I believe."

"He is dying," said Sir Philip brusquely. "Much as you were dying when I appealed to him to save your life. He has come to his senses. But he will sink into his coma again soon, and he will not come out of it."

"But why will he sink into it again?"

"Because he is calling with his fading strength for what he can never have. He is calling your name with every breath!"

Eleanor sat very still for a moment. Then she rose.

"Take me to him," she said.

And her face was transfigured.

Look and Listen when at the Movies

Read "Seen and Heard at the Movies" in this issue and get the idea. If you listen well and look about you it will be worth your while.

The Girl on the Cover

And Her Director



Out in California, where most of the pictures in which she figures are made, Helen Holmes' name is a synonym for dangerous performances.

"HELEN OF THE HAZARDS" may have been originally that Helen for whom Troy was burned and Priam's ships fell, but the wife of Menelaus had few experiences, even during her Trojan sojourn, and none more exciting than those which have fallen to the lot of another beautiful Helen. For Helen Holmes of the Kalem Company has gone through more thrilling adventures in the course of her work in hazardous photo-plays than ever did



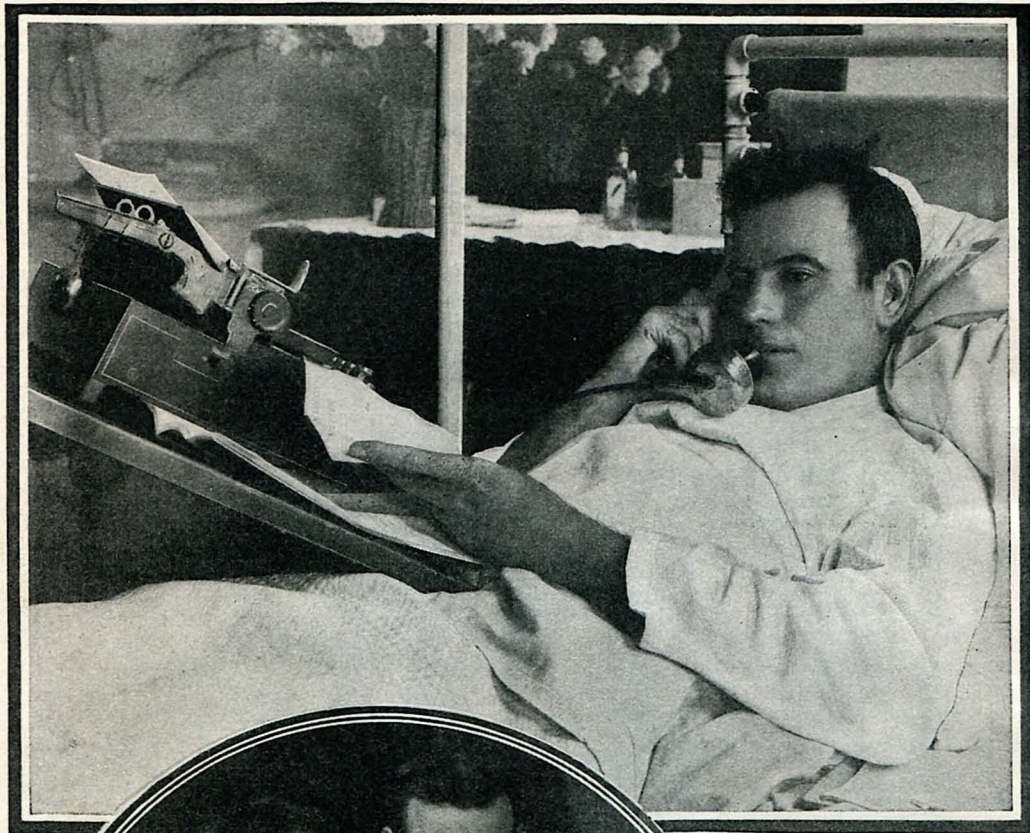
any other Helen of her name. Disasters, wrecks,

runaways, almost every devisable sort of thrill-maker, have figured in the daily life of the Kalem leading actress until, like Goethe's heroine, she would

"Go on spreading bread with butter," no matter what ills befell.

Out in California, where most of the pictures in which she figures are made, Helen Holmes' name is a synonym for dangerous performances.

She has gone through more nerve-racking, dangerous hair-raising episodes than she herself is able to recount or than the directors remember. And she is always ready for the next



Just at present Mr. McGowan is directing his productions at long range for he is in a Los Angeles hospital as a result of injuries received while he was playing in one of his own pictures.



J. P. McGowan has been with the Kalem Company as both actor and director ever since he went into the game.

one, jumping up on an engine with the celerity with which another girl would board a suburban train.

Helen Holmes is young as well as pretty. She was born not so very many years ago on a farm near South Bend, Indiana. She was educated in St. Mary's convent there. Afterward she lived in Chicago where she posed as a model for the posters of the Santa Fe railroad girl, beginning a connection with railroading that seems to have persisted through her motion picture work, since most of her pictures portray her in scenes concerned with railroads.

The serious illness of her brother took her West. For two years she lived on the

borders of Death Valley in a tent many miles from any other habitation. Through those years her only associations were with the people of the desert. After the death of her brother she went to Los Angeles where her reputation as a model won her a speedy opportunity for posing in the motion pictures.

J. P. McGowan, the "Railroad Man" of the Kalem Company, started the direction of Miss Holmes's work as soon as he found in her the qualities essential for success in the sort of role his productions demanded. Nerve, daring, quickness of movement, active imagination, were all necessary to the roles Helen Holmes was called upon to fill. She had these qualities, and displayed them so effectively that her pictures instantly came into vogue. She learned how to drive a locomotive, how to run along the top of a moving train, how to do the hundred and

one tricks of the trade that were to mark her as the "Railroad Girl."

Just at present Mr. McGowan is di-



When he found in her the qualities essential for success in the role his productions demanded, J. P. McGowan, known as the Railroad Man, began directing Miss Holmes' work.



They are a striking contrast, Helen Holmes with her wonderfully fair complexion and her lovely curls, and McGowan with his gaunt frame and his rugged features bronzed like an Indian's.

recting his productions under difficulties, for he is in a Los Angeles hospital as a result of injuries received playing in one of his own pictures.

Even under these difficulties the Kalemites have managed to get out the famous McGowan railroad pictures, as Helen Holmes, who appears in all of them, has been so exactly trained by the producer that by holding a consultation each day with McGowan at the hospital, she is able to act as director on the field.

Broncho Billy on "Types"

HOW G. M. ANDERSON OF THE ESSANAY COMPANY CHOOSES PEOPLE TO PLAY TYPICAL PARTS IN HIS MANY COMPANIES

DO you want to be a movie star? Especially a lady movie star? Here's a hint. Be sure you are a type.

Then find out where Anderson of Essanay is going to be and get in his path. Don't say a word to him. Pretend you don't know he's around. Just be yourself. Things are likely to happen.

He was in New York a little while ago, and stayed at a Broadway hotel. All sorts of people wander through the hotel lobby and restaurants in the course of twenty-four hours. Anderson saw them all. I suspect that some of them saw him, too. He has a winning sort of smile that flashes around his mouth and eyes—but you know that smile.

"I can tell 'em," he said. "I want types. I want to see them when they don't know they're on exhibition. Stage experience? Doesn't do any harm if there hasn't been too much of it! A year or so's all right—but the old timers won't do. Hello—look there!"

A type? Well, perhaps—but they broke the mould before very many of that type had been made! Brown hair and grey eyes, and one of those velvety complexions. A nose that turned up, just a least bit. And an oval face, buried in a lot of soft, light brown fur. One wanted to ask Anderson a question. But he'd gone! He was talking to men all around that lobby. Just a word to each; then he passed to the next. Then he found one who knew her, was introduced, and proved that he was a great man by getting rid of the introducer without being crude about it! They went into the lounge. And in a little while Anderson came back. He looked like the tiger in the old limerick—the one about the young lady of Niger, who went for a ride on a tiger, and when they came back there was a smile on the face of the tiger—you remember it? Only this young lady was all right—I saw her meet another, and go in to drink tea.

"Got her!" said Anderson, of Essanay. "Oh, yes—saw her last night. Knew I wanted her right away. Experience? She doesn't need it! She'll get that from us!"



He needs no introduction to picture fans—they all know him.

"I've spoken to utter strangers—girls—in the street," he said, reminiscently. "They've been types, you see, and I've spotted them. And I've spoken to them, just to see what sort of expression would come into their faces—to get the play of the facial muscles. That counts for a lot."

Across the lobby was a girl. She's pretty. She's in the Winter Garden chorus, and if she accepted all the invitations that come to her she'd have to resign from that chorus. I pointed her out.

"There's a type, too," I said.

Anderson grinned. "Yes, of course," he said. "Too hard, though."

He finds his types everywhere, he says. In department stores, in the street, working as stenographers in offices—everywhere and anywhere. So if you really want to get into the movies, be a type and find out where Anderson of Essanay is going to be.

D A D

HE WAS A MILLIONAIRE, WAS DAD. BUT IT WASN'T MONEY HIS CHILDREN NEEDED OF HIM, IT WAS SOMETHING RARER—UNDERSTANDING AND TOLERANCE—AND THEY GOT IT.

By Vivian Barrington

Illustrations from the Universal Film.

"H'M!" said Dad. He adjusted his spectacles, frowned, read all over again the letter that had made all the disturbance, and once more cleared his throat. Then he fell into a reverie. And those who knew Dad, had they seen him as he sat there, the letter fallen to the floor, his eyes fixed on space, would have been able to tell you that his thoughts would presently be turned into action—and that action, moreover, would, ten to one, be exactly the proper action to fit the particular circumstances.

That was Dad's way, as those who knew him could have told you. He had another name, of course. Two or three banks, for instance, never went through the formality of looking up his balance when a check bearing the signature of John K. Carlson was presented for payment. Whenever the little town in which Dad lived had a celebration his full name appeared in the list of those who had subscribed toward the expenses, and it was listed, too, among those who made speeches, or sat on the platform, or were members of the committee of reception—according to the function.

Dad, you see, was by way of being a millionaire. He had reached the pleasant stage that involved little hard work on his part. Out of his accumulated experience he directed others, and he was certainly not growing poorer with the passing years. But he was not the sort of millionaire whom grand juries indict. Muckrakers did not camp on his trail. His money was clean money. He had had his fights; in business there is always fighting. But Dad had played fair and perhaps a little better;



"I'll be hanged," he said. "My Dad's coming here."

now that he had come to an age that meant light sleeping, he didn't awake in the night, with a start, to the sort of memories that finally give some moneyed men insomnia.

There was no particular reason for Dad to keep on living in Hampton, the little town where he had spent most of his life. But no great city called to him. He had no desire to taste the fleshpots in his years of leisure. To be outdoors a good deal of the time; to see that no one suffered whose needs he could relieve, and for the rest, to read the books he had never had time to read in his youth and busy middle age—these things satisfied Dad. Not that he never went to the cities. He did, at times. A great actor, a great musician, drew him, at intervals; more rarely, he visited, for a few days, certain great and

powerful men whose friendship he had acquired, in one way or another. He had been known, for example, to slip away to Washington to spend a week at the White House. But he had no desire for the sort of publicity that those who visit presidents may have for the asking; he had made it a condition of such visits that they be kept private. That was Dad.

But—there was a letter. A letter that had ruffled Dad; that had caused the reverie that has allowed of this glimpse of his character. Exactly! And now he aroused himself suddenly, grinned, slapped his knee and retrieved the offending missive from the floor.

"I'll do it!" he said, aloud. And he did—which is the story.

The letter—it is plain that the mystery about it, which hasn't been intentional, anyhow, cannot be maintained any longer—was from one of those old friends of Dad's in New York whom he sometimes visited. It was about Dad's son, Willie Carlson. And it was the sort of letter that only a very good friend indeed would write, or could write; the sort of letter, of course, that no father would like to receive about his son. Willie was raising the deuce, to put it plainly. Yet that isn't exactly the way to put it, either. Dad's friend, the letter writer, had been seeing things that Willie himself, in all probability, hadn't seen at all, or hadn't understood if he had seen them.

"It's like this, John," the letter ran. "Willie's a good boy—he's your boy, so he must be. And I know he is, anyhow. And his wife's a nice girl, too. But this New York crowd they've got into has fooled them both. They think these people they are running around with are real folks—but they're not, John, they're only cheap imitations. They're expensive, and that



Carlson stepped into the library. As he did so, his

seems to be all that's necessary.

"And they've got your boy and his wife hypnotized. The first thing anyone knows there's going to be a nasty smash—Reno, or something like that. Go down and look them over, John. You're the only one who can do anything. See it for yourself. But I'll give you one tip. This crowd goes on the theory that it's not the thing for husband and wife to see much of one another. Willie and his wife want to do the 'proper' thing, I guess—I don't see why else they're running along the way they are, because if ever I saw a couple in love with one another, they were, six months ago. The way I size it up is this—each has a sneaking idea the other means it. You know how a thing like that can start,



wife and Van Alstyne stepped apart.

John. At first there's a little misunderstanding. And then it keeps on getting worse and worse—with outsiders to help that along. There's a pair of outsiders in this. If you come on, look twice at a girl called Kitty Norman and a well-known fox trotter called Reggie Van Alstyne. He'd have been a famous cotillion leader if cotillions hadn't gone out. Maybe I'm butting in, John, but—well, you know."

No wonder Dad frowned and fell into a reverie when he read that letter. It was the sort of shock that leads to thought. Dad went clear back, more than twenty-five years. He remembered when Willie was born. He remembered the joy of that time, and the sorrow that had followed so

close upon its heels. He remembered the day when he and his wife had had to face the truth together; the day when she had told him she knew she was dying and he had been unable to conceal the fact that he, too, knew it. She had been thinking of him and the boy, of course. And she had that prevision of a mother. It seemed to Dad now, as the years unfolded themselves before him, like a moving picture being shown in reverse order, that she had foreseen every danger, every trouble, that could come to the boy she was leaving behind.

More than once he had been impatient, angry, ready to be harsh. But always the memory of what she had said that day had restrained him, as he remembered that she had anticipated just such a crisis as had arisen. Even this. . . . She had dreaded something like this. He had made a promise. Somehow she had seemed to know that he would not marry again. She had not asked him not to; they had never discussed it. But she had spoken as if it were well understood that the boy would not have a mother's care, even by proxy; she had made Dad promise that he would be both mother and father. He had promised, and so far he had kept his word. Now he had to do it again. And hard as it had been, once or twice, in the past, it was nothing to this. . . .

And so, to Willie Carlson, dancing attendance upon the fair-haired, stately Kitty Norman, there came, one evening, a telegram. He tore it open, and, as he read it, exclaimed with surprise.

"I'll be hanged!" he said. "My Dad's coming here!"

"That's nice," said Kitty. "When?"

"He doesn't say—just that he's coming. Nice? My dear girl—you don't know him! He's a prince—he's the greatest thing in fathers that ever was! But he won't mix with this crowd! I see where we go into retirement for a spell. Lord—wonder where Eleanor is? Excuse me, will you, Kitty, while I look her up?"

"Of course," said Kitty. But there was the tiniest of frowns on her forehead.

"By the way," she said, as he turned to go. "I think you may find Eleanor in the library. Reggie van Alstyne was going to show her a new step."

"All right," said Willie. "Thanks. I'll see if they're there."



He went back to Kitty Norman and explained things to her.

He was frowning a little, too, as he went. He looked around at the motley crew that filled his house. They rather sickened him, these people. But Eleanor seemed to like them. This dinner dance had been her idea; it was one of a series of such entertainments.

"By George!" he reflected. "It's a good thing there's one sensible girl among the lot! If it wasn't for Kitty I couldn't stand this crowd at all!"

That was the impression Kitty had tried to make on him; that she was in, but not of, this set. She had done it rather well, too. Kitty, to digress for a moment, must not be blamed too severely. It was not her fault that she had been brought up in a set which her family no longer had money enough to rival. There had been money; it was mostly gone. For Kitty there was just one way out. She had to live on her slender capital, because the income wouldn't have kept her in gloves. And, before it was gone, she had to marry a man with money. She saw no reason

why Willie should not be the man. She didn't love him, but she liked him. And, again, it wasn't altogether Kitty's fault that the fact of his marriage did not strike her as an insuperable obstacle. Kitty's set regarded a marriage as being binding only as long as husband and wife chose that it should be so. Divorces were frequent; they were caused, nine times out of ten, by the well worn, often derided "incompatibility of temper." Right thinking people have their opinion of such matters, but not everyone thinks rightly. Something, after all, depends upon the point of view.

Carlson stepped into the library. As he did so his wife and van Alstyne started apart. They were, as a matter of fact, practicing a new dance step to the distant music. There was no reason why they shouldn't have done it in the middle of the ball room. But there was something about their whole appearance that sent Carlson's nails biting into his palms.

"I want to see you, Eleanor," he said, after a moment. He held up the telegram, and van Alstyne stepped forward quickly.

"I'll run along," he said. "No bad news, I hope?"

"Oh, no—thanks," said Carlson, staring at him, so that van Alstyne colored a little, and left the room quickly.

Carlson gave Eleanor the telegram without comment. She made a little mouth as she read it.

"Well?" she said.

"We—we'll have to slow down a little," said Carlson, slowly. "Dad—he's different, you know. There are things he wouldn't quite—understand. Reggie van Alstyne, for instance. In Hampton married women don't—have van Alstynes."

"Oh!" Eleanor stared back at him. "Do married men have—Kitty Normans?" she flashed.

How close they were to an understanding for just one moment! Jealousy, primitive, elemental, had gripped them both—but each was determined to die rather than to let the other know it! It was Carlson who broke the silence.

"We needn't act like vulgarians, I sup-

pose," he said, quietly. "My only thought is to keep my father from being unhappy. I thought you might like to help."

"Oh, of course!" said Eleanor, easily. The moment of opportunity had passed. "I'll be delighted. Is that all?"

"That's all, of course," he answered. But his nails were still cutting viciously into the palms of his hands. He wanted to shake her. But he did nothing half so sensible! He went back to Kitty Norman, instead, and explained things to her. She understood; she thought the time was opportune, and she understood him rather better than usual. He liked that. She could guess that she was furnishing a contrast to the misunderstanding Eleanor. Kitty was clever; that was one reason why she was dangerous. And she was by no means without scruples, either; she was simply driven by a pretty harsh set of circumstances. And that made her still more dangerous. The wrongdoer who is wholly bad—if, indeed, such a creature exists, outside the pages of melodrama!—isn't so dangerous.

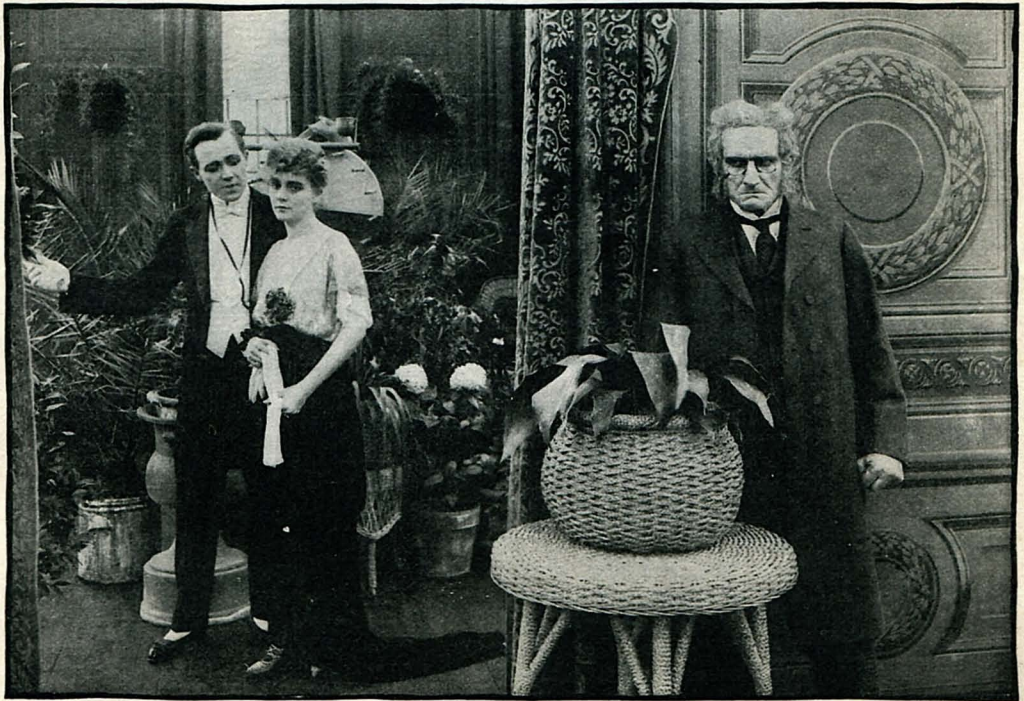
And then, just in time to spoil all the carefully made plan, Dad walked in!

Walked right into the middle of the sort of party that both Carlson and Eleanor knew he could never understand. He looked like the anachronism he was, in that gathering. According to the Hampton standards he was elaborately clothed. He wore what Hampton still called a Prince Albert. And some of the people the Willie Carlsons called their friends were so hopelessly vulgar, so inane, so stupid, that they actually laughed at him!

Willie could only try to make the best of it. Dad was not the sort of person to be quietly taken upstairs and out of sight, on the plea that he must be tired, and wouldn't enjoy the party, anyhow. He was quite childishly pleased. Low cut gowns didn't seem to shock him at all; he admired the new dances tremendously. But, just the same, there was a wise glint in his eye as he watched Willie and Kitty Norman doing a maxixe.

"There's nothing wrong with that," he said to himself, wisely. "But—it must take an almighty lot of practice! Pretty—but—"

He mused. His eyes were very wide open. And he saw many things in the few



By pure chance, he heard Willie explaining him, apologizing for him to Kitty Norman.

hours that remained of the dinner dance. Also, by pure chance, he heard Willie explaining him, apologizing for him, to Kitty Norman. For a moment he was angry; then he remembered his promise, and he smiled.

For about a week Dad kept himself a good deal to himself. He saw a good deal, he heard quite a little. But he said next to nothing, and of caution or reproof he uttered not a word. For a day or two Willie was uneasy. Then he began to laugh at himself.

"He doesn't see that there's anything wrong," he said to himself. "Poor old Dad! He's been buried in that sleepy hole so long that he's getting ossified!"

So it was a good deal of a shock to him when he was dressing for dinner one evening to have Dad come in to his room.

"Well, son—what do you think of me—eh?" said Dad.

Dad wasn't a lily of the field, by any means. But certainly Solomon in all his glory never had anything on Dad as he looked that night!

"I went to your tailor, son," said Dad. "Told him to go ahead and hang the expense! Am I all right? How about these studs? And is the tie right?"

Willie didn't say much. He was bereft of the power of speech, temporarily.

"I'm dining out to-night, you see," said Dad. "With a friend of yours, too—Miss Norman. That's a nice girl, Willie. I hope she and Eleanor are friends?"

"Uh—er—" gulped Willie, a trifle purple in the cheek.

That was the beginning. Dad set a

merry pace. And Willie, when he recovered his senses, was pretty angry.

"There's no fool like an old fool!" he said to Kitty Norman. "But I must say I didn't think it of you, Kitty! I suppose I can't say anything if Dad wants to have his fling at his time of life! But for you to go about with him—!"

"I don't see why not!" said Kitty, briding a little. "I think your father is charming! And, after all, I'm my own mistress!"

What was in Kitty's mind just then need not be guessed. Perhaps she saw a chance to bring Willie to a point he had been very slow in reaching. Perhaps she thought that this would induce him to decide definitely that he wanted her, and not Eleanor. Perhaps she had some vague idea of luring Dad instead of Willie. But whatever was in her mind it was Dad, and not she, who

was in the saddle now. And Dad knew rather more about Kitty than she knew about herself. He saw all the things in her that were good. And when the proper moment came he opened upon her. They were having luncheon in a little stall in one of those restaurants that makes so much of privacy easy of attainment.

"My dear," he said, "I'm an old man. And I've seen quite a little of this queer, mixed up thing we call life. I'm old enough to be your father—and I've come to like you very well, even in the short time I've known you. Have you forgotten young Harned?"

She hadn't. The quick catch of her breath, the flame in her face, and the quick flight of the color, leaving her white and



Quite a long time afterward, Dad was holding the very special reason in his arms.

shaken, proved that. She stared at him, with wide eyes.

"He's working for me now," Dad went on. "He's doing quite well, for a young man. Would you like to see him? Suppose I went out now, and—sent him in?"

"He—he—said it would be years—and years," she said, at last, very slowly. "And I—I couldn't wait! How would I have lived? Oh—you—"

"I know," said Dad, very gently. He leaned over, and patted her hand. And then he got up and went out, and said something to a youngster who was outside. And young Harned went in. . . . Which is the end of that part of the story.

But Dad still had something to do. He had chosen this particular restaurant for his luncheon with Kitty for a reason. And the reason was that he happened to know that van Alstyne and Eleanor, Willie's wife, were also lunching there. And now he called a waiter, scratched a few words on a card, and sent the waiter to one of the little alcoves. In a moment the man returned, followed by van Alstyne. At the sight of Dad, van Alstyne changed color, seemed about to withdraw. But there was something about Dad's look that held him. He came forward, sheepishly.

"In here!" said Dad, pointing to a vacant table, well hidden from the rest of the room. They sat down. "Now, young man," said Dad. "I've been looking you up. You've played this same game before, haven't you? Sympathizing with the wife whose husband doesn't understand her? Playing on folly—making it look like something worse?"

"I don't know what you mean!" blustered van Alstyne. "How dare you—?"

"Be still! Here—take this pen. Now

write a note to Mrs. Carlson. Tell her that you are going away."

"But I'm not—"

"You are, my son! You're going away very fast—or else I shall allow the report of the detectives I have had watching you to be made public. You know what they have found out about you."

Five minutes later Dad, as he watched the alcove in which van Alstyne had left Mrs. Willie Carlson, chuckled to himself. He was all alone. And, when he had given her a little time, he went to her, to find her bright-eyed, with a spot of angry color flaming on each cheek.

"Oh, Dad!" she cried, as she saw him. "I—"

Then she stopped, and just stared at him.

"Never mind," he said. "Perhaps I know all about it without your telling me! We all make mistakes, don't we? You couldn't see what a poor sort of chap this was until he gave you a chance to see it. And Willie—well, I don't blame you for being angry! But you're going to give him another chance, aren't you—for my sake?"

"Have it out," he went on, after a moment. "You need that. Lord, you're a pair of babies! I was frightened when I came here. From what I'd heard I thought you were—well, never mind! But you're just like the babes in the woods! I think you'd better come home with me!"

And, do you know, that's just what they did! Not at once. But a little later. There was a very special reason. Quite a long time afterward Dad was holding the very special reason in his arms.

"We wanted him to be born here, in the old place, Dad," said Willie.

IN STYLE

Willis: Where have you been?

Gillis: In the hospital, getting censored.

Willis: Censored?

Gillis: Yes. I had several important parts cut out.—Puck.

Censorship vs. Regulation

By William Almon Wolff

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Censorship is a live question. All over the United States official censorship of moving pictures is being established. Chicago has an official board of censors established in the City Hall under the police department. Ohio and Pennsylvania have passed laws creating state boards of censorship. A bill is to be presented to the legislature of Wisconsin which proposes to make the extension bureau of the State University the official censor of films for the state. From coast to coast cities and states are considering whether or not they will establish official censorship which will review the decisions of the National Board of Censors in New York, which now passes on ninety-five per cent. of the films shown in the United States.*

This movement, so astounding in its rapid growth, is an altogether new thing in American life. Official censorship has never existed in the United States in the case of the theatre, of the newspapers, or of fiction. Many lawyers hold that official censorship is expressly forbidden by the Constitution of the United States in the famous clauses guaranteeing the right of free speech and free assembly.

And yet, official censorship has developed little opposition. America seems to hardly have awakened to what is going on. Those who believe in censorship have had everything their own way. Those who believe it would be a serious mistake to break down the American tradition of free speech and free assembly by official censorship have had very little to say.

PHOToplay MAGAZINE, therefore, feels it to be a public duty to present an intelligent discussion of this question.

SOME people will say that we already have censorship, supported and encouraged by the film manufacturers themselves. They are partly right, and in so far as they are mistaken, they have a good excuse. They are thinking of The National Board of Censorship of Motion Pictures, to give it its full name.

But it is a poor name—which the board itself, through D. W. McGuire, its executive secretary, and Orrin G. Cocks, its advisory secretary, very frankly admits. The board doesn't censor. It acts as a sort of clearing house of opinion. It decides what pictures are offensive or harmful, and a voluntary, cooperative agreement on the part of the manufacturers leads to the elimination of anything that the board cannot approve. That is about as far from censorship, as applied in Chicago, Ohio and Pennsylvania, as the north pole is from the south.

The result is the same. Yes—and no. Very often the Chicago censors, say, and

the national board would agree as to the elimination of a whole picture or a particular scene. But the result isn't the same, because the local censorships have, time and again, refused to pass scenes and pictures that the national board has approved. A local censorship (and the same thing would apply to a federal censorship) is protecting the individual from himself, and assuming an attitude of superiority to that individual. The national board is simply taking some work off the individual's hands that he hasn't the time to do properly for himself.

In a nutshell, here is the situation and the problem. It is the situation that you, as one of the great army of moving picture fans, face; it is the problem that, ultimately, thanks to our Anglo-Saxon system of government, you must solve, because, after all, no law of which you don't approve can remain on the statute books.

The national board reviews and passes ninety-five per cent of all moving picture

Let Him Up Before It Becomes a Post Mortem



films made in this country or imported. The other five per cent are not submitted to it, and it is by no means unfair to assume that those who make or import this five per cent are afraid of the national board's verdict.

Of the ninety-five per cent of reviewed films it is safe to say that they are not dangerous. That they will not hurt the beholder. They may offend against good taste; the individual has got to be the judge in matters of taste in a free community. But these films are innocuous, anyhow.

The other five per cent may or may not be bad. If they are bad they are in exactly the same category as plays like "The Girl with the Whooping Cough," suppressed in New York; muscle dancers, forbidden to perform by the police in practically every city in the country; and certain prurient and indecent vaudeville acts. They can be suppressed by the police in exactly the same way. They don't need any elaborate

machinery of censorship for their suppression.

In New York, St. Louis, Milwaukee, Joplin, Mo., Omaha, Portland, Ore., Dallas, Pasadena and Los Angeles, to mention a few cities, the local licensing authorities work with the national board. They trust to the tailpiece—"Passed by the National Board of Censorship." If that doesn't appear competent officials review the picture, and, if it is offensive, forbid its exhibition, under penalty of loss of license for the theater defying such prohibition. In Boston the city goes a step further. It summarily forbids the showing of any picture that the national board hasn't passed. That is regulation.

Do you want that? Or do you prefer a Prussianized or Russianized censorship that forbade the Monte Carlo scene in "Brewster's Millions" in Chicago, and a temperance tract like "John Barleycorn" in Pennsylvania? It's up to you!



The Pro of Police

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE herewith
able debate that took place in Chi-
censorship was presented by Major
nationally known as the extreme
public opinion was given by Mr.

*This Magazine offers both sides
statements as they appear, have been*

The Police Viewpoint By M. L. C. Funkhouser

I BELIEVE that a police censorship, such as we have in Chicago, is the best arrangement yet devised for the control and regulation of the moving picture theater in the interests of decency. Those who do not agree will sometimes speak as if they thought censorship a new thing, especially invented by me for their annoyance. But censorship is not new. It has existed since the beginning. It has only changed its form from time to time.

Public opinion acts as censor of private individuals everywhere; and there can be no censorship apart from public opinion anywhere. The police department has no power except as it represents the community it serves. Neither I nor any other police officer could long continue to exercise office contrary to the wishes of the general public.

I might order this or that kind of thing cut out of moving picture films once, or twice, or thrice, but unless my order was in accord with the wishes of the public and the city ordinances I could not continue to order that kind of thing cut out. The public gets what it wants. Public officers in this country are not autocrats but pub-

lic servants; they either serve, or cease to hold office.

Every public officer knows that he derives his power from the public and that he has power only so far as he does what the public wants done. He has a guide as to what the public insists on having in the laws of his state and the ordinances of his city.

When I became censor in Chicago I found very little to guide me in the laws of Illinois and the ordinances of Chicago; the office was too new. And so I went about it to find out what the citizens of Chicago expected of me. I consulted leading men and women of every faith and every profession—teachers and preachers, business men and philanthropists, lawyers and doctors, members of women's clubs and social workers—in order to learn what the best people of Chicago thought ought to be done to prevent the moving picture show from being a demoralizing influence in the community—and to permit it to be the pleasant, stimulating, and even inspiring form of entertainment that it can be at its best.

(Continued on page 68)

and Con Censorship

presents the substance of a remark-
cago recently. The case for police
Funkhouser, who has become
type of police censor, and the side of
Lucian Cary, Editor of *The Dial*.

*without Editorial comment. Both
approved by the parties to the debate.*

Side of Public Opinion By Lucian Cary

THE police censorship of moving pictures is open to exactly the same objections as are all the other schemes of the powerful minority to guide, direct, and control the numerous majority. An organized board of censors with power to decide which films shall be shown to the public in the theaters and which shall not is as undemocratic in principle as that taxation without representation which sent the Americans of 1776 to war with their mother country. Such a board is as much out of place in the city hall of Chicago as the Czar of Russia would be out of place at the President's desk in the White House.

That may sound like a strong statement: If so it is because it is a true statement. Major Funkhouser has proved it for me.

He says that he did not feel equal to deciding how the censorship in Chicago should be conducted, and so he asked leading men and women of all professions and faiths to tell him what they thought ought to be barred from the moving picture theater. I do not doubt that these leading men and women whom he consulted and whose advice he admits he has been following are estimable persons, every one. I

do not doubt that their intentions are of the best. I do not doubt that they feel themselves responsible for the tastes and the manners and the morals of all the other people in Chicago. But I deny that they know what is good and what is bad for all these other people—that is, for you and me.

I believe that you and I know what is good for us better than any one else knows. I believe farther that even if we knew less about what is good for us to do and to hear and to see than these estimable and superior people whom Major Funkhouser consulted the only way we ever can know is by finding out for ourselves.

It does not do us any good to have some one else decide for us what is good for us morally or spiritually. If somebody could always and everywhere decide for us, and enforce his decision, we should never acquire any character at all. We should be living in a moral vacuum from which all the possibilities of goodness and badness of learning what is good and what is bad by exercising our own judgment, had been exhausted.

The estimable and superior people are



sincere enough in thinking that the world would be better if it were just like themselves. Maybe it would be. But they, being the few, deny the whole principle of democratic government when they try to force us, who are the many, to do what they prefer. And that is exactly what happens when you substitute an organized board with power of life or death over the films for the public opinion in which we all have a share. The organized board censors what the superior people—the people who have money or social position or influence—think is not good for the inferior people. And they think that many things that they themselves go to see or hear are dangerous for the rest of us to see or hear.

If any superior person thinks that this isn't so, let him explain to us why we have a police censorship of moving pictures but no police censorship of the speaking stage or of grand opera. Let him tell why it is that the police do not object to anybody's paying \$5 to see "Pagliacci" and yet objected to anybody's seeing it for five cents in a moving picture theater, objected so much and so effectively that the manufacturer of that film cannot show it in Chicago.

Let him explain how it happens that in democratic America, where everybody has a vote, the opinion of leading citizens decides what moving pictures you and I are to see. We don't let leading citizens pick out our president or make our laws or decide what we shall eat or wear—not if we can help it.

The Police Viewpoint

(Continued from Page 66)

These people responded generously to my request for advice and help; they furnished me with a great body of opinion about what they thought objectionable or dangerous in the moving picture theater. I thought, and I still think, that their opinion is representative of the best citizenship of Chicago. I have tried to conduct the police censorship in Chicago in accordance with that opinion and the ordinances.

We have cut out a good many miles of films—scenes obscene, scenes of the nude, scenes of ugly violence, scenes reflecting on constituted authority—because we thought they were unsuitable to present before audiences, 80 per cent of whom are women and children.

We think that the public opinion of Chicago would have protested against every one of the pictures we cut out. We think that we were merely the instrument, or delegate, or servant of public opinion in cutting them out. I do not know what other means public opinion could have used so easily as the police department. Without the police board of censors public opinion would have acted slowly and clumsily, and therefore, far less effectually, than it was able to act through the police censorship board.

That is all that is at issue—a question of efficiency. I believe the police censorship is the most efficient means of keeping the moving picture theater in order.

WHAT IS YOUR SOLUTION OF THE CENSORSHIP PROBLEM?

UNTIL the censorship question is definitely settled, there will be endless confusion in the motion picture industry, continual clashing of authority, and much absurd and useless legislation.

The wonderful new art is in a formative stage, and like all other great activities, it must grope about for a few years before fixed standards are set.

In the end *Public Opinion* will prevail.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE invites its readers—who form an active part of that great power—to express their opinions. They will be presented from time to time, with news of developments in the censorship question. Not all letters can be published, but the opinions of everyone interested will help in the final solution.

A Heart of Gold

ARNOLD RISKS HIS LIFE TO SAVE THAT OF ANOTHER MAN.
HE DOES IT BECAUSE HIS LOVE FOR A WOMAN WAS SO
GREAT THAT HIS ONLY THOUGHT WAS OF HER HAPPINESS.

By Edith Huntington Mason

Illustrations from the American Film.

IT was sundown in the little town of Longpoint—the day's work was finished and the last fishing dory had come in from the sea, the last weary fisherman had trudged to his home and already the cottages that dotted the shore had begun to twinkle with welcoming lights.

Brightest of all those lamps that shone from the cottage windows was the one which Mary Price lit for her husband Jake, yet seven o'clock passed as six o'clock had done, and still he did not come. The girl, for she was nothing but a girl,

though married these three years, began to pace the kitchen floor, her eyes traveling as she did so, first to the clock, then to the cold supper on the table, then to the window. But though her step was agitated, her young face had the calm, set look which showed that this tragedy of waiting was one with which she was familiar. And it was so. It had not taken three months of married life to prove to her that her husband, her big, handsome Jake, the finest fisherman in all the town, for so it was generally conceded, was a drunkard.



*What games they had away by themselves among the trees, what stories he told
of elf and fay, and gnome and hobgoblin!*

Mary was as brave-hearted as she was slim and pretty, but though it had been a shock to her at first, she took up the task of reforming her husband with splendid courage. Jake was so big, so strong, she felt sure that his character had the same magnitude and endurance as his body, and nothing, nothing, she was sure, could ever conquer her great love for him. With that for her weapon, victory could not fail her. She must, she would drive out the devil from her man's soul.

That was the way she had felt for the first year, and for perhaps the second, though by that time doubt had begun to trouble her. For the evenings when Jake, instead of returning for his supper to the little cottage on the sands, stopped at the swinging door half down the village street, instead of becoming less frequent, had become more numerous. The hopelessness of it all had almost conquered Mary, and to-night when nine o'clock arrived and still no dragging, uncertain step came up the brick walk, the sense of failure overpowered her.

She was no woman to weep, but as she thought of those first bright days of their honeymoon when she and Jake had stayed at the big hotel in Little Compton and gone to the county fair, and visited Jake's rich relatives, who lived out on "the Avenue," and of the hopes and dreams of the future it had meant to her, the contrast of the bitter present was almost too much to bear. Poor woman-child! No one heard her sobs. The clock ticked, the lamp shone steadily in the open window, the supper lay untouched on the table. At last she rose and there was resolution in her step as she took her cloak and hat from a peg on the wall. Farewell was in the glance she threw around the snug room, then the latch lifted and she was gone.

Not half an hour later the latch lifted again, but this time in answer to fumbling, uncertain fingers. Into that cozy, home-like kitchen a man lurched. Immediately a smell of brine and whiskey pervaded the place, the lamp somehow seemed less bright because of his big bulk, the spotless floor was tracked by his muddy boots, the mo-



In the midst of them, leaning against a post, was a great broad shouldered man playing a flageolet.



"O, man," he said. "O, man, I love your Mary, it's true. But if we two fight, it's because you've broken her heart—not I."

notonous dignity of the ticking clock was broken by his noisy breathing. Yet for all that he had to hold to the mantel with one hand in order to stand upright. Jake Price was a fine figure of a man, young and deep-chested, with wide black eyes, and curling black hair and a masterful chin.

He took one look around and his senses were not so befuddled by drink that he did not immediately perceive the untouched supper, the lamp in the window, the empty peg where Mary's hat and cloak had hung. The feeling of loss which the absence of some individual inflicts upon a house had laid hold of the little cottage, and it cried out to him now. He lurched heavily to a chair, the very one where Mary had crouched and wept for him, and sat down.

"Gone!" he said dully. "Left me, by God! Gone and left me!"

Fishing towns on the New England coast are all very much alike and Seaconnet, the town where Mary had taken refuge on the night when she had fled from her husband did not differ essentially from Longpoint. The same salt, fishy smell, the same vista

of plank walks, treeless beaches and fishing dories bobbing about in the rough bay, greeted Mary as she looked from the window of the little room in the Widow Carr's house, where she had spent the night.

Mary was peculiarly alone in the world and this step-sister of her mother's was her nearest relative. Mrs. Carr was not overburdened with education, and she kept a boarding-house, and the nuances of social intercourse were lost upon her, but O what a haven of rest she had seemed to Mary, the evening before, when she had arrived late from her trolley-ride along the shore, and had thrown herself into the widow's arms.

The door burst open at this moment, as Mary stood shivering in the window, and in bustled the good woman herself.

Mary ran to her.

"I was just thinking how good you were!" she said and kissed the hard, red cheek of her step-aunt.

Later when Mrs. Carr had finished with her household work for that morning she brought her sewing to Mary's bedside and

the two had a long talk about Jake.

"An' so ye can't make your man stop drinkin'," said the widow compassionately, when Mary had told her tale briefly, and haltingly. "Ah, well a day! It's a sad world. But why then,"—and the honest soul looked up from her seam, "why don't ye be rid of him?"

Mary eyed her a little palely.

"Be rid of him, Aunt?" she repeated. "Do you mean divorce him?"

"I do," said Mrs. Carr firmly. Divorce was a word that was seldom used in the fishing towns, but this was a case that required harsh treatment, the widow thought.

But it was a word that sounded in the young wife's ears as dreadfully as "death." Her lip trembled.

"I couldn't do that, Aunt, dear," she said, "because—because I love him!" She burst into tears.

It was noon-time and the men who boarded at Mrs. Carr's were coming home for dinner. Most of them came down the hill from the canning factory, but one was a fisherman who happened that day, not to have gone out with the fleet of dories at dawn. His name was Jim Arnold, a big, noble-natured fellow, who had earned among his neighbors a great reputation for kindness. If anything went wrong, or

any emergency arose, they always advised each other to go to Jim Arnold about it. "Ask Jim," they would say, "he has a heart of gold!"

Now Jim, although he loved his work, was not a money-maker. He spent his life on the sea not for what he could make out of it, but for the spice of danger that such a life held, and because the sight of the catch, all glistening silver, flopping about in his net, gave him a never-failing thrill. In spite of his huge frame and hardy nature, there was a soft side to the man. Two things he held dearer than anything else in life, the flageolet with which he spent long evenings in his attic room, and for which he had real talent, and the companionship of little children. Perhaps, indeed, the two things were closely related, for surely he had no more appreciative audience for his music than the children of the neighborhood, and on holidays and week days his greatest delight was to plunge into the pine woods that hugged the shore, accompanied by half a dozen happy-hearted little boys and girls. What games they had, away by themselves among the trees, what stories he told of elf and fay and gnome and hobgoblin!

It was noon-time at Mrs. Carr's and Mary Price, somewhat recovered from the



"Jim, dear Jim," she cried. "You're hurt. O, you're hurt."

emotional strain of her flight from home, had resolved to come down to dinner. Perhaps she had been somewhat inspired to this resolution by curiosity. For the last hour, as she had lain in bed upstairs in her room, she had been puzzled to hear from below the strains of a remarkably sweet flageolet. The music was varied, ranging from a merry jig to the lilting cadences of a song she had never heard before, and a woman's high, sweet voice, following the music on the flageolet, sang: "Far out of sight while sorrows still unfold us," the verse went, "lies the fair country where our hearts abide, and of its bliss is naught more wondrous told us than these few words, 'I shall be satisfied!'"

"I shall be satisfied!" sighed Mary to herself, as she put on a fresh gingham dress and descended the stairs.

The sunlight streamed in at the screen-door and outside a group of people stood listening while the flageolet again gave forth the music which had so charmed the girl. She stepped to the door. Fishermen's wives and wives of the men who worked in the factory stood about, their hands clasping the hands of their chubby youngsters. And in the midst of them leaning against a post was a great broad-shouldered man playing a flageolet. His face was strong, yet there was in the eyes the look of the poet, almost the mystic. But it was not his expression that Mary remarked. It was the striking resemblance which his dark curls, black eyes and deep chest bore to those possessed by a man whom she had once loved, whom she loved now indeed, though she had voluntarily left him forever.

The girl started back and put a hand to her breast and a sigh escaped her full red lips.

The musician finished what he was playing, and as the strains ceased he caught sight, for the first time, of the young woman with the girl's face, and the faithful blue eyes, which were fixed upon him with such a look of tragedy.

He lost color, and his breath came rapidly. Slowly he removed the fisherman's cap he wore.

"Who are you, little lady?" he said. "Did you—did you like my music?"

Introductions and conventionally arranged meetings among people of the simplicity of the Seaconnet fisherfolk are

superfluous things, and the two staying at Mrs. Carr's boarding-house soon drifted into an acquaintance which was to the girl a refuge from trouble, and to the young man the deep joy of first love.

Her grief made Mary selfish, perhaps, for although she clung to Arnold's devotion as to the most precious thing in her desolate life, she did not at all realize that their friendship was assuming to him a serious aspect.

The day came when the big fisherman's feelings in the matter were revealed. The sea frolicked on the sand and beckoned them out, the pine woods called to them with many voices. As usual a group of little folk had gathered at sunset by Mrs. Carr's door to hear their idol play on his flageolet. But this day it seemed was to be a fete day, for the large-hearted fisherman had invited them all to the woods. There was someone else whom he invited, too. A pretty girl with dark ringlets and big, faithful blue eyes.

It was nearing sunset, and the light fell golden bright among the tall trees, like beams from a cathedral window. The children, tired with their romp, had wandered away picking flowers, and the two, Arnold and Mary Price, were left together. They were sitting on a bank of moss beneath a noble pine. And Arnold was thinking what a lovely picture she made sitting so, in her white dress, the sunbeams glancing down on her shapely, dark head, and how desirable a thing it would be to have her for a wife, and she was thinking, as she looked at his gentle, strong face and felt the strength of his presence, what a wonderful thing it would have been if Jake, her Jake, had realized the promise of his manhood as this man had done. To her Jim Arnold always seemed her husband—as he might have been!

How surprised she would have been if she could have known how near her at that very moment was the man who was in her thoughts, her husband, Jake! Absorbed in their own reflections, neither had heard the approach of someone through the underbrush behind them, and Jake had come up close to the very tree under which they were sitting, near enough to watch them, although not to hear what they were saying.

For Jake, according to his lights, loved his wife, and her desertion had affected

him very sharply. Mary had chosen to assume during the past months that the severing of their relations was final, but he had not so regarded them. Seaconnet was only five miles from Longpoint, and, though he did not know the exact location of Mrs. Carr's house, it had not taken him long to discover it. To follow Arnold and Mary to the woods when he had been told where they had gone had not been difficult.

The sun sank lower, turning Mary's white dress to rose. Filled with the sweetness of the moment and with the joy of her presence, Arnold suddenly reached forth his hand and clasped hers.

"I—I love you, Mary," he said. "You're the only woman in the world for me!"

At this sight, the man concealed in the bushes clenched both fists and the dark color raged to his forehead, but he controlled himself.

He would watch a little longer and make sure. Mary's startled reply, "Why Jim, I'm married, didn't you know?" did not reach him. But he saw the compassionate hand she laid on Arnold's sleeve, and of course misconstrued it. If only he could have heard her words! "Yes," she went on, "my home is in Longpoint. Jake Price is my husband."

Arnold quivered all over, then rose slowly to his feet. "My God!" he said brokenly, "My God!" and hid his face against the tree-trunk.

She sprang up, and the watcher muttered an oath—as she put her arm about the tall fisherman's shoulder. "I'm so



As they walked away, turning for one last look at the man in the attic window, she heard the happy piping of the flageolet.

sorry," she said, "so sorry! It was selfish of me not to tell you, but I thought of course you knew!"

Her agitation was only because she saw now how greatly she had wounded her friend, but her husband, watching from behind the bushes, thought it was love for Arnold that inspired her, and unable to look on the sight calmly, another moment, and unwilling to wreak vengeance on his rival in his wife's presence, he stole away through the shadowy woods, muttering words of hate.

That evening at Mrs. Carr's the working men who lived there were surprised not to hear, as usual, the strains of the flageolet, which Arnold always played before going to bed. But Mary, wretched beyond words at the thought of the misery she had brought on this man, whose friendship for her had done so much to ease the suffering of the past few months, was not surprised. She alone understood why there was no more music, and her heart bled for the big, lonely man in his attic room.

But Jake, although he had postponed his vengeance for a more fitting hour, had none the less determined to have it. The encounter with Jim took place the next morning. The fleet of dories was getting ready for the day's fishing, and Arnold was crossing the bridge with his nets in his hand. Jake, his courage fortified by a night's hard drinking, stepped in his way and blocked the path.

"Stop!" he said, "you great hulking land lubber! Stop and let's hear what you have to say for yourself. I'm Jake Price!"

Arnold slowly put the net on the bridge rail and looked the other man in the eye. And so strong was the likeness between the two men, the same in bulk, with the same black eyes, and masterful chin, that even the loafer who had followed Jake from the saloon to see the fun had wit enough to marvel at it. He did not, however, have wit enough to see the difference between them, that while the one man had the high, fearless gaze of virtue, the other had the dull, hang-dog look of dissipation.

"Now what it is?" said Jim, eyeing Price steadily, "what have ye against me? Out with it, man—the dories are waiting." He cast an anxious look down the shore where his comrades were already putting out to sea.

"What is it?" Jake echoed. "Just as if ye didn't know what my trouble was! Just as if you didn't know you've been trying to steal my wife away from me these past three months!" He raised a menacing arm.

At the words Arnold seemed transfixed. A surge of color flooded his bronzed face and he threw out one elbow, pushing away Price's threatening fist.

"O man!" he said, "O man!" and his tone was almost impatient, "that isn't the quarrel between us! I love your Mary, it's true. I'm too proud of that to deny it. But if we two fight, it's because you've broken her heart, not I!"

His words for the moment penetrated Jake's muddled understanding so that he hung his head—then turning slowly, shambled sullenly away.

The matter was settled for that time, but it was sure to recur again, for Jake from that day took up his residence in Seaconnet.

Mary was terrified when she heard from Jim of Jake's presence there. Not so much that she feared violence, but because she feared that the sight of her husband might induce her to return to him. And that she had made up her mind not to do. But of course she could not always avoid a meeting. He trailed her home from the village grocery store late one afternoon and stopped her just outside Mrs. Carr's gate. He caught her by the wrist.

"So ye would leave me, would ye?" he asked roughly, "You're a fine wife, you are!"

Mary's lips whitened. "I've been the best wife I knew how to be, Jake," she

said, "but I couldn't stand the life you were leading me, I couldn't, indeed!"

The man's grip tightened on her arm and she saw that he had been drinking. The fact deprived her of all fear that his old fascination for her would weaken her resolution.

"Let me go, Jake, let me go!" she said, struggling. In an instant he grew fierce.

"Cut that out," he said, "you're going home with me, and you're going right now, do you hear?" He attempted to drag her and Mary screamed.

Somebody who was cleaning a flageolet in his room in the attic came hurrying out, and at the sight of Mary struggling in Jake's grasp would have laid violent hands upon the man—but Mary herself prevented him, and at the approach of a rescuer Jake released his hold.

"Don't touch him, Jim," she said, "remember he's my husband!"

And Jim, though with lowering brows, obeyed. The two walked into the cottage together, leaving Jake outside.

And so the situation remained until one day when a furious storm overtook the Seaconnet fishing fleet, which numbered among its members both Arnold and Price.

The day had seemed fair enough when the fleet had anchored off the sandbar, as usual, but toward noon a little cloud, which had been hanging in the northwest all morning, suddenly assumed gigantic proportions, and a cold wind rushing out from behind it, slapped the sea in the face. The sea bellowed and leaped high to retaliate, and about that time the fishing fleet began to head for home. So sudden and furious was the onslaught of the storm there was no time to make the harbor, and all of the twenty-five boats made haste to land at the nearest beach. All, that is, but the dory belonging to Jake Price. The Longpoint fisherman, with the courage born of several pulls at the bottle in his pocket, had refused to weigh anchor when the others did, and when they had safely landed was still fishing off the sandbar, though his boat was rocking dangerously.

"The darn fool!" said Arnold to one of the other men. A slim white hand tugged at his sleeve, and he turned from his scrutiny of the sea to behold Mary Price standing beside him, the breeze whipping her skirts about her slight, young form.

"He's going to be drowned, Jim," she almost whispered, "O don't let him be drowned, will you?"

Arnold hastened to reassure her. "O he's all right!" he said, patting the hand of the woman he loved, which still rested on his arm. "Don't you worry, Mary! See! He's starting for the shore now. Nothing—will—" He broke off suddenly to stare at the little dory rocking madly on the sea, and at the same instant a cry broke from the group of men standing on the shore.

"He's hit the bar! The boat's swamped! The boat's swamped!"

Mary uttered no scream, but just looked straight into Arnold's eyes with that faithful, trusting look which goes to a brave man's heart.

"I love him, Jim," was all she said, and at the word, the big fisherman was down the beach, and dragging his little dory out into the waves.

"Stand away!" he roared when they would have helped. "I'm going after him!" and pushed off.

The waves were dangerously high, and the pull out to the man clinging to his overturned boat was a long one, but Arnold made it, and in another moment, Price, somehow or other, neither of them knew just how it was managed, was sprawling on the glistening silver catch that lay in the bottom of Arnold's dory.

Then began the struggle to reach the shore. Mary, one incarnate prayer, found herself watching without either tears or cries. The stern-faced fishermen stood up to their hips in water waiting to receive the incoming dory. It was the women and children who had gathered from the cottages who were doing the wailing. The danger of the man with the heart of gold was of vital importance to each and every one of them.

The trip back was successful until Arnold made his supreme effort to push the dory through the breakers to the shore. The surf was too strong, and the dory capsized, throwing both men out on the rocks. The seamen waiting to receive them were able to seize them and drag them to safety, however, although Arnold, it was found, had been badly battered.

He staggered, and drooped in the arms of his friends as they tried to hold him up.

Mary, oblivious of her husband, rushed to him.

"Jim! Dear Jim!" she cried. "You're hurt, O you're hurt!"

At the sound of the passionate admiration in his wife's voice, and the sight of the white face of the man who had risked his life for him, a feeling new and strange was born in the heart of Jake Price—the wish to be worthy of them both. Unnoticed by the crowd which was pressing anxiously about Arnold, he slunk away down the beach.

That evening at Mrs. Carr's a man sat in his attic room with his bandaged leg upon a chair, and in his lap was a silver flageolet that he eyed from time to time, sorrowfully. He had heard that Mary Price had been reconciled to her husband on account of his narrow escape from death, and for the moment, as he sat there alone, the thought of losing her out of his life made him selfish. She had gone back to Longpoint without any word for him, he thought, and he could never again play on the sweet instrument which reminded him so poignantly of the happy hours she and he had had together on the beach and in the woods.

The light in the room failed slowly, so that he was sitting almost in darkness, but outside it was brilliant moonlight. The minutes passed while he sat there looking mournfully at his flageolet, and then a wonderful thing happened.

There came to him at that dark moment, ushered in by the tip-toeing Mrs. Carr, a young woman with dark ringlets and faithful blue eyes, and a man, sullen and shame-faced, but with a steady light in his eyes, and on his breath no smell of liquor.

"Jim! O Jim!" said a thrilling voice, and there was Mary Price kneeling beside him.

"O Jim! O Jim!" she said. "You've given me back my husband!" You've given him back twice over! From the salt sea and from that other sea that was threatening to drown him! O my dear friend, I thank you!"

This was news indeed, and the great heart of the fisherman responded to it.

"Let me see you, Jake," he said gruffly, paying no attention to the woman.

Price bent over him obediently and looked him in the eye. They held each other's gaze a long while, then Arnold

leaned back content with what he saw.

"All right," he said. "All right, man. You can have her now! Here Mary, where's your hand?"

Mary gave it to him, the tears blinding her, and he laid it in that of her husband. It was like another sacrament of marriage.

The next instant they were gone, but not before a woman's tear-wet kiss had fallen on the big-hearted fisherman's cheek.

Then he heard them on the stairs, and presently he saw them outside on the beach below waving him farewell.

"Good-bye! Good-bye!" Mary called.

She heard no reply at first, but as they walked away, turning often for one last look at the man in the attic window, she heard the happy piping of the flageolet.

With the music, the words of the song she had first heard him playing that day when he stood on the porch at Mrs. Carr's, with the little children clustering about him, came to her mind:

"And of its bliss, is naught more wondrous told us,—

Than these few words, I shall be satisfied!"

THE DIFFERENCE

IN THE good old days, when an Uncle Tom's Cabin company struck town, this was about the order of procedure:

The whole company waved farewell to the press agent, who was seen on the caboose of an outgoing freight train, headed for the next stand.

The lawyer whose name was Marks took the two bloodhounds and hunted a boarding house for them.

The Topsy went to the postoffice to send a money order for \$1.37 to her sick sister in Menominee.

The Uncle Tom looked around for a book store, where he could exchange a few "nickel libraries," his sole reading matter between stops.

The Eliza hunted up some old friends of her cousin's family, with a possible dinner invitation in view.

The Little Eva, hating the entire company and cordially hated in return, celebrated her nineteenth birthday by buying a dress marked: "Ten-year-old size."

The manager sent a telegram to his brother, in the hardware business at Cherry Valley, Ill., for money enough to pay the express charges on the scenery.

But alack for all such human activities today!

Now when this deathless drama arrives, an express clerk simply tosses forth a small box marked:

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN
Four Reels
CELLULOID COMBUSTIBLE
Keep Away from Fire
Use No Hooks

—Puck.

Who's Married to

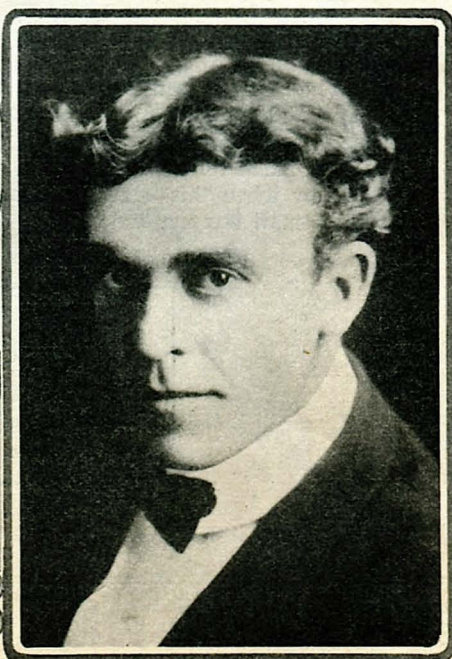


Mabel Trunelle, a member of the Edison Company, is the wife of Herbert Prior, who also plays in Edison Films.



Frank Montgomery, often called "Indian Monty" and his wife Mona Darkfeather are well known Kalem players.

© Universal Film Co.



Who in the Movies



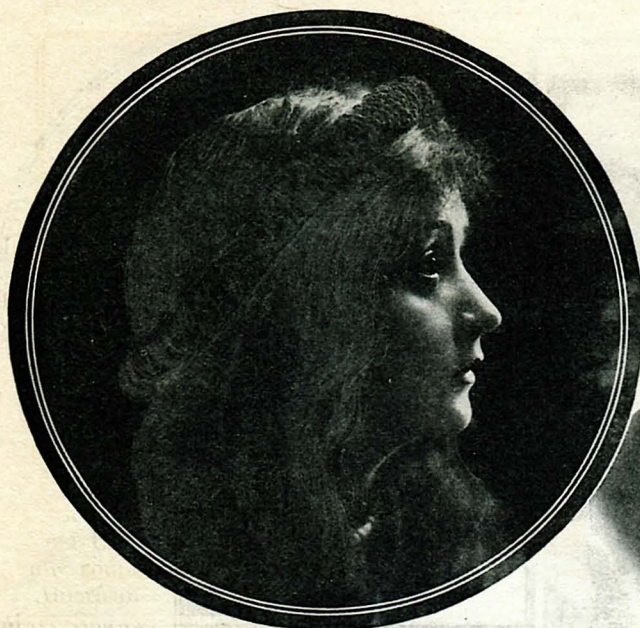
Lolita Robertson of the Lasky Company is the wife of Max Figman who played the lead in "The Man On The Box."



Bliss Milford, who recently left the Edison Company to go with the Kinetophote Corporation, is known to her friends as Mrs. Harry Beaumont.



Prominent Married Couples in



Bessie Barriscale of the N. Y. M. P. Corporation is known outside of the picture world as Mrs. Howard Hickman.



Wallace Reid of the Reliance and Majestic studios is married to pretty little Dorothy Davenport.

the Land of Moving Pictures

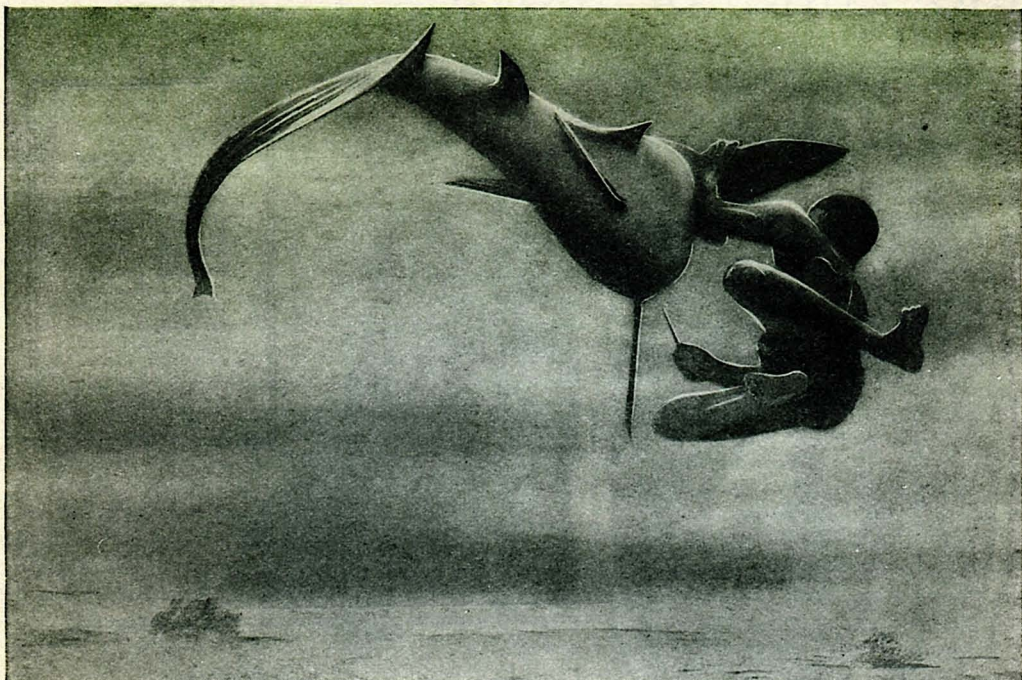


Marguerita Fischer is probably not known to the average picture fan as Mrs. Harry Pollard, but the fact remains that she is the wife of this well-known American director and leading man.



Louise Huff and Edgar Jones, both of the Lubin studios, are newlyweds of a year's standing.





The photographing of the killing of a shark by a native of the Bahamas was made possible by the wonderful invention described in this article.



The possibilities of this new phase of photography are practically unlimited. We shall be able to study the sea as we have never done before.

Inventions That Made Submarine Motion Photography Possible

FOR years scientists and photographers have dreamed of taking pictures under the sea, but without success, until Ernest and George Williamson made use of their father's invention of the collapsible submarine tube. With its aid they succeeded in taking, from fifty to one hundred feet under the ocean, a remarkable series of submarine motion pictures.

This film has been acclaimed by the greatest scientists and educators of the country as the most sensational and enthralling series of pictures ever taken. They were indorsed by the authorities of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, and are the only pictures of adventure and exploration ever indorsed by that institution.

Water motion pictures hitherto seen have been staged in tanks and aquariums. The Williamson Submarine Motion Pictures were made at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean, among the Bahama Islands, famed the world over for their coral beds and marine gardens. These extend for 100 miles between Nassau, on New Providence Island, to the Island of San Salvador, or Watling's Island, where Columbus first set foot on the soil of the New World.

The taking

of these photographs was made possible by two remarkable inventions. The first and most important of these is the collapsible submarine tube invented and patented by Capt. Charles Williamson. This tube is of steel, protected by rubberized cloth to keep the water from flowing in. The tube is large enough for two men to squeeze past each other while descending or ascending. It also admits a free current of air, so that the operator in the submerged photographing chamber can remain under water for hours at a time. The tube is both flexible and collapsible and is put together in sections of about 10 feet in length. By adding onto the sections from above, the tube can be lowered, in the present state of the invention, to a depth of 1,000 feet. It was thoroughly tested by government experts

at the Navy Yard at Newport News, who found it capable of resisting the enormous pressure of the water at that depth.

The other invention which made under-sea photography possible is the submerged photographic chamber invented and patented by Ernest and George Williamson. It is a hollow sphere of steel with an inside diameter of 5 feet. From its center, a cone or funnel of steel, 5 feet long and 5 feet in diameter at



We have often heard of the wonderful swimming ability of the natives of the Bahama Islands. We can actually see their wonderful feats by means of motion pictures taken under sea.



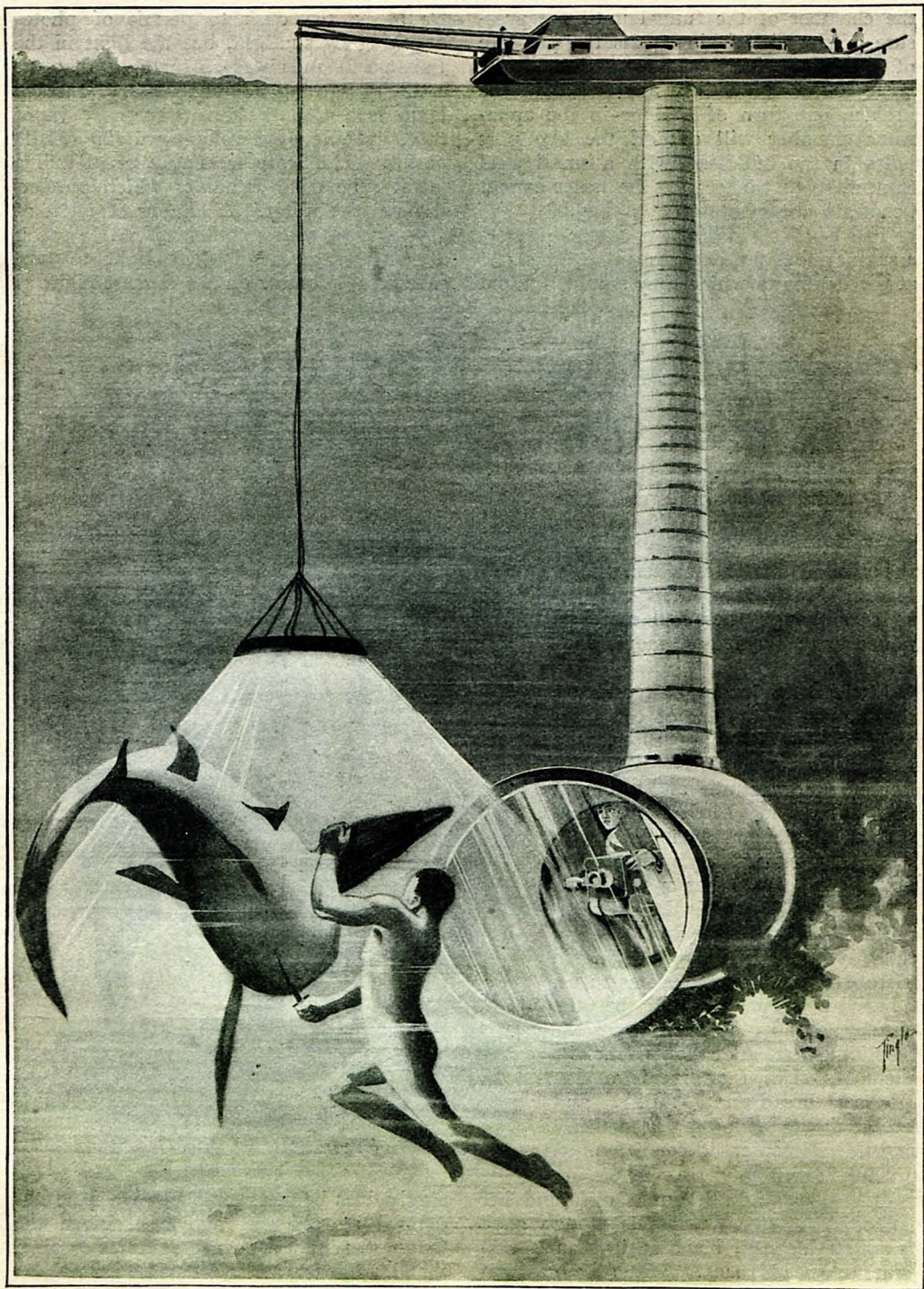
The Williamson Brothers giving instructions to the camera man at the entrance to the hollow steel tube in which the descent to the depths is made.

its larger and outer end, projects horizontally. On the outer end of this cone is a large glass $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet in diameter and nearly 2 inches thick. At first this outer glass was the only protection from the outside pressure, but as attempts were made to get pictures at greater depths other means were found to withstand the great crushing force from without. Now, at its small end, there is a steel bulkhead in which are two glass ports, 3



A fish unknown to scientists, discovered by the moving picture camera. The Williamson Brothers call it "Old Glory" because of its striped coloring.

inches in diameter, one above the other. The upper port is for observation, while through the lower one the motion pictures are taken. For every 30 feet under water the pressure increases 14 pounds to the square inch. Thus at 60 feet it is 20 pounds to the square inch, which makes a pressure of close to 70,000 pounds on this large outer glass. To prevent it from being crushed by this enormous pressure, compressed air is pumped into



The operator descends to the photographing chamber through the tube as shown on the opposite page. By means of the new submarine light, he can take pictures without being dependent on natural light.

the chamber of the funnel until the pressure of the air within equals the pressure of the water from without. Should the large outer glass by any accident be broken, one turn of a lever in the apparatus chamber will cut off the two port holes in the bulkhead with a small steel shutter, so that even then the water cannot penetrate the photographic chamber.

The Williamson brothers also invented a submarine light, expecting that the water at the depths to which they would descend

would be too dark to permit of photographing by sunlight, but the light in the Bahama Islands was so brilliant that the artificial lighting was unnecessary. In each lamp is a Cooper Hewitt mercury vapor tube, capable of developing 2,500 candle power. The lamp is snugly fitted into a metal submarine container which protects it from the water. A battery of eight of these lamps, with a combined candle power of 20,000, gives sufficient light to take submarine pictures on the darkest night.

Movie Starlings

Billy Jacobs, Olive Johnson and Violet Radcliff

DAY after day, and night after night, these children, Billy Jacobs, Olive Johnson and Violet Radcliff, are seen all over the United States in Sterling releases. Movie fans know them as well as though they had met and talked with them, and movie fans love them.

Little Billy Jacobs has, perhaps, the biggest reputation of the three children, for Billy, at three, is a real screen star. He has played in innumerable pictures and often in the leading role. Little Olive Johnson, the little girl who plays with Billy, recognizes Billy's importance always. Next to her mother and father, Billy Jacobs is the most important person in the world. And to Billy and Olive both, playing in pictures is real play. It has to be, otherwise they wouldn't be the chubby, happy children that the Sterling Company wants for its pictures. But four meals a day (mostly bread and milk), and twelve hours of sleep, keep Billy and Olive in splendid condition.

The "tough guy" in the picture isn't a "guy" at all, but a girl, and her name is Violet. When this "tough guy" takes off his cap, his beautiful curls cascade down his back. When he gets his face washed, you discover that his cheeks are very pink and his forehead very white, and you notice, too, that his eyes are as blue as forget-me-nots. But so convin-



cingly does he swagger about when he has donned an old suit and been given the toughest, roughest part imaginable to play, that it's hard to believe that he isn't a real boy.

While Billy and Olive are the real inseparables, Violet is usually near and ready to be their champion.

The "Idol of Europe" Arrives

BETTY NANSEN, the celebrated Danish actress, already known to the movie fans of this country as the wonderful leading woman of the "Great Northern" pictures, arrived in New York just at Christmas time to begin playing in a series of feature films which William Fox is to produce. Miss Nansen brings with her 45 trunks of clothes, and the reputation, now that Sarah Bernhardt has retired, of being the greatest of living actresses, probably the biggest contribution any actress has made to the motion picture stage.

Miss Nansen's coming was an event of such international artistic and literary importance that she was met in New York harbor by a large committee headed by Prof. Brander Mathews of Columbia University, and many prominent fellow countrymen of her own as well as American players of note, among them Mary Shaw.

It was for Miss Nansen that the Danish Theater in Copenhagen, Denmark, was founded by the Danish king, and it was there that she played the leading roles in Ibsen's dramas. Many of these great dramas were written by Ibsen with a special view to having Miss Nansen play in them, just as at present Sir James Barrie writes plays especially for Maude Adams. In a few years Miss Nansen became the idol of Europe. In recognition of her wonderful genius royal decorations from the Czar of Russia, the Emperor of Germany, the President of France, and the King of Denmark have been bestowed upon her and the photograph of her reproduced on this page shows her with these royal orders on her breast.

And it was for Miss Nansen that the great modiste, Paul Poiret, designed his last gown. It is the one Miss Nansen is wearing in this picture, her famous "golden gown," a truly wonderful creation. The tunic, which is of cloth of gold stiffened with brocade, is so heavily embroidered with seed pearls and tiny diamonds that it weighs 32 pounds. The rest of the gown is of old rose silk also hand-embroidered.

Betty Nansen, the great Danish actress, in her "golden gown," the last one made by Poiret before he went to the front for France, and wearing two of her royal decorations.



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Two Enthusiasts

AND WHAT THEY THINK OF
EACH OTHER

By Murray Randolph



Elsie Janis and Owen Moore played opposite each other in the Bosworth release, "Betty in Search of a Thrill."

THE idea was to get Elsie Janis to talk about Elsie Janis, and then to persuade Owen Moore to talk about Owen Moore.

But it wouldn't turn out that way. Outside the door an interviewer rehearses all the clever questions to be asked the victim, but when the psychological moment arrives, wits sift into something like this: "Er—er—Miss Janis, what do you think of moving pictures?"

"I think moving pictures are splendid and I think Owen Moore is simply splendid. I consider him one of the most convincing artists in pictures. I like his type, his personality. I like him because he is Irish. I—"

"Do you expect to remain in pictures?" I asked timidly.

"Owen Moore," Miss Janis went on, waving the interruption aside, "is playing the leading man with me in my second picture, 'Betty in Search of a Thrill.' It was the funniest thing the way that happened. I went to see 'The Escape,' and Mr. Moore—well he had only a small part in it, but he played it so skilfully that I made up my mind

immediately he was to be the lead in my picture if he could be persuaded to tear himself away from New York."

"Do you expect to remain in pictures much longer?" I ventured again, more timidly than at first.

"As I was saying," and Miss Janis, who is an expert lariat thrower, gave an extra twist to the rope that she was spinning, so it circled about her head, then encircled her body and fell to the floor, "Mr. Moore isn't a handsome man, I mean—he isn't a lah-di-dah you know! He looks like a regular chap—and when Betty gets into some pretty dangerous situations in searching for thrills, he has the opportunity to rescue her, not as a matinee idol does, dapperlike, unmussed, and with eyes on the camera, but in the real masculine way. I

Miss Janis was getting dangerously close to her dressing room door. Now—now, was my last chance!

"Do you expect to remain—"

Two scenes from "Betty in Search of a Thrill" in which Miss Janis made her second appearance in pictures.



tell you, you have no idea how much—"

"Do I expect to—what? Oh yes! As I was saying before, referring to your question about Owen Moore—"

"I didn't—"

"At any rate, I wanted to add that he is at his best when he's not acting in the least!"

Well, there was nothing left to do but give up the idea of an interview with Miss Janis and put the finishing touches on this

Owen Moore subject by securing a few words with Owen Moore himself. So I proceeded to dressing room fourteen.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Moore, but— but how do you like—"

"Very much indeed!" he answered promptly. "Miss Janis is one of the most inspired artists to work with that I have ever known. Hers is an art that is infinitely higher than pantomime; she—"

"Even thou, O, Brutus?" I said very low, under my breath.

"Yes," continued Mr. Moore, looking out from under heavy brows with the deep blue Irish eyes that weave their magic spells, "Miss Janis is bound to carry her audiences. Her art—"

"By her art, do you mean her mag-

netism?" I interrupted. "In speaking of Miss Janis, such great stress is laid upon her magnetism."

"Her personality, her magnetism, are a part of her art, but only a small part."

"How long—" the words were taken out of my mouth.

"Unfortunately," Mr. Moore answered, "Miss Janis has a contract to fulfill in London and she will be leaving for England very soon. But she says that she likes the new work very much; that she will surely come back just as soon as she can."

His eyes said that the interview was over, so I hastened to depart.

"I might add, as long as we are speaking of Miss Janis," he called out, "that she is at her best when not acting in the least!"

A Little Lubin Star

DOROTHY BERNARD, the charming little leading woman of the Lubin Company, last featured in Charles Klein's "The District Attorney," has led a most interesting life.

Her parents were with one of the first English Stock Companies to play in South Africa. Miss Bernard was born in Port Elizabeth, South Africa, and christened in Oom Paul Kruger's chapel at Pretoria. By the time she was three, the baby traveler had been in England, India, back to Australia, and in the United States, where her parents were playing with Charles Frohman.

Miss Bernard made her first stage entrance when she was nine. Shortly afterward she worked with the Nance O'Neil Company in Australia, next became a member of the San Francisco Grand Opera House Stock, and thence went to Los Angeles and Portland playing child-parts for the famous old Belasco and Burbank Stocks.

At seventeen Miss Bernard was one of the most popular ingenue leads who ever



played in Los Angeles. Later she played with the Vaughn Glaser Stock company of Detroit and with William Courtleigh in vaudeville. Her last engagement before she became a photoplayer was in the leading role of "The Ringmaster," in the Schuberts' production.

Miss Bernard's first work as a photoplayer was under the direction of D. W. Griffith. Just previous to her joining the Lubin players Miss Bernard was with "The Salamander" under direction of Selwyn and Company.

Miss Bernard is a versatile little actress, equal to all sorts of parts from Puckers in "Prince Chap" and Topsy to musical comedy and big emotional leads. Her work in the new Lubin feature photoplay "The District Attorney," is excellent in every detail.

It may be said that she was forced into the movies. Be that as it may, her entrance into the game is another feather in the cap of the motion picture, and her recent work has already won her a place in the hearts of movie fans.

Old Isaacson's Diamonds

By Richard Dale

Scenario by Hamilton Smith. Illustrations from the Kalem Film

"THIS town is getting too good, Chief," said Ruth Caruthers. "Or else you're not playing fair with me. You haven't given me a case for weeks!"

"I've got to save a little work for the regular detectives, you know, Miss Caruthers," grinned the chief. "I'm tickled to death to have your help, though. You've pulled the chestnuts out of the fire more than once for us already—and I really do believe that there are cases that only a woman can hope to solve."

"Oh, you've still got your Irish tongue—I never doubted it, Chief," said the girl, with a laugh. "I think I shall prove my point—that the city ought to have women detectives as well as men."

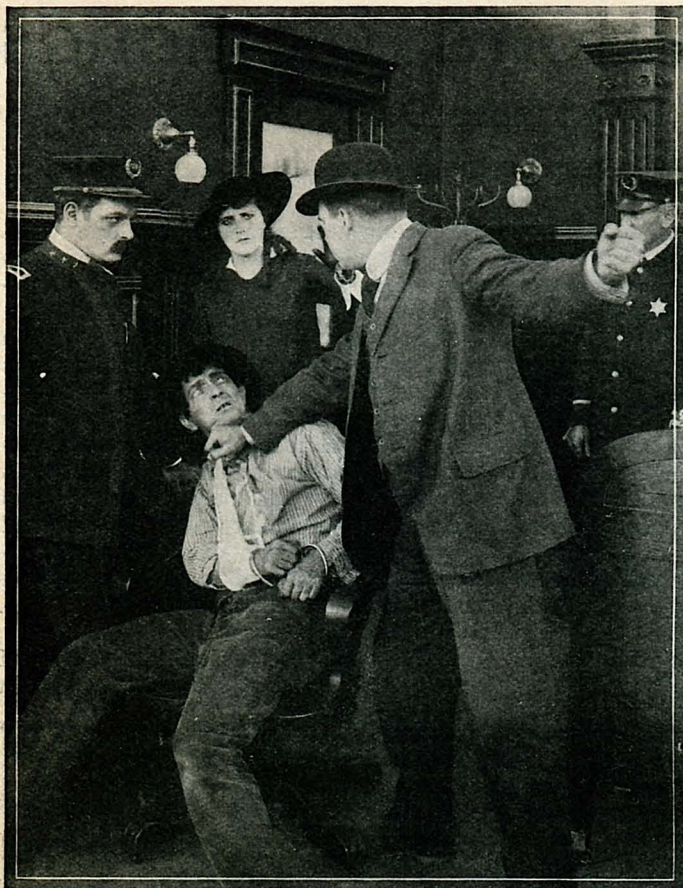
"Certainly it should," said the chief. "But if you can make that bunch of dummies that's aldermen see that, you're going some!"

"That's my job—my stunt, or whatever you like to call it, Chief. The men who say that they won't vote for woman suffrage always make the excuse that men ought to have the vote to themselves because there are so many things that only men can do. And they always talk of fighting and of police work. So—I shall prove that a woman can be a good detective. I can afford to do the work for nothing, because I have nothing else to do. So there you are!"

"Is it so, now?" said the chief. "I didn't know it, Miss Caruthers. I thought



"My dimonts—my dimonts—they have them not!" wailed the old Jew. "I shall be ruined."



Hastings was about to send his fist crashing into the man's face.

he's turned the city upside down from the mayor's office to the station cat in the forty-sixth precinct! Did you know there was a new cop on the force?"

Ruth stared at him.

"I suppose that happens all the time, doesn't it?"

"Oh, yes! But we don't often get the *creme de la creme*—excuse my French! It isn't every day that a Harry Warrington, worth his millions, puts on a badge and a uniform and starts pounding the pavements! He's grateful to you, believe, for saving his fool life—not that he's a bad boy at that. I'm hopin' he'll be a credit to the force when he gets used to discipline!"

For just a moment the humor of the thing overcame Ruth, and she joined the chief's Homeric laughter. Then there were little flashing points of fire in her eyes—that boded ill for the absent Harry.

"Just what is his idea—do you know?" she asked.

"Oh, don't be hard on the lad—he's a decent, well-meanin' boy," said the chief. "I think he's got the idea, maybe, that it's no work for a girl. I think he wants to sort of keep an eye on you. I'm thinkin', maybe, that if so happened your nose was snub and your eyes not mates and your cheeks the color of mud and your age what it won't be for this many a year he'd not be so particular—and small blame to him, say I!"

But Ruth brushed the flattery aside. She looked quite ominous.

"Oh!" was all she said. But the chief threw up his hands in a gesture of mock despair.

"Now, the saints preserve him—and me, that never meant to hurt his chances!" he said. "Hello—what's this?"

it was just a fad—only that you, being a sensible young lady, as well as a pretty one, wanted to do something with more rhyme and reason to it than giving a dinner to a pet dog—or somethin' of the sort, like some of the society dames—"

Her laugh interrupted him. And for a moment they laughed together at the idea.

"You weren't very flattering, were you?" she said. "And you'll give me the first case that comes along that I can handle, won't you?"

"I'll think of it," he promised. And then he began to chuckle again. She looked at him suspiciously; Ruth was beginning to know this Irishman, who had so many reserves of wit and humor and real ability.

"What is it now?" she asked.

"Nothing," he answered. "I'm just thinking, that's all. Thinking of a certain party that's been worrying about you till

He went to his door, threw it open, and, with Ruth at his side, stood looking into the great room into which it opened. This was the headquarters police station. Two men, with all the earmarks of crooks, had just been brought in. One had been shot in the forearm; he clung to the wounded place now, mumbling. And an old Jew was making a frantic appeal to a smiling young man—who was the same Harry Warrington of whom the chief and Ruth had been speaking.

"My dimonts—my dimonts—they have them not!" wailed the old Jew. "I shall be ruined! There were drei men—they let the one who had my dimonts get away!"

"Old man Isaacson," said the chief, in a low tone, to Ruth. "This listens pretty good. Old Isaacson keeps more loose stones than any jeweler in town. There's your friend Warrington—see how old Isaacson is making his play to him! Thinks he's the chief, I suppose! That's what you get for having a swell front!"

Ruth laughed. But she was intensely interested, too. She watched the routine that followed. A plain clothes man took charge, brushed Harry Warrington aside, and reduced old Isaacson's wailing to an orderly statement. He had been attacked in his home, where, in a wall safe, he kept stones of great value. Three men had been in the party of thieves; he suspected that a maid, employed not long before, had supplied them with their remarkable knowledge of the place. Ruth nodded to herself at that. They had made only one mistake; they had not provided against the appearance of his butler, who, seeing them, had managed to slip out and call the police. The police had chased them out, and had caught two of the men.

Then one of the policemen took up the tale.

He and three other officers had answered the butler's call for help; they had come upon the thieves as they were about to escape. There had been a pistol battle on the roof, and they had caught two of them and brought them in—Pete the Dip and Dago Dick. The other had got clean away, and they had not even seen him.

The chief, having listened so far, went out.

"All right, Hastings—you've got enough for a start," he said to the plain clothes man. "Take these two into the office and give them the razzle-dazzle. Make 'em give up the name of the guy who made his getaway."

"My dimonts—my dimonts!" shrieked old Isaacson. "If you get those I care not



Queenie stared in terror when she saw Ruth. She realized at once what had happened.

if they all get clear away—"

"Shut up," said the chief, genially. "You know us, Isaacson. We'll do our best for you. Get out, now—we're going to be busy."

Ruth came out of the office as Hastings told two policemen to take Dago Dick in. Warrington saw her, came up with outstretched hand, and faltered as he saw her chilling look.

"What—what's the matter?" he asked.

"What's the idea?" she said. "Why are you doing such a ridiculous thing as this?"

"I—I sort of thought there ought to be some one to look after you," he said. "To sort of keep an eye on you—you take all sorts of chances—I—"

"Oh!" she said. "You still have that medieval idea about women, do you? About your own sort of women. The millions who haven't got men to look after them—but, never mind!"

"You—you're not angry, are you?"

"No—I'm amused!" she said.

A cry of fear from the office startled her. She opened the door. Hastings was about to send his fist crashing into the man's face.

"Don't do that," she cried, sharply.

"That will do no good!"

Hastings spun around, amazed.

"Look here!" he began. "I know my business."

"You'll never get anything out of him by force," said Ruth. "Chief, will you let me see what I can do?"

And, to the disgusted amazement of Hastings, the chief nodded.

Ruth was alone with the handcuffed Italian for five minutes. Then she emerged, smiling.

"I made him understand that he owed no loyalty to a man who made off with the booty and let his comrades suffer in his place," she said. "He tells me that the third man was Snake Henley—and that Snake's girl, Queenie, was the maid that told them all about the place."

The chief brought his fist down on the table.

"By George—that sounds like the truth!" he cried. "We ought to have guessed that—eh, Hastings?"

"How are we going to prove it?" asked Hastings. "They'll hide the loot—and an accomplice's evidence is no good, without

backing. We can pinch Snake—but he'll beat the case."

"This girl—Queenie," said Ruth, quietly. "Is she pretty? Is she in love with him?"

"Yes—she's pretty," said Hastings. "And she's his girl. Yes—I guess she's in love with him. She's stuck to him for years now, and when one of her kind leaves the streets for a man it's a cinch she's in love with him."

"Then I think I know how to get those jewels," said Ruth. "Chief, if you will let me have one man, I can do it."

"You're on," said the chief. Then a mischievous smile came over his good-natured features. "And you can have Warrington—I'll tell him he's under your orders."

Ruth was game. She saw the joke, and took it smiling.

"I can make him do, I think," she said.

Harry Warrington didn't smile—when he found that Ruth meant to take their new relation quite literally.

"No arguments, Harry," she said.

"You're under my orders, and if you don't obey them literally I'll report you, and you'll be tried for insubordination!"

"Oh, come, Ruth!" he said.

"I mean it!" she shot back at him. "Go home and put on some old, rough clothes. Make yourself look just as much like those men who were brought in here as you can. And meet me at Dayton's store in an hour—no, wait—make it ten o'clock this evening."

"But that's no neighborhood for you to be in alone."

"I shan't be alone—I shall have you to protect me."

He grunted, but he obeyed. And when he met her he was amazed. She had worked a complete transformation. In place of the neat, perfectly tailored suit, she wore a flashy skirt, a shirtwaist so loud that it fairly screamed, with a hideous patent leather belt, a scarlet tam o'shanter, and patent leather boots with yellow tops.

"Do I look like a nice tough girl?" she asked, her eyes dancing.

"Don't, Ruth," he begged. "You look—awful!"

"That's fine—that's just the way I want to look. Come on."

"Where are we going?"

"To Red McGuire's. I want a drink!"

"Ruth, you surely don't mean you'd go

into such a place even with me, do you?"

"Oh, no—you're going to wait outside, to protect me if anything happens. I hope I shan't have to shock you by taking you into a place like that!"

He groaned. "Ruth! You're mad!"

"Oh, no," she said, relenting. "It's the only way, Harry, really. I've found out that this is a place where Snake Henley and this girl of his hang out. I've got

saloon and "joint" in the whole city.

Ruth entered a dirty, smoke-filled room, with sawdust on the floor. All about the sides of the room were small tables; she sat down at one of these, exciting no comment, since girls, alone, were at many of the tables. At others there were couples. Waiters moved about with trays, serving beer. In the center of the floor a space was clear of sawdust, and here, to the



Soon afterward old Isaacson, tears of joy streaming down his cheeks, identified his jewels.

my plan. I've had it ever since I heard about her. Now, listen. You're to wait outside this place. I think this Queenie will come out before I've been in there very long. Here is a picture of her. Will you know her?"

"Yes," said Harry, after studying the picture.

"All right. Wait five minutes more. Then come in. I'll signal you what to do."

He protested. But Ruth had a firmness that he could not overcome. And at last, very reluctantly, very much disgusted, and a good deal afraid, he watched her go in by the side door of the most notorious

music of a mechanical piano that worked when a nickel was dropped in a slot, some of the couples danced.

In a moment Ruth had spotted Snake and Queenie. The man seemed excited and exultant; the girl was frightened. But she was bearing up well enough, and she was manifestly proud of her man. Ruth found a table next to them, sat down, and, when the waiter came, ordered beer.

He brought it, slapped down the mug before her.

"Come on, kid," he said. "Come through with the coin!"

Ruth shot a glance at Snake; he had

noticed her already. She fumbled for money, went white suddenly.

"Say, I'm broke," she confided to the waiter. "Wait a bit—I'll make a touch later—"

"That don't go—"

"Hey—beat it, cul—I'll stand for it—see?"

The interruption came from Snake Henley, who had lurched over.

"Say—I ain't ever seen you here before, have I?" he went on, speaking to Ruth, when the waiter had gone.

"I just blew in from Chi," said Ruth. "Some burg you've got here."

"Ain't it, though? You said sumpin' then, kid! Some boig is right!"

"Snake!"

Queenie was calling. Snake turned his head.

"Shut up!" he snarled. "Can't you see I'm busy?"

He turned to Ruth again, and lowered his voice.

For a moment or two it was quiet. Then Queenie, blood in her eye, descended upon them.

"See here, Snake!" she cried. "I won't stand for this—see? Ain't I your goil? I—"

"You beat it!" said Snake, venomously. "I been tired of you for monts—see? Get out!"

"That's the way to hand it to her—buttin' in like that!" said Ruth, admiringly.

Queenie stared, aghast. But she knew Snake. Slowly she withdrew. Hate was in her eyes. She left the place. Five minutes later Ruth looked up, and, to her

relief, saw Harry come slouching in. She rushed toward him.

"Hello there, pal!" she cried. "Say—it's good to see a face from home!"

"Get me out of here," she whispered, beneath her breath.

Snake came up.

"Here—what's this? That's my goil!" he said, threateningly.

Harry laid him out with a well-aimed blow on the jaw. And in the confusion that followed he and Ruth got out.

"Well done!" said Ruth. "Come on—get a taxi, quick—to headquarters!"

"Queenie came in and spilled the whole yarn!" said the chief, excitedly. "She's sore at Snake—you worked it fine! He's got a date with a fence tomorrow—we can nab him and get the stuff, too. Say—want to see her?"

Queenie stared in horror when she saw Ruth. She realized at once what had happened—but there was no help for it now. Her jealous rage had driven her to betray Snake, and now she was held, with no chance to warn him.

And the next day Ruth led the raid on the shop where the "fence," the receiver of stolen goods, was waiting for Snake. When the thief came in he was arrested. And soon afterward old Isaacson identified his jewels.

"You won't do any more of this, Ruth, will you?" pleaded Harry.

"Won't I, though!" she said.

"But, Ruth—I want you to—"

"Attention!" She was smiling. "You're still under my orders! About face! March! I'll let you say that—when I'm ready to hear you!"

GETTING REALISM BY TRICKERY

THERE is nothing in the world harder to obtain than an animated street scene in Chinatown, because Chinamen seem to have an insurmountable prejudice against posing for the camera, due partly to superstition and partly to the very real fear of apprehension, since many of them have been smuggled into this country. Because of these difficulties, to secure a realistic street scene in Chinatown is a part of every director's ambition. Langdon West of the Edison Company determined to get such a street scene a short time ago and he got it. He stationed a fake rodman on a corner, and the unsuspecting Chinamen, thinking the street was merely being surveyed, went on with their usual activities, walking with delightful realism in and out of the picture again and again. Eventually they discovered the hoax and rushed the camera, but West and his trusty men managed to make a safe get-away.

Sugar and Spice and Everything Nice

By Hazel Fuller

"A LITTLE of everything in the larder makes a good mixture," were the words of wisdom which accompanied Edward Earle's swathing of himself in a big white butcher's apron which he had just purchased from a butcher on the second street to the right from the Edison studio, because he dreaded the ordeal of going into a department store to get one.

"Oh yes—I often cook," he offered further as the reason for his possession of an apron. At the word "cook" the Earle housekeeper withdrew from the orderly Earle kitchen and there was that in her going that made one debate on the particular significance of that word.

"'Goo' is the name of the favorite thing I cook. Yes, yes—I cook many things," went on the Earle monologue as the company got as far out of range of actual activities as the small kitchen would allow. "Hunting trips in the Canadian woods are responsible for my knowledge of odd, good things to eat and how to make them. 'Cook or go hungry' was the motto. And I never could stand being hungry."

There was a pause, which only the most fool-hardy would have ventured to break, while six strips of bacon were put into a pan on the stove to crisp.

"I don't believe in cookery books," stated the chef. "My motto is just go ahead and use everything in the larder and some common sense in the mixing." The tap-tap which accompanied the breaking of six eggs, was the only sound in the kitchen for a few minutes.

Then the pan that sizzled exchanged its contents for that of the dish bearing the six eggs and there was another prolonged silence that was weighted with the momentous operation of scrambling of the eggs. Then back into the pan went the



"I don't believe in cookery books," stated Edward Earle, and then, with proverbial feminine inconsistency, posed in his butcher's apron, cook book in hand.

bacon plus a tablespoonful of chopped olives, one cup of stewed tomatoes and a dash of paprika. This simmered slowly while slices of bread were toasted and buttered. Then each crisp section received a thick covering of the pan's contents, plus a sprinkling of cheese, and the "Goo" was ready. This with percolated coffee and thick cream was a four o'clock tea offering. And anyone having any doubt of Edward Earle's ability to cook, will please ask him for "Goo."

Should you want something sweet, fudge, for instance, try out this recipe vouched for by Mary Pickford.

"As you know, there is fudge and FUDGE," said Mary as her maid tied the strings of a little apron about her waist; her mother resurrected a long-handled



This isn't a fair example of Bliss Milford's method of procedure. She baked this chicken pie for a film and not for the family.

spoon from a drawer and her brother, Jack, dashed out for sugar, eggs, shelled walnuts and vanilla. Mary herself connected her electric chafing-dish and cleared a space on the table for the eggs. "So they won't break," she explained more to herself than to anybody else.

"The milk!—I forgot to tell Jack to fetch some milk!" remembered Mary tragically, whereupon the maid volunteered to go forth for the milk and while she was gone Mary buttered the plates in readiness for the fudge. Then Jack came and Mary measured out two cups of sugar into the chafing-dish, beat the whites of two eggs, which she added to the sugar and by that time the maid had returned with the milk and a cup and a quarter of it splashed in with the sugar and eggs. A teaspoonful of butter was the next addition and then all was beaten together and left to boil itself into thickness. Just before declaring it done, which Mary finally did at the end of twenty minutes and as many testings with a spoon and a cup of cold water, she dropped a cupful of chopped walnuts into the pleasantly odorous contents of the

chafing-dish and then took turns with the six or more on-lookers in her cozy dressing-room at the Famous Players studio, at beating the mixture until she deemed it ready to pour. When it had cooled sufficiently, Mary cut it into shapes that could not exactly be called "squares," but they were thick generous pieces and the six spectators all vouch for their toothsome-ness.

Cutting slices of bread that are wonderfully even and of the right thinness, is Carlyle Blackwell's specialty—that and making Borsch soup. He really can make it—furthermore he does make it, but says that this one recipe promises not the perfection of others but rather his first and final accomplishment in the realm of things

culinary. It was on Mr. Blackwell's last visit to New York that he found the soup of his choice listed for the first time on a Broadway menu. It was in the grill room of the Hotel Claridge that he saw the name of his favorite "Borsch," and at least three days of each week found him a patron of that grill thereafter.

"This is how it is made," informed Mr. Blackwell, with concentration in his eyes and that in his manner which betokened the imparting of an especial and cherished secret. And then decided, that he'd better write it out, and did so.

Simmer a bunch of beets in just enough water to cover them. (A bunch of beets usually consists of five or six. They must be washed and scraped first.) Continue the simmering until the juice is extracted from the beets and a deep wine red liquid is the result, adding, if necessary, from time to time, some water and a piece of butter the size of an egg. This mixture should be seasoned with pepper, salt, paprika, and, if you have it, a dash of celery or onion salt. A tablespoonful of soup stock or beef juice may also be added

to give the soup "body." To serve cold in the summer (which is really the most delicious way to serve Borsch), place the mixture on the ice and chill thoroughly, mixing it with about one quarter of its volume in cream. Small pieces of celery, lettuce, cucumber, and beets may then be diced and served floating in the soup.

When served hot, the cups and the soup must be as hot as possible, and the cream added at the table before drinking, under which circumstances, diced potatoes take the place of the cucumbers and lettuce.

"I call my favorite dish 'mock pigeons,' " said Bliss Milford, "because I didn't get the recipe for them out of a cook book so I never knew their real name and nobody can ever tell what they are. Therefore, I decided to invent an alluring title for them and 'mock pigeons' is the result.

"Take as much as you wish of the best round steak, cut into pieces about four inches square and rub with a little garlic (if desired). Chop together a little salt pork, onion and green pepper. Spread this mixture on the meat for a filling and

roll up each square and fasten it securely with string. Now brown some chopped onion in butter in an iron pot; be careful not to burn. When the butter is very hot, remove the onion and lay the rolls of meat in the pot (they should previously have been well floured) cover with boiling water and simmer for about two hours. When tender, remove to a platter, carefully cut the string away and cover with the gravy."

Always allow a whole afternoon or evening when you are invited to have Pimento Haricots with Edwin August, as the making of this dish means hours of time and fun. Edwin August is the Chef on such occasions and his brother Hal offers such momentous help as producing the frying pan, opening the can of tomatoes and keeping away from the garlic. All three things, and more, are necessary to the success of Pimento Haricots a la August. You need have no hesitancy in trying them on your

Cutting slices of bread that are wonderfully even and of the right thinness is Carlyle Blackwell's sworn specialty but his technique is open to criticism.



best friend for such friends of the August brothers as Jack Kerrigan, Helen Case, Mary Pickford and "Bob" Thornby have had the pleasure of sampling the August Haricots and declare it "some dish." Following are the instructions Mr. August gives for its making:

One can of pimentos, cubed

One-half pound of bacon

A mere suggestion of garlic.

Put in frying pan over slow fire. Add one teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, salt and red and black pepper

Boil small portion of white onions

Boil can of baked beans

Heat one can of tomato soup

Place beans and onions in alternate layers in baking pan and pour pimento sauce over the whole. Pour tomato soup and cream into pan until full. Then cut two hard boiled eggs over the top and grate plenty of cheese over the entire dish. Bake in oven.

It was by the merest accident that William F. Russell's favorite of favored things to eat was discovered, and the finding-out occurred while passing a pastry-shop on Broadway near Fortieth street. The window was a marvel of French and German delicacies; the hour was four-thirty—that fateful one over which the tea-cup rules in luncheries and hotel grills. Well, "Bill" Russell did not want a cup of tea but he did want a favorite something he saw in that bakeshop window—and the something was a cheese-cake. He can't tell you how it is made, but he says it's awfully good.

Lillian Walker believes in brevity in recipes—long recipes confuse her so she prefers hers short. For instance "Add hot water and serve," is one of her pet

recipes. Another is the making of flower sandwiches. True, the getting together of the ingredients involves more time than would the making of an every-day ham sandwich. But Lillian would be dainty or nothing—and distinctly, she is dainty. If you have a garden-plot, raise nasturtiums and make some Lillian sandwiches; if not apply at the green-house in season and procure some and then—"Pound the nasturtium blossoms and stems in an earthen bowl and mix with creamed butter. Spread upon very, very thin slices of bread and cut out in rounds. Place a blossom on each, cover one round with another and press together."

But take Flora Finch's advice when it comes to a matter of stuffing oysters. Miss Finch has a delightfully comfortable little home and she stuffs oysters for recreation and the delight of her friends' palates at least once a week. This is how she does it:

"Put a little butter in a saucepan, add pepper and salt and spoonful of good gravy. Have some mushrooms minced fine, about a dessert spoonful; the same of onions and truffles minced, and add the yolk of an egg. Stir all this over the fire to thicken. Slit open the oysters, put a small amount of the stuffing into each, press the sides together. Dip into fritter fat and fry at once."

Earl Metcalf, being from the South, is especially fond of beaten biscuits and Virginia ham and chicken gumbo soup. He learned to cook in his camping days and his method of procedure is so simple that anyone can follow it. "Boil, broil, or fry it," is Mr. Metcalf's statement, and one might add, try this on "a little of everything in the larder."

A RATHER POINTED REJOINDER

ANSWERING a statement by Lee Schubert, the theatrical producer, in which Mr. Schubert made some severe criticisms of the motion picture industry, a well known figure in the latter business answered:

"Mr. Schubert's assertion that it is hard to distinguish between the photoplay house and the legitimate theatre is absurd. Were distinguishing marks necessary the prospective patrons of either house could distinguish one from the other by the traffic at the box office.

"If tickets were being sold from the box office one would know it was a photoplay theatre. If the man in charge of the box office was directing patrons to the nearest speculator one would know that particular house contained a 'legitimate' success, and therein lies the foundation for the present poor theatrical season, even more so than the war."

A Week-End With Mary Pickford

By Edna Wright



To her family, her guests, and her servants she is always the same—kindly, considerate and thoughtful.

IF you had loved Mary Pickford for years with a Jonathan's adoration of a David; if you had trailed her pictures on the screen with the sleuthing of a Sherlock Holmes; if you had traversed long distances for flying visits with her, competing with Mercury of the flying heels for speed to reach her side; if you had lingered about her with the certainty of an old friendship; in short, if you had been a Mary Pickford "fan" who was also a Mary Pickford friend, how do you think you would feel if you received an invitation from the most popular actress in motion pictures to spend a week end with her in her New York home?

That's just the way I felt.

Elation winged my footsteps to the train, sweeping me across country to New York and Mary. New York, when I came to it, had for once lost its myriad facets of attraction, for on this occasion all the charm of



Through an evening of old-time chatting, Mary Pickford revealed herself anew as a quiet, studious girl of wide interests and broad sympathies. Her devotion to her mother showed itself in her solicitude for the older woman's comfort as well as in her deference to her opinions.

the city lay in the fact that it held Mary Pickford. Out Broadway I passed her name in letters of fire a dozen times before I came to her apartment beyond Central Park.

Hundreds of stage settings have been devised for Mary Pickford in the photoplays where she has appeared; but possibly no one of them has expressed her one-half as well as does her own home where she spends six months of every year with her mother, to whom she is most wonderfully devoted. It is a bright, cheerful place, this apartment on upper Broadway, a place of eight wide rooms, with rose predominating in its color scheme. There is a drawing room of colonial mahogany with gray and rose in the coloring of wall and upholstery. The dining room holds a massive set of mahogany tapestried in rose. All the bedrooms are in pink, from deep rose to delicate shell pink. The latter is the tone of Mary Pickford's own boudoir, which is a symphony of daintiness from the silken curtains of the windows to the pale pink-tinted orchids that seem to be always blooming upon the dressing table with its

exquisite toilet things of gold. There are flowers everywhere in Mary Pickford's home, and they are nearly always pink flowers, roses, pink-petalled daisies, and the orchids that she loves best of all. Even in her absence the flowers seem to denote her characteristic desire to give joy to others.

Mary Pickford herself, coming into the gray and pink and mahogany drawing room, fitted into it as a pink rosebud into a silver vase. Tired a little by a long and arduous day of work, she looked almost absurdly childish as she snuggled into a big chair after her cordial greetings. Tired as she was, though, she did not lose that interest in other people that is so essentially a part of her character. To her family, her guests, her servants, she is always the same, kindly, considerate, thoughtful, a bringer of the sunshine of life for all the sweet wistfulness that sometimes seems to overshadow her own manner.

Through an evening of old-time chatting she revealed herself anew as a quiet, studious girl of wide interests and broad sympathies. Her devotion to her mother, a characteristic so marked as to be salient at



Mary Pickford and her mother enjoy the quiet roominess of their California bungalow, where they spend six months of the year.



Mary Pickford, coming into the gray and pink mahogany drawing room, fitted into it as a pink rosebud in a silver vase.

all times, showed itself in her solicitude for the older woman's comfort as well as in her defer-

ence to her opinions. Mrs. Pickford is a remarkable woman, clever, witty, keen in judgment, altogether delightful in manner, a very compelling personality. "Mother" is first in the Pickford family, and especially with Mary. Not until "Mother" has been consulted does Mary Pickford do anything concerning the family arrangements. Her greatest interest in life is her mother, and I know of no girl whose love for her mother is as great as is that of the most famous actress of the motion pictures.

The one ceremonial of the Pickford household is Mary's evening talk with her mother. That is an institution that is never violated. No matter how late the hour may be when Mary Pickford returns from theater or party, she goes to her mother's room for their conversation about the events of their day, and for advice and encouragement on the problems that may have arisen.

The day which Mary prepares for by the motherly advice is invariably a busy one.

The day after my arrival in New York was typical of the Mary Pickford program of life and work. At half-past seven o'clock Margaret, one of the maids, called us both. We were in ad-



In one day, with the aid of her secretary, she answers more than two hundred letters and autographs an equal number of photographs.

joining rooms and I was just turning over for twenty winks when a pillow whirled through the doorway and landed upon my head. I blinked awake to find my hostess ready to fling another missile upon me. When she discovered I had a real intention of arising—sometime—she changed the salute to a kiss. Then she danced away, literally, to her bath, calling to me a dare to get dressed before her.

She won and it was an hour later that we had breakfast, for her a simple affair of orange, toast and tea. Mary Pickford is a Canadian, and being Canadian, has a fondness for tea at every meal and between meals that not even a New York residence has ever been able to overcome. After breakfast and a farewell to Mrs. Pickford, we set out for the studio in Mary Pickford's limousine, a gorgeous affair in pale gray, with rose fittings.

At the studio a secretary and sixty letters were awaiting Mary. She went through the mail while she dressed, directing answers, and pausing to autograph pictures demanded by her admirers. During that day she signed not less than a hundred and fifty pictures and answered more than two hundred letters. She posed for a wedding scene, a country girl picture, a society girl,

a model, and a sculptor in the course of the day, taking only twenty minutes for her luncheon.

It was characteristic of her that when she heard that one of the camera men was about to be married she started a subscription to give him a chest of silver.

At half-past four, the work in the studio finished, she went to the modiste who was making for her a wonderful gown of white and silver that she was to wear at the ball she was to lead with the Governor of Massachusetts. Coming out on Fifth avenue, she found a ragged newsboy to whom she gave money enough to care for him that night and her address for future favors. Then she sped on to the Waldorf, where she raffled off a doll for a New York charity, then up to the Strand Theatre, where she sold tickets for another charity.

Home came at seven o'clock, bringing us to a rush for our dinner at half-past the hour. There was turkey for dinner that evening and Mary insisted on carving it, a feat that she carried off with honors. Then we rushed again, this time to the theatre, where she enjoyed herself enthusiastically.

Then, like Mr. Pepys of the Diary, to home again. But it wasn't to bed yet, but to *TEA!*

The Hazards of Helen

By D. A. BARY

Dedicated to Helen Holmes of the Kalem Company.

DEAR HELEN, the chances you've
taken of late
Have scared all your friends half to
death.

Please give us a rest on this dangerous
work
Until we recover our breath.

It may be all right to jump out of a train
And land on the back of your neck,
You may think it's fun to be dragged by
the heels
From the heart of a horrible wreck.

You may really enjoy being tied up and
gagged
And left with a sputtering fuse

Attached to a bomb not a foot from
your head,
But it isn't the thing I would choose.

It's a hazardous game for a sweet little
girl,
And although we admire your pluck,
Remember what happened to poor Casey
Jones,
And don't bank too much on your luck.

Just think how you'd feel if a flat car
or two
Should travel the length of your frame.
You might be repaired, then again you
might not,
But you never would look quite the
same!

The City of Terrible Night

A BORED SOCIETY MAN STARTS OUT TO EXPLORE NEW YORK CITY—IN SEARCH OF SOMETHING REAL. HE FINDS IT—AND HE FINDS ROMANCE AND MYSTERY AND TERROR—AND LOVE.

By Charles Curry

Illustrations from the Imp Film.

IT was at a dance that the emptiness of everything struck Stewart. It was not the first time; it happened, simply, to strike him more forcibly than ever before. He stood in an alcove, sheltered a little from the throng, and Ware came up to join him.

"I feel like the Roman emperor who wished that all the people in Rome had a single neck," said Stewart. But his smile

tempered the savagery of the remark, and Ware grinned in return.

"Touch of liver, old chap?" he said. "How about a run to—oh, any old place! Nothing like a change, you know!"

"Oh, rot!" Stewart shook off the suggestion with an impatient shrug of his broad shoulders. "I'm so tired of it all, Frank! It's not real! Look at this crowd here to-night! There are pretty girls

here—" "There certainly are!" said Ware, fervently. He was a good deal younger than his friend. "Have you seen that little Morton girl? It's her first season—and, well—"

"Yes, I've seen her," said Stewart. His voice was hard, and there was a cynical look in his eyes, a curve to his lips that was almost a sneer. "I saw you with her—and I saw her mother drag her away. That's just it—the damnable part of the whole thing! Do you know why the mother interrupted? To parade her before me! Oh, I know—I'm not a fool! That girl would never see anything in me! She's the sort for you, and you're the sort for her! But because I've got what I have got—money that I didn't earn, a reputation as a rich bachelor—a man doesn't have to have a sense of importance to know what's going on, Ware!"

"Your liver is off color!" said Ware. But, just the same, his face, too, had hardened. He put his hand affectionately on the older man's shoulder. "You know—there's just enough truth in that sort of talk to make it dangerous.



The cobbler sprang at him raving, but Stewart beat him off, easily.

But most people aren't that way. You want to get hold of yourself."

"I know it! That's just what I'm saying to myself! I'll end up as a cynical fool who'd be better off in the cemetery. I want to get it jolted out of me. I want to strike something real! Lord—this town must be full of real things! I'll bet if I went out from here right now and wandered around aimlessly I'd strike it. I—by Jove—that's just what I'm going to do! Come on!"

"No, go it alone," grinned Ware. "I'll keep out of it, so that I can bail you out. And beside, if you're really going, I'll cut the little Morton girl out from under Mamma's wings and seize the chance to get acquainted with her."

"I'm really going," said Stewart, grimly. "I'm going out to look for something real!"

Some men would have found it hard to wander out aimlessly into New York. They would have been guided by vague knowledge, at least, of where to turn, of what spots to avoid. No such knowledge hampered Stewart. He had exaggerated when he talked to Ware, of course. He had

come in contact with a very real sort of life, more than once. But it hadn't been in New York. His own city was virgin ground for such exploration as he planned now.

"Stupid town!" he said to himself, as he stood outside for a moment, in the cool night air, and speculated. He remembered a phrase a friend of his had used once. This chap—it was a writer, he remembered—had been talking about Kipling's characterization of Calcutta as *The City of Dreadful Night*. "I'll write such a piece as that about New York some time," his friend had said. "I won't steal Kipling's title—I'll call mine *The City of Terrible Night*. And Calcutta hasn't got much on New York, I can tell you!"

Stewart thought of that mockingly now. That story had never been written. Stewart thought he knew why. And all the time he was walking west, and south, and toward things that were to make him see old sights with new eyes. . . .

It began with the glimpse he caught of a strange little scene. The sound of loud voices, as he passed along a mean, dirty



The crowd came back, and not only one policeman, but two.



A sharp-eyed woman recognized him at once; in a moment he was under arrest.

street, claimed his attention. He looked down steps that led into what showed, in a flickering light, as a cobbler's shop. Inside a man, the cobbler himself, by his clothes, his apron, his hammer, was talking vehemently to two girls. One, Stewart knew at once, was the man's daughter. The cobbler was threatening her; the other girl, a very pretty Italian, was laughing at him, and, seemingly, urging the daughter to rebellion. This wasn't enough to attract Stewart's attention; what did strike him was the really extraordinary appearance of the cobbler and his daughter. The man's whole manner was that of an aristocrat. Stewart, no mean traveler, placed both him and the girl in a moment. He might have met the man at a club in Petersburg, might have bowed over the girl's hand in any one of the score of aristocratic Russian homes in which he had been a guest. The Italian girl, on the other hand, pretty as she undeniably was, was of the peasant

type, sturdy, but not fine.

"Now that is curious," Stewart mused, eavesdropping without realizing it. "What are people like that doing here—and in such clothes?"

For the cobbler was dressed for his part; his daughter, too, though her clothes were becoming enough, and couldn't hide her slim beauty, was poorly dressed. He stepped on; then turned and waited. Here was a little comedy, with a touch of mystery. He wanted to see the end of it.

The Italian girl came out in a moment, with an expressive pantomime of shrugging shoulders and tossing head. She went off, in the other direction, her heels tapping on the sidewalk. But she did not go far. She darted into a doorway and waited, and Stewart saw her peering. Then, from the cobbler's shop came sounds of discussion. In a moment the cobbler emerged, looked up and down the street, and dropped back. Then the girl came out; caught a glimpse of the Italian's waving hand, and fled up the street like a frightened fawn. Stewart laughed and followed. He was touched with curiosity, with a faint sense

of romance; he wanted, now, to solve the mystery of this Russian girl so strangely placed, this girl so obviously out of the surroundings in which she must have been born. He turned the corner in time to see the two girls before him, to catch the faint sound of their laughter as it was wafted back to him. Still he followed.

Before they came to it he knew their destination by the sound of blaring music and revelry that came from a hall where a dance was going on. They went in; on the threshold he hesitated. Then he laughed at his doubts. He forgot the incongruity of his clothes for such a place. This, after all, was an adventure.

Inside he found the Russian girl, deserted by her companion, a little frightened. A rough-looking youth was speaking to her; she shrank from him. Stewart went up to her and asked her to dance. He ignored the looks, the rough comments, the jests that pursued them around the floor.

When the music stopped he led her to a seat. Then they talked. She spoke English, but she was delighted when he spoke to her in Russian. She answered impulsively; then bit her lips and flushed.

"My father has told me never to use that language," she said, in English. "He says that if I do we must leave here—as we left Geneva, and Paris, and Berlin and London. And I would like to stay somewhere for a time. Each place is worse than the last."

Stewart started a little. Here was a ray of light upon the mystery. But he said nothing of that. He was sobered a little. The girl's beauty, her obvious superiority to those about her, had attracted the attention of others beside himself. Looks were being thrown at them that he did not like.

"Will you let me take you home?" he said.

She rose at once.

"Oh, please," she said. "I was so foolish to come, and now I am frightened—"

They got out easily—considering. One man did try to interfere. Stewart knocked him down, and thought this was the real life he had come out to seek. He was to be disillusioned, and soon. On the way to the little shop the girl told him, artlessly, of herself. Her name was Olga Petrovsky, her father was Ivan Petrovsky, the cobbler. She had so little pleasure; that was why she had gone out. Then, as they reached the shop, the cobbler was waiting. He sprang at Stewart, raving. Stewart beat him off, easily, but a little crowd gathered, and grew by magic. A policeman came; thought of arresting Stewart, saw his card, and thought better of it. Stewart, he reckoned, was the sort to have a pull at headquarters. The cobbler drew the girl back into the shop; the crowd melted away. Stewart, more puzzled than ever, more eager than before to know what these things meant, lingered.

And then real life came swiftly, and death on its heels. From within the shop there came a scream; the cobbler staggered up the steps, throwing his arms about wildly. Stewart caught him as he fell;



The girl came closer, until he could take her hand. She sighed. "I do believe you," she said.

eased him to the ground. And in a moment he saw that here was stark tragedy, naked, ugly. The cobbler had been stabbed; he died, with an eloquent, choking cry, as Stewart laid him down. Then the girl was screaming, and from all about the crowd came back, and not one policeman, but two, and then half a dozen. A neighbor pointed to Stewart; the first policeman saw him, and, this time, forgot his fear of Stewart's importance and slipped handcuffs about his wrist.

Then the crowd took a hand. It cried out for vengeance, blindly, unreasonably. Stewart and the policemen were the center of a mob in a moment. And Stewart, obeying a blind instinct of self-preservation, used his great strength to fly as the crowd beat down the determined opposition of the policemen. Once he was away from the center of the crowd it was comparatively easy. More and more rioters—

all within hearing were rioters now—pressed in; these newcomers did not recognize him. He reached his rooms. And now it was not only escape that was his problem; he wanted to find the man who had struck the blow. He burst upon his valet; suddenly he remembered that he had shown the first policeman his card.

"Get these off, Hawkins," he said to his valet. "Break this chain—then the bands around the wrists won't show. The police will be here in a few minutes. I want to change into the costume I wore at that last masquerade—velveteen coat—you know."

"Yes, sir," said Hawkins. He had gasped once with astonishment; but he had offered no comment. That was not his work, as Hawkins saw it. His only task was obedience! "Nothing serious, sir, I hope?"

"Only murder!" said Stewart.

"Yes, sir," said Hawkins. "Sorry, sir, I'm sure. You didn't hurt yourself, sir, I hope? Have you time for a bath, sir?"

"Good Lord!" Stewart exploded. "Suppose I'd done it? Would you help me to get away?"

"I know my place, sir, I hope, sir," said Hawkins, with dignity. "If you thought you had to remove another gentleman, sir, I shouldn't think of criticising you, sir. Now the coat, sir—"

Heavy footsteps were coming up the stairs. Stewart slipped into an adjoining room. Then the police stormed in. Hawkins met them with a smile. With a smile he denied all knowledge of the torn clothes they showed him when he said he had not seen his master. They arrested him, just as Stewart was escaping by the fire escape. He was still smiling as they took him away, uttering dire threats. And he smiled when he was pushed into a cell with a sodden creature taken up half an hour before as "drunk and disorderly."

Stewart wanted his freedom for a few hours. He let Hawkins suffer because he knew that before long he could clear him. And he went straight to the scene of his crime. He thought his disguise was perfect. His cuffs hid the iron bands about his wrists. And somewhere, he knew, he would find some trace of the actual murderer.

But he trusted too much to his disguise.



In a few minutes the formalities were arranged and Stewart was free.

A sharp-eyed woman, one of the morbid crowd that hung about the scene of the murder, knew him at once. She denounced him furiously; in a moment he was under arrest again, and this time with no chance of escape. And then he saw the girl, Olga. She looked at him with scorn and grief. It seemed to him that she had grown years older in an hour. But he met her eyes steadily. Gradually her scornful gaze weakened. He called out to her.

"I didn't do it!" he cried. "Believe me, I didn't!"

She came up to him, searching his eyes. The policemen let him go, for the moment, and stood back, though they were close to him. The girl came closer, until he could take her hand. She sighed.

"I do believe you," she said. "Why?"

For just a moment there was a look of wild triumph in his eyes.

"Oh, it's worth it all!" he cried. "I've found the real thing! Wait! I'll come back to you! Wait for me!"

Then they closed in on him again, and led him away. They took him to headquarters. He was a prisoner, but not quite an ordinary one. There was no rough work, as there might have been with one of less influence. And at headquarters there were reporters, who pressed about him, and there was the routine of photographing him and taking his measurements. And then he heard the placid

voice of Hawkins. For a moment he could not distinguish what Hawkins was saying.

"I thought he was drunk, too, at first." That was Hawkins, becoming coherent. "But then he told me about it. He killed an old shoemaker. And as he did he got hit on the head, and it made him silly, and the policemen thought he was drunk. But he wants everyone to know. He says the man was a traitor to some society in Russia, and wouldn't kill someone when he drew the lot."

Stewart sprang forward. He added what little he knew. And the man who had shared his valet's cell was able to explain. He did it with a dignity that was almost noble. He had the fanatic's conviction that what he had done was not only justifiable, but praiseworthy. He had followed the cobbler he had slain all over Europe—to track him down at last in New York. Now that his mind was clear he was perfectly willing to confess. He had no desire to make Stewart suffer in his place. And so, in a few moments, the formalities arranged, Stewart was free. He gripped his valet's hand.

"Good old Hawkins!" he said.

"Yes, sir, thank you, sir," said Hawkins, embarrassed. "If they'll let me go now, sir, I'll go home and lay out clean clothes for you, sir."

But it was in his disguise that Stewart went back to Olga!

SALOON BUSINESS AFFECTED BY THE MOVIES

THE saloonkeepers admit that business is "rotten." They admit, as well, that they think they know why. One of them was asked if he thought the motion picture shows had anything to do with it.

"They certainly do," he replied. "I got to wondering where all the boys were that used to be in here. I laid it up to hard times, but when I see the same lads that used to come down to my place nearly every night, going to the picture show, I know it isn't that.

"When we had mechanical pianos in the saloons, it wasn't so bad, but they took our music away and I guess the movies have reaped the benefit. They certainly have put a crimp in our business."

And he was right. It is an admitted fact men flock to saloons as to a social center for the sake of the companionship, the light, the warmth, and the music. The saloon, in other words, is a social institution. But it is come to be a fact that motion pictures offer a part, at least, of the entertainment to be derived from the saloon, and with none of the saloon's drawbacks.

Dressing For The Movies

•Creamy lace and champagne colored chiffon with a girdle of a deeper shade, and a picture hat faced with black velvet make up this very beautiful costume worn by Mabel Trunnelle.



Edith Taliaferro looks like a pink rose in this pink frock with its bodice of lace over pink chiffon, its pep-lums of lace over an accor-dian pleated skirt, and with its quaint looped sash caught at the sides with flower garlands.

Nothing could be more comfort-able or more becoming than this very smart street suit of covert cloth which Mary Fuller wears with a huge hat of sand colored velvet turned up at the side, and a huge flat muff of beaver.



For the street, Helen Gardner always chooses a simple suit that is as smart as it is graceful. In this picture she is wearing one of striped cloth, self-trimmed, with collar and cuffs of moire silk in a contrasting shade.



From the topmost feather on her smart little turban to the last glistening facet on her shoe buckle, Miss Beverly Bayne proclaims herself one of the best dressed women in pictures.



Seen and Heard at the Movies

Where millions of people—men, women and children—gather daily, many amusing and interesting things are bound to happen. We want our readers to contribute to this page. A prize of \$5.00 will be given for the best story each month, and one dollar for every one printed. The stories must not be longer than 100 words and must be written on only one side of the paper. Be sure to put your name and address on your contribution. Think of the funniest thing you have ever heard at the movies and send it in. You may win the five-dollar prize.

THIS WINS THE FIVE DOLLARS

THE other day during a performance of "Motion Picture Life in Africa" I was greatly amused to hear a tiny Miss in the audience remark that the cannibals must be awfully strong.

Upon being asked why she had come to that conclusion, she replied:

"Why, mother, didn't you read in the description that when they beat on their *tum-tums* they could be heard for miles?"

Genevieve Seymour, New York, N. Y.

SHE HAD SEEN IT BEFORE

MRS. BLANK went to the picture show. She was one of those women who read every subtitle aloud (for the benefit perhaps of those who cannot read and to the annoyance of those who can).

With the first film, the inscription, "Passed by the National Board of Censorship," was flashed on the screen.

"Oh, pshaw!" remarked Mrs. Blank, "I've seen this picture before; I remember the name."

Frank G. Andrews, Washington, D. C.

POOR DAD

THE comedian had been to a club smoker, or maybe a meeting of old friends. Anyway, he came home, and apparently had some trouble in distinguishing the hat-rack from the electric light ornaments on the wall.

As he entered the picture he carefully hung his hat and coat on the fixture and started on his uncertain way upstairs.

And it was just as he turned to leave the room that the little boy exclaimed, "Oh mamma, mamma, look; there is papa."

Miss Caryl Hutchinson, Chicago, Ill.

HE KNEW HIS SONG

WHILE viewing the film, "The Strange Case of the Princess Kahn," a mother was patiently explaining all the details to her little son.

When she read aloud the Princess' letter in which she stated that she was under the hypnotic influence of her uncle and had been taken from her home in London, England, the little fellow shouted lustily, "It's a Long Way to Tipperary."

Helen Martha Walter, Chicago.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN, PLEASE NOTE!

CHARLES CHAPLIN, the famous comedian, recently with the Keystone Company, now with Essanay, was going through some of his "funny face fits."

In between the bursts of laughter, a little fellow in one of the seats in front of us looked up at his mother and said, "Why, mother, that man's face is slipping."

E. Morrow, Altoona, Pa.

JIMMIE CRUZE IS VERY OBLIGING

THE following incident occurred during the showing of "The Million Dollar Mystery." Mr. Cruze came tearing down the road in an auto, when suddenly the machine stopped.

A little fellow in the audience jumped up, shouting, "Hey, Jimmie, it needs a crankin'."

Mr. Cruze alighted from the machine and cranked it, to the great pleasure of the little youngster who had given the advice.

Turning to his companion he said, "See, I told yuh."

Pearl McGraw, Rochester, N. Y.

IN "REEL" LIFE

DURING a scene in "Should a Woman Divorce?" one of the characters was stricken blind just as he was about to kiss one of the ladies, who was not especially beautiful.

There was the usual death-like silence as the audience was impressed with the terrible thing that had happened, and it was at the most silent moment that a woman back of us said, "Humph, he'd have to go blind to kiss her."

E. F. S., Chicago.

MAYBE YOU CAN TELL HIM

THE little boy was talking to his mother just as the hero was doing some wonderful acting.

"Who is that man?" said the boy to his mother.

"Why, he is the hero," she answered.

The little boy was quiet for quite a while and then came the question:

"Well, mother, what did he hear?"

Gertrude Manke, Chicago.

MAYBE THE CENSORS CLIPPED IT
BETWEEN SHOWS

IT seems that some of the young people thoroughly enjoy seeing a picture show more than once. Apparently, the little boy was one of those who like to see the same show twice, and he was trying to induce his sister to stay with him.

But "sister" was hard to convince and finally the little man said in a very persuasive tone, "Aw, let's stay and see it again. You know, this time it's going to be a little bit different."

Mrs. Howell Morrison, Anacortes, Wash.

HE DIDN'T KNOW TOM MIX

IN a Western town they had been exhibiting a round-up picture to an enthusiastic crowd of cowboys and Indians. The same character had evidently played in all of the films.

As the crowd filed out, an Indian was heard to remark to his companion, "That puncher no could stick on broncho. I watch him every day for week and every day him bucked off."

Mrs. Lulu Coon Shuff, Seattle, Wash.

A NEW NATION

A WAR film was about to be shown and the usual announcement was made asking the audience to refrain from any demonstration of partisanship.

Two dusky gentlemen watched the picture, and at the end one turned to the other and said, "Ah hain't got nothin' 'gainst the Germans, and Ah think the French and English is all right, too. But Ah like to know where them allies commed from."

Mrs. O. C. Morten, Chicago.

A MOVIE MARRIAGE

MOTHER and ten-year-old Helen were comfortably seated at the movies.

The handsome leading man was lavish with his affection and had showered kisses and hugs on the beautiful young lady as one love scene followed another. Presently the young couple arose and admitted a minister who had come to unite them in marriage.

"Oh, mamma," exclaimed Helen, "they weren't married, were they?"

"Lord, no," replied the mother, "couldn't you tell that?"

Clyde Sid Jones, Polo, Mo.

IT WAS ONLY A MOVIE

SOME of the most serious things are sometimes made funny by queer little incidents. One of the pathetic scenes from "A Million Bid" had so affected one of the ladies in the audience that it brought tears to her eyes.

The little girl sitting next to her noticed this and cuddling up to her said, "Don't cry, mother; it's only a movie."

Julian Rice, New York, N. Y.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS?

A LITTLE girl after watching Mary Pickford on the screen for a while suddenly exclaimed to her mother:

"Mamma, why doesn't papa like you?"

"Why, my dear," answered her mother, "your papa does like me."

"Oh no he don't mamma," exclaimed the child, "because if he did he'd let you kiss everyone you wanted to, just like Mary Pickford's husband lets her."

Josephine Lawrell, Worcester, Mass.

WE DON'T THINK SO EITHER

A LIVE motion picture exhibitor adopted the policy of having an impersonator of Charlie Chaplin stand in front of his theater whenever he showed a film in which this comedian appeared. One cold day this imitator stepped inside to get warm, and as he was going up the aisle, he tripped.

Turning around, he tipped his hat and apologized, imitating Chaplin's characteristic movements.

An elderly lady, who was probably not very well acquainted with Charlie Chaplin, rewarded him with a withering look and remarked to her friend: "I don't think drunken men should be allowed in this show."

Harry French, Indianapolis, Ind.

MAYBE HE HAD A GROWN-UP SISTER

IN a recent picture play one of the characters was stricken blind.

"Jane, Jane," he called. "Come to me."

When Jane came to him one little boy turned to his companion and asked:

"How does he know that's Jane?"

To which the other replied, "By the powder she uses."

Helen Moora, Washington, D. C.

"JUST HAVE IT CHARGED"

MRS. BIDDLE'S husband did not like her new hat, so to get rid of it he gave it to his stenographer. Mrs. Biddle entered the office unexpectedly, saw her headgear on her husband's employee. She accused Mr. Biddle of duplicity, left in a huff, and entered a cafe. When she had eaten some lunch she discovered that she had forgotten her purse. Just then a little tot barely five years of age said loudly, "Well, mother! Why didn't she have it charged?"

Jeanette C. Schneider, Milwaukee, Wis.

SOUNDS LIKE A BALL GAME

ABOUT two seats to my right sat a boy of perhaps twelve years of age, who was following the picture with rapt attention. The scene was the one in which Carl, the artist, maddened by the duplicity of Beatrice, returned to his studio determined to destroy her picture. Mr. Williams, who was playing the part of Carl, had just raised the knife and the audience thrilled to the intense dramatic climax.

A pinfall could have been heard anywhere in the house. Suddenly the tension was broken.

"St-r-r-rike!!!" shouted the boy, leaping to his feet.

Henry L. Farrington, West Lynn, Mass.

IT WAS SO REAL

ONE evening a picture was shown in which the fuse of a bomb was lighted to blow up a house. The lady next to me put her fingers to her ears and exclaimed to her husband:

"Oh dear, will it make a noise?"

Harry Payne, Chicago.

HE WAS AN OBLIGING LITTLE MAN

FAT LADY (after seating herself in a darkened theater whispers loudly to her friend): "Say, Maggie, these seats is lots softer than them at the Lyric, ain't they?"

Faint masculine voice from beneath fat lady: "Being as you're so satisfied, Madam, you're welcome to my lap, but I *would* like to have you move your head a bit to one side, so's I could see them pictures."

Mrs. Nevil Hopson, Milwaukee, Wis.



The New Muse

By CHARLES WILLIAM BRACKETT

Now comes William's College of Williamstown, Massachusetts, one of the oldest and most conservative institutions of learning in America, to pay tribute to the moving picture theatre. The college faculty has awarded the Hardy prize, granted annually to the student who writes the best original poem, to Mr. Brackett for "The New Muse."

HER shrine is a narrow darkened room—
A gleam of light through a powerful glass,
A speeding wheel and a smooth white screen
Where her pageants of shadows pass;
Shadows, but filled with a fire of life
Treading the measures she bids them dance—
Mirth, Adventure and Love and Death
The forms of a new Romance.

And though they are tawdry and dim at times,
Their robes but pitifully fine,
This muse can number more worshippers
Than all the haughtier nine.
This wonderful lady, this high Romance
Stepped down from the ivory hall
To give herself to the humble folk
For almost nothing at all.

To give herself, the best of herself,
Renouncing the gaud of that bright word Art,
For a place in the temple of every day
And the shrine of the humble heart;

There she has found what the others have lost,
Through the fault of the pride they have learned through the years.
The incense of honest laughter,
The grace of unquestioning tears.

Her watchers are one with the listeners
To Homer's stories of Troy,
And the ardor of Paris for Helen
Thrills through the butcher's boy
At the sight of the frail fair picture girl
With her pale sweet face and her hair blown down,
And youth his heart bends low to kiss
The hem of her beauty's gown.

Then that freckled Miss with the leaf-brown eyes
She knows, and however else could she hear
Of the magic of Juliet's moonlit face
And the passion of Guinevere,
Of the great high pathos of sweet Jeanne d'Arc,
Of the Lady of Coventry;
She has passed through the gate of the land of the stars
All for a five cent fee.





She has left her world of the shop
and town
Though the dust is still on her skirt,
And her heart is filled with the wonderment,
The age-old beautiful hurt;
And the cheap and tawdry fades unseen
While the beauty shines and gleams
And the only dust that her spirit
knows
Is the dust of the stars and of dreams.

Beside her a man, an old, old man
Has his wrinkled hands clasped over a
cane
And a vivid light in his time-dimmed
eyes
As though he were young again;
As though he had youth and strength
and love;
As though he were playing the picture
play;
For to him the shadowy, mimic love,
Shines with the glamor of yesterday.

To him that girl in the picture play
Is a sort of ghost of the girl he knew,
In that wistful miserable, thoughtless
time,
When the city held some of youth's
magic too,
When even his grim old office desk
Was less of a task than a shrine,
Because when a star hangs over a pool
The murkiest waters shine.

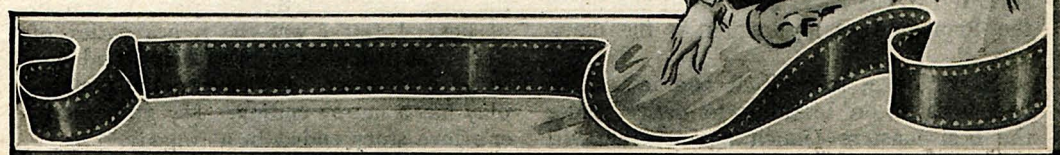
To him, to all of them sitting there,
The plays are a spirit's fire;
For the burning to dust of the common
things,

Pain and care and desire,
For a moment's loss in forgetfulness
Of the strife that each one strives;
For the merging of lives grown over-
tired
Into young unwearied lives.

At last the pictures flicker out
The audience sighs and rises
And each man hides his self of dream
Under his old disguises;
But each returns to the trudging life
Of the little everyday
With a soul that droops less wearily
For the glimpse of far away.

For there never comes to our high-
walled street
Some wind that has known the plain,
That treasures still the sunny scent
It has caught from the miles of grain
As it came on its careless trackless path
No wearier feet than the wind's could
have trod;
But it breathes a word of the good in
the world,
And the peace in the heart of God.

So though this muse has left the halls
For a cheap, sweet, mortal fame,
She has builded a holier temple
And lighted a shining flame;
She gives great gifts to her wor-
shippers,
Merciful gifts without cease,
To the weary the gift of forgetful
ness,
To the troubled the gift of
peace.



The Beautiful Unknown

By Yona Landowska

I AM going to tell you a great secret about "The Beautiful Unknown." Do you know the story? No? Then I will tell it to you.

In a little kingdom of Transylvania, the young Prince Ferdinand, heir to the throne, caused great uneasiness among his ministers because of his willfulness and lack of appreciation of his position. He was but a man, although a king—with a man's heart, and he loved life.

The Prime Minister and the Queen, his mother, planned his marriage. They invited the three beautiful daughters of the King of Bosnia to attend a grand ball in honor of the Prince, and he was introduced to the beautiful sisters before the ball, but was not at all favorably impressed.

When the guests arrived, it was discovered that the Prince had disappeared. The three royal guests were very angry, and Yona, the eldest and a spoiled beauty, was furious. In her little kingdom she had reigned supreme and she could not brook this insulting indifference on the part of the young Prince. He must be brought to his knees.

She discovered that he had slipped away with a friend to see the new ballet, and, accompanied by one of the ministers, she followed to the royal box. And she noted the Prince's rapt absorption in the dancing.

Now, Yona, self-willed and imperious, had insisted on learning to dance under the best masters (much against the will

of her royal father) and she realized suddenly that her art would enable her to win the love of the disdainful young prince. With the co-operation of the Prime Minister, it was arranged with the ballet master that she should appear next evening at the opera as a solo dancer.

She was announced as the "beautiful unknown" and the Prince fell head over heels in love with her.

He dared to go to her dressing room but she refused to admit him. The next day she was commanded to appear at a fete at the Royal Palace. She appeared as a woodland nymph and danced about the fountain with such inimitable grace that the Prince became more infatuated than ever.

Of course, Princess Yona was disguised. She wore a wig of long hair which completely hid her identity. The Prince fol-

lowed her to the fountain in order to see her face more clearly, and Yona slipped off the false wig and stood revealed as the Princess of Bosnia. And of course, the Prince married this lovely princess and they lived happily ever after.

Now, here is the secret. My grandmother, a Russian dancer, had a king for a lover and the theme of "The Beautiful Unknown" is woven around her life. All the time that I played the part, I thought of her. I felt I was the reincarnation of that beautiful dancer who loved and was loved by a king. Of course, the picture-play has a happy ending. My grandmother's love story ended in a tragedy.



Yona Landowska is the eighteen-year old Russian dancer who plays the lead in "The Beautiful Unknown."

Whose Eyes Are These?

THEY BELONG TO SIXTEEN POPULAR PHOTOPLAYERS WHOM YOU SEE ON THE MOVIE SCREEN. YOU OUGHT TO KNOW EACH OF THEM. EXAMINE THE FOLLOWING PAGES CLOSELY AND SEE JUST HOW WELL YOU REALLY KNOW THE PROMINENT PICTURE PLAYERS. IT WILL BE AN INTERESTING WAY OF TESTING YOUR POWERS OF OBSERVATION

ON THE following pages we print reproductions of the eyes of sixteen popular picture players. See just how many of them you are able to recognize. You think you know Mary Fuller and maybe you have boasted that you would recognize her in any disguise. Her eyes are here. Can you find them?

You lovers of Francis X. Bushman, look carefully at the following pages and see if you can find the eyes of your hero looking at you from out of the page.

All of the 16 players represented here are well known stars. They are ones that almost everybody knows and identifying them will be a good test of your powers of observation.

People often say, "I would know those eyes any place." Here's a good chance to test the truth of this statement. We have tried to find pictures that are typical of each of these players. Some of them are so easy to identify that there is no fun in it, and then again, some of the others will probably make you think a while.

It has been said that "the eyes are the windows of the soul." We know that the eyes give expression to all our feelings. Through the eyes we express love, hate, anger, disappointment, and jealousy—practically every emotion that we ever feel. Therefore, eyes are characteristic of every person.

Do you know the popular moving picture players so well that you can tell them by their eyes and as much of their faces as is shown in the pictures? Have you studied simply the parts they play; have you studied just the facial expression; or, have you studied their most personal characteristic—the eyes?

When you meet someone for the first time, don't you look at the eyes to find out just what sort of a person he or she is? All right, here are pictures of just the eyes of 16 of your popular moving picture players. Have you become well enough acquainted to be able to identify them?

Study over the following pages and see just how many of the eyes you can identify. It will be an interesting study and will probably cause some interesting arguments. And then again, it will be the means of finding out just how keenly your powers of observation are developed.

If you think you have found the correct answers, make a list of them and send it to the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. The pictures are all numbered and all you have to do is to make your list of numbers from 1 to 16 and put after each number the name of the player whose picture you think we have printed and sign your name to your paper. We will publish the correct list in our April issue which will appear on the news-stands about the fifth day of March.

Send your paper so it reaches us by the sixteenth of February and we will publish the names of all those who furnish the right lists. Be sure to send your answers in early and simply make out your sheet as directed. If you think No. 1 is Carlyle Blackwell write it out—No. 1—Carlyle Blackwell, etc.

Study each picture carefully. Take two pieces of paper and cover everything else on the page except the eyes you are studying. It will prevent the other pictures from distracting your attention, and help you to concentrate on that particular one.

The only way to be sure of getting your copy of
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
is to order it in advance from your newsdealer. Do this today.

Eyes of Well Known Photoplayers



Number One

King Baggot



Number Two

Mary Fuller (7)



Number Three

Carlyle Blackwell



Number Four

Carlyle Blackwell (2)

Do You Recognize Them? Try!



Number Five

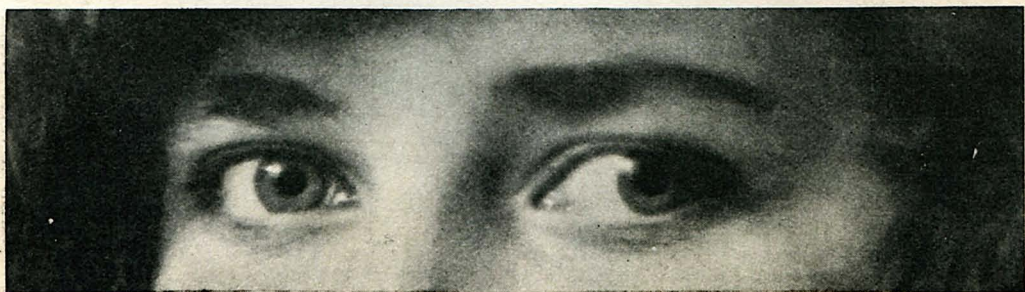


Number Six



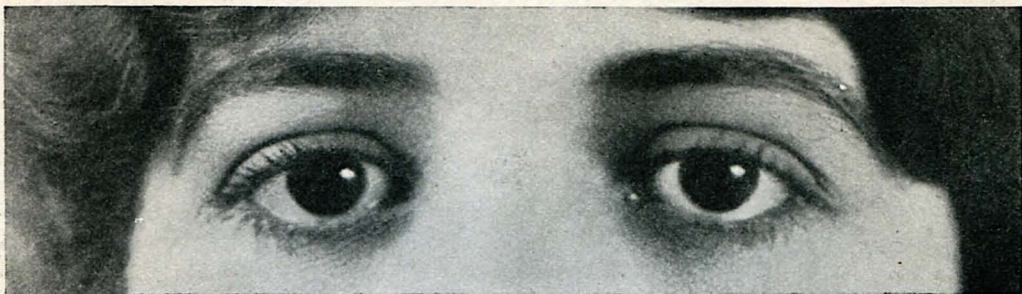
Number Seven

Wanda Kerrigan

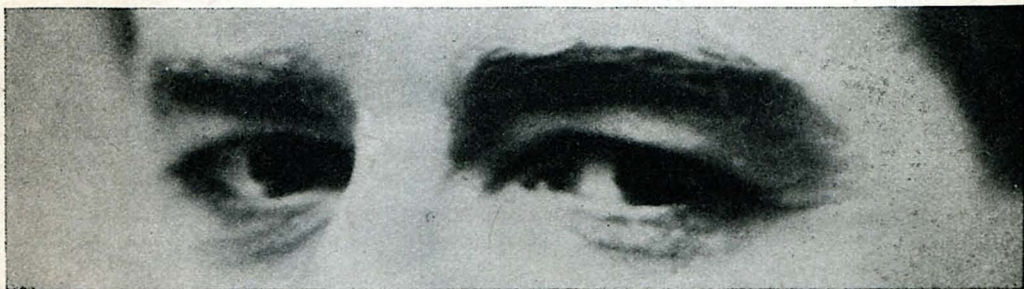


Number Eight

Can You Identify These Photo-



Number Nine



Number Ten

Mike McHenry



Number Eleven



Number Twelve

players By Their Eyes Alone?



Number Thirteen



Number Fourteen



Number Fifteen



Number Sixteen

Bushman

Her Likes and Dislikes

By Pearl Gaddis

SHE is slender, with the lithe slenderness of youth, and gay with the joyous gaiety of a school girl, and beautiful with the beauty of yellow curls and blue eyes and pink cheeks. And the name by which she is called, instead of being the pretty one that it should be, is Anna Quirientia Nilsson.

And she sat in a wicker lounging chair with rose-colored satin cushions, and talked "of shoes and ships and sealing wax; of cabbages and kings"—or very nearly.

"I often think," she mused, her blue eyes fastened reflectively on the toe of her very smart slipper, "what a lucky chance it was for me, that I happened to be among the few who were being tried out for positions with Kalem, when Mr. Buel came east to organize this southern company. He had engaged several before I met him, but he offered me the position at once, and I jumped at the opportunity. That was four years ago, and I have been here ever since. I have never worked with any other company, and so far, I haven't lost any sleep over it."

She selected another chocolate, with the care and deliberation that one gives to so serious a problem, and settled back in her

chair, and resumed her interrupted study of her correct slipper toes.

"What do you think of woman suffrage?" I ventured, wondering what her attitude toward such a problem would be. It was exactly what I expected, too.

"Don't know a thing about it," she confessed, with engaging simplicity. "Have too much else to worry about without borrowing new trouble about such things."

"I love dogs and horses, and things," she confided, largely, as we made inroads on the big box of "Mary Garden" chocolates.

"I haven't any hobbies, but I am fond of boating, horseback riding, and almost all out-door sports. I love to read, but not serious stuff. I like modern fiction best, and my favorite author is Jeffery Farnol. I always love to get letters, and always appreciate every letter I receive.

"Oh, I almost forgot to tell you that I have a hobby after all—if it can be called a hobby—it's pretty clothes."

And now the secret is out. She isn't a haughty, stand-offish young person. She is a very human, sweet girl, who loves pretty clothes and who can't be a day over fifteen.



Instead of the pretty name that she should have, she is called Anna Quirientia Nilsson.

Their Hobo Hero

WE SOMETIMES MAKE MISTAKES IN JUDGING OTHERS. JACK DUTTON AND BILL SCROGGINS MADE SUCH A MISTAKE—BUT THEY FOUND IT OUT BEFORE IT WAS TOO LATE

By William Worth

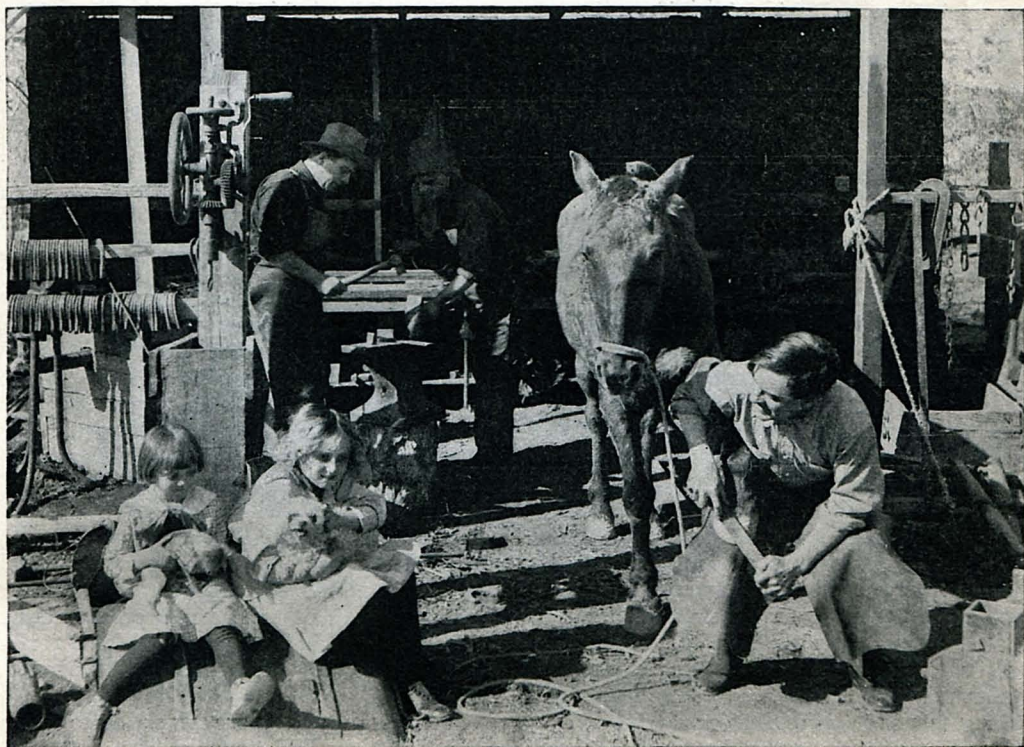
Illustrations from the Eclair Film

“**A** JOB! It's not a job you want—it's a handout. Or else a chance to hang around long enough to make a good haul! Be off!”

Jack Dutton didn't like tramps. Nor, for that matter, did Bill Scroggins, his partner in the blacksmith shop of the village. So Bill laughed cheerfully at the look of anger and despair that came into the tramp's eyes. Neither of the blacksmiths was intentionally cruel; each

thought this the proper way to treat tramps. Tramps were not wanted in town. It was a town of decent, hard-working folk; not a town at all, really, but a sort of center for a prosperous farming community. Tramps didn't often visit it. There was an active sheriff, and water tanks along the roads on both sides warned gentlemen of the road that they would find Sharon inhospitable.

“I do want a job—honest, I do,” said



The children had grown tired of playing in the smithy, especially when everyone was so busy.

the tramp, persistently. "Say—I can see you're busy. Listen, now—if I wasn't a hobo would you give me a job?"

"Sure!" said Dutton, quickly. "We need a man the worst way—"

"Then why don't you gimme a chance?" pleaded the tramp. "I'm strong, an' I'm only lookin' for work—"

"You asked if we needed a man," said Dutton, with a great laugh. "A tramp ain't a man. G'long, now, before we sic the sheriff on to you. If he catches you you'll get a job, right enough—breaking stone or making roads. How'll you like that?"

"Why'm I a tramp—hey? Can you tell me that?" demanded the tramp, his mood changing. The gentle, timid note of pleading left his voice, and he began to assert himself, so that the two smiths looked at him with more interest, though with no added measure of kindness.

"Yeh—I can tell you," said Dutton. "It's because you're a bum, who'd rather graft than work. If yeh think yeh can't get a meal any other way yeh'll pretend to want work. It's because yeh're the scum of the earth. If yeh and all like yeh would starve, we'd be that much better off. But there's no chance. Yeh get into jail when times get too bad for yeh outside, and hard-working men like Bill here and myself pays taxes for the food yeh eat."

"Oh, is that so?" said the tramp. He was almost fierce now. "I can tell yeh different, Mister know-it-all! I can tell yeh there's lots like meself who want nothin' better'n a regular job, with a pay envelope comin' to 'em every Saturday night. Maybe they lost the jobs they had through hard luck, like I did. I had a good job—an' the factory burned down. There was some trouble about the insurance. 'We'll have to close down for the season. Come around in six months, or a year,' says the boss, 'an' I'll put you to work again.' Does it make a man a bum to have a thing like that happen to him? An' to have to tramp around the country lookin' for a new job because he ain't got the price to travel on the railroad train?"

"Beats all how they do get up yarns, don't it, Jack?" said Scroggins. He smiled tolerantly at the tramp. "Come, man—get along to where there's easier marks. With your line of talk you ought to get hold of a hand-out as often as you need it."

"But I tell you it's not my fault!" cried the tramp. "I tell you I don't want nothin' better'n a chance to work! It's just hard luck—"

"Listen here, my friend," said Jack Dutton, taking his pipe from his mouth. "I'm no learned man. But there's some things I do know. An' one of 'em is that a man gets the sort of luck he deserves. When I hear a man talk about hard luck, or complainin' that appearances are against him—I pass him up! See? If appearances is against you they're probably right."

The tramp stared at him.

"D'ye mean that—just as it lies?" he said. "D'ye really believe that things can't happen so as to put a man in wrong when it isn't his fault at all?"

"I sure do!" said Dutton. "How about you, Bill? Isn't that the way it looks to you?"

"Yep," said Scroggins. "You mosey along now, friend, before the sheriff gets you. That's good advice, even if you don't like it. An' get along out of here. We've got work to do, and no time to monkey around with you."

For a minute the tramp was silent. And even after that he didn't say anything. He only laughed, but it was a raucous, discordant sort of laugh. Then he turned on his heel and went out. But there was something in the laugh that sent the eyes of both the smiths to the corner where two children were playing.

"Bad egg," said Dutton.

"Yep—can't have that sort around near them."

Bill Scroggins looked swiftly at the children. They were nearly of an age, those two, companions and playmates. Dutton's Clara was a little the older. They were absorbed just now in two tiny dogs, in which they took a tremendous delight.

"He won't stay around," said Dutton, in a moment. "He'll try for a hand-out somewhere—then he'll pass along, the way they all do. You see, they know they can't do anything here. Every once in a while one of 'em thinks he'll try us, just 'cause he guesses the others have been steering clear, and he thinks maybe we'll have forgotten about hoboos and the way they hurt a town."

Then more and more work came up, work that they had to do at once. They forgot the tramp. And it wasn't until they



He gathered them up with a little cry of thanksgiving and they were comforted at once.

were ready to go home that they missed the children. That was nothing to be alarmed about at first. The children often went home alone. It wasn't until they found that the little girls hadn't gone home, and that no one knew where they really were, that they got frightened. Then—and by that time it was dark—they raised a hue and cry. The sheriff, who had babies of his own, organized a posse; a search in the woods was begun at once.

What had happened was simple enough; inevitable, too, for that matter. The children had grown tired of playing in the

smithy, especially when everyone was too busy to pay any attention to them. They had wandered out, with the two dogs, and had let their pets run loose. These were very, very young puppies, and as foolish and inconsequent as only puppies can be. They rejoiced in their freedom and went scampering off with the children after them. It was a new game for all four of them, and they enjoyed it immensely.

But those puppies had no sense of direction. They started for the woods, and, having started, they kept on. Roads and paths meant nothing to them.

And, when it began to grow dark, and the children really wanted to catch them and go on, the puppies had entered fully into the spirit of the game. And it was no part of the game for them to let themselves be caught too easily.

They were caught at last, of course. But by that time it was very close to being entirely dark, and the children had wandered so far that they were completely lost. They had never seen the place in which they found themselves; they had no way at all of guessing, even, in what direction their homes lay. And they were very much frightened, indeed. They had heard the story of the babes in the wood, and, as they thought of it, they began to cry.

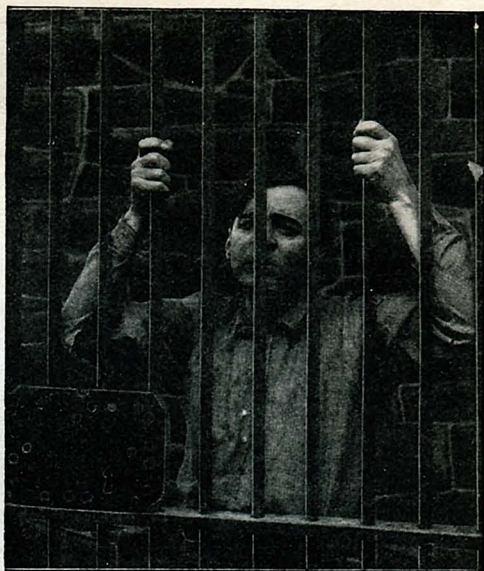
The situation was serious enough, in good earnest. They were lost, and it would soon be night. They were hungry, and they would soon be cold. And it might easily happen, no matter how careful a search was made, that they would not be found. Anything might come about before they were found. Instinct, probably, as much as any active fear, terrified them. They lifted up their voices, and they cried. And the puppies, who were hungry, too, cried with them.

It was the tramp who heard them, of course. They had gone, by chance, in just the direction he had taken deliberately. He had wanted to go where he was unlikely to be seen, because he guessed that the sheriff would be looking for him after he had heard about him from the blacksmiths, and this tramp had no desire to land in jail—not until he had tried a little longer to get a job. He understood, somehow, that if he were sent to jail, even through no real fault of his own, he would never again be quite the same man.

He found the two children and the puppies on the edge of a cliff. It wasn't much of a cliff, perhaps, but a fall just there would have been serious for those babies. And so he gathered them up with a little cry of thanksgiving, seeing exactly what had happened. They were comforted at once. They seemed to understand that he was kind and good; they didn't know about his being a tramp.

He was kind to them, and good, too. He carried them along with him, and when they came to a shack in the woods he went in and built a fire.

"Just the place!" he said. "Now—I'll



He was in a cell, with the door locked before he realized what was happening.

go get some water, and then we'll have supper."

It was a frugal supper—but it was supper. He had got a loaf of bread somewhere, and that was a great deal better than nothing. They ate all the bread, too—except a little for the puppies. He gave up his share to the wistful, hungry little dogs. That was the sort of tramp he was, you see. He had recognized the children at once, but he seemed to have forgotten all about the way their fathers had treated him such a short time before. But then almost anyone who had seen those children would have done that, probably. He certainly didn't think he deserved any special credit for it.

When they had had their supper he built up the fire. Then he made them lie down on a broken, dilapidated looking cot he had found in the shack.

"I'm going after your daddies, so they can come and fetch you home," he said. "You're to go to sleep. See, I'll cover you with my coat, so that you'll be warm while I'm gone. And I'll tell them it was Rags' fault, and Toddles—that you didn't mean to run away."

He wasn't very sure of his bearings himself, as he set out for the village.

"If I had any sense I'd wait till daylight," he told himself. "But I guess—

no, I'll go along now. I know how I'd be feeling if they were my kids, and I didn't know where they were all night!"

Rags—that was Clara Dutton's puppy—was restless. He followed the tramp out of the shack. And he knew a lot more about how to get home than any of them. He didn't follow the tramp very far, because he saw that he would be taken far out of his way if he did. And, on the more direct path that his puppy instinct told him to follow, he encountered a searching party very soon. Then, just to be contrary, and prove that he was a real puppy, he turned around and went back to the shack, while they chased him, having recognized him. And so he led Dutton and Scroggins and some others right to the lost children.

There was a lot of fussing and rejoicing. But, even while it was going on, Dutton and Scroggins both recognized the tramp's coat.

"The low skunk! Kidnaped 'em to get even with us!" said Dutton. And his friend nodded, grimly.

They sent the children home to their frantic mothers. And then, with the sheriff to help, they hunted for the tramp. They found him near the village. And he was so surprised, since he knew that he had

behaved pretty well, when they put him in the lock-up, that he could hardly protest. He was in a cell, with the door locked, before he realized what was happening. Then he did cry out, in furious, vain protest. But no one heeded him. They had all gone to hear the story of the two kidnapped children.

"So that's the way, is it!" cried the tramp, beating against the bars. "I'll show them! I'll be a hobo—after this! I try to be straight and decent—and this is what I get! Now I'll be crooked!"

But the children knew the truth, if their elders were slow to believe it. They had to tell their story. And it was Clara who explained everything.

"He wouldn't eat any supper his own self!" she said, with big, round eyes. "He said he wasn't hungry, and that Rags and Toddles must have all we didn't want! Oh, he's the nicest man! We were awfully frightened until he found us!"

The tramp didn't have long to stay in his cell. It was Jack Dutton who opened the door and drew him out.

"I said appearances couldn't be against a man if he was all right—and I spoke like a fool!" he said. "Tramp or no tramp—if you still want a job after you've spent the night at my house, I'll find it for you!"

STATE UNIVERSITY WANTS TO CENSOR FILMS

IT is reported that a bill is to be introduced in the State Legislature of Wisconsin, which will give to the University of Wisconsin the censorship of motion pictures, the work to be handled by the extension division of the University. The extension division is using a great many motion pictures in its work and is probably one of the greatest promoters of the use of films for educational purposes in the Middle West.

NEW STUDIO ERECTED ALMOST OVER NIGHT

THE Bosworth Company probably has the record for quick action. One day it was decided that a new studio was needed. Within a week building material and supplies were being delivered at the Bosworth plant. On Saturday a small army of men arrived and began work on the new studio. On Monday morning the new studio stood completed. It is a great 60x90 foot building of steel and glass, equipped with a powerful and complete lighting system so that the darkest days can be utilized. But imagine the astonishment of the Bosworth employees when they arrived on a Monday morning and found this huge new addition to the Bosworth plant completed over night.

They Call Him "Smiling Eddie"

By Richard Willis

Eddie Lyons' nick-name in the Nestor Company is "Smiling Eddie", and it is only at rare intervals that you find him looking as grave as this.

HIS friends say that when Eddie Lyons isn't acting, he is reclining, and that when he isn't smiling, he is playing the Ukulele or banjo. Which proceedings seem to worry his neighbors a good deal. I couldn't see the smile but I could hear the banjo strumming as I came down the corridor, and sure enough, when I put my head into his dressing room, he was reclining and smiling as well.

"Hello there," came his cheerful greeting. "Can you come in and listen to this? I've just got on to a lot of new chords and I want to try them on somebody. I'd get along a lot better if some people weren't so disgustingly jealous."

This last remark was spoken for the benefit of the occupants of neighboring dressing rooms who could plainly be heard making disparaging re-

marks about the performance.

"Won't you stop a minute?" I asked. "I want to talk to you."

Eddie Lyons and Vicky Forde in "A Typical College Boy."



"Wait till I get tuned up. That's better," and Eddie settled himself back easily. "Now I can talk. You won't mind if I keep right on playing, will you? I talk much better when I am doing something else at the same time. I started out when I was a little bit of a kid in the Newsboys' Quartet and I didn't get much fun out of it. I just plugged along singing and dancing and acting on the vaudeville circuits until I joined a stock company in Chicago, and then it was just a see-saw of vaudeville and stock. Finally, I appeared on Broadway in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and after that I played in "Beverly of Graustark." That's all as far as the legitimate is concerned. Interesting, is it not? I think NOT." Twang, twang, twang!

Whenever Vicky Forde and Eddie Lyons appear together, one can't help believing Eddie's statement that his work is all play to him.

As a grumpy, old Jack Tar in a Nestor burlesque comedy, Eddie Lyons was irresistibly funny.



"I may sound sentimental, but I certainly do love my work," he went on. "You couldn't hire me to do anything else. Just as long as I am working I don't care, and as for holidays,—huh—it is all holiday as far as I am concerned. Say"—sitting up suddenly—"does my music annoy you?"

"Not at all," I assured him.

"Because, if it does," regretfully, "I guess I had better quit."

Whereupon a wild shout of rejoicing went up from the neighboring dressing rooms. Immediately Eddy sank back on his couch, picked up his banjo and remarked:

"You see, I can't quit. If I did, those dervishes next door wouldn't have anything to make them unhappy and they're altogether too happy now. Life is too easy for them."

As for me, I borrowed a match and said good-bye.



William Russell in the Famous Players production, "The Dancing Girl."

Bill Russell

IT IS lucky that Mr. William Russell is six feet two and sinewy. It is lucky that every morning early, winter and summer, rain or snow, he is out for a four-mile run on Riverside Drive. It is lucky that he boxes and swims, rides and fences and plays tennis and does everything else under the sun. Otherwise, after seeing his apartment, after eating one of his meals, after smoking one of his cigarettes,

after discovering the solicitude with which Fanny, an old colored mammy, looks after him, one might suspect him of leading a padded and indolent existence.

Certainly, his apartment looks as though it were furnished for a "shut-in" and not for an energetic young giant. There are thick rugs on the floors, there are big padded chairs and Morris chairs, there are all sorts of lovely ornaments delightful to

the eye and all sorts of sentimental ones, conspicuous among which are the college banners. There are shaded lamps in every possible place, books and magazines galore, and smoking things enough for twenty young men. And last of all, there is



An hour with a favorite magazine before the "boys" arrive.



His thick, up-standing black hair has won for him the affectionate nick-name "Mop."

Fanny. Fanny had worked for Mr. Russell's mother longer than he could remember and when she died, Fanny came to live in New York and to fuss over Mas' Russell. But she does more than fuss—she makes the brownest toast and the clearest coffee and the fluffiest hot biscuits that you ever ate, which is one of Bill Russell's reasons for putting up with the fussing.

However, as long as he continues to appear in pictures like the Famous Players production, "The Straight Road" or the All Star Company's "The Garden of Lies" he has to keep in condition. Both these plays called for a hero with really exceptional physique and a skill in boxing and fencing that one seldom finds nowadays, and which Bill Russell possesses out of all proportion to his deserts. He might well be considered a lucky man.

The Furnace Man

A YOUNG LAWYER ASSUMES THE PART OF A FURNACE MAN QUITE BY MISTAKE. HE TRIES TO KEEP UP THE DECEPTION, AND MANY RIDICULOUS SITUATIONS RESULT.

By Helen Bagg

Written from the scenario of Florence C. Bolles. Illustrations from the Lubin Film.

"ALL right, Mr. Dayton; I'll have a man up there in a couple of hours. Just give me that address, will you?" and the garage man glanced at the card which Dayton handed him, which read: "Michael Fogarty, Refined Furnace and Stove Repairing; also Dealer in White Rats and Mice."

"He's a queer old chap," remarked Dayton, pocketing the card again. "The con-founded machine broke down in front of his shop last night about midnight. I tinkered with it until daylight and then gave it up as a bad job. The old fellow came out of the shop and out of the kindness of his heart invited me in to share his morning coffee. Rather a character."

"Humph!" grunted the head of the garage. "Hope the kindness of his heart don't urge him to try and repair your car before my man gets there."

It was a chilly morning, late in November, and John Dayton hurried along, devoutly hoping that he would not meet anyone he knew before he could get to the club and rid himself of the grease and dirt he had accumulated in his midnight adventure. He realized that he resembled Michael Fogarty on his way to an early job, very much more than John Dayton, Junior Partner in the law firm of "Jackson, Everett and Dayton." And at the thought of Michael Fogarty, he smiled in spite of himself.

It had been a most absurd adventure all around. He had played bridge later than usual at the club, and on leaving, had fallen in with a stag party and from Bobby Sullivan had come the brilliant idea that Dayton should drive them all home in his new car. Dayton had seconded the invitation and the crowd had piled themselves into the machine. The car had broken down, and the party had spent two wild

hours, taking turns at trying to find out what ailed it. Finally a stray taxi had swept into view and all but Dayton had whirled away. There was a strong streak of obstinacy in John Dayton, and he was determined to set the machine right. He had stuck to the job till daylight, when old Michael Fogarty had come out of his shop and induced him to give up a bad job.

"Shure, it's them young divils that was with ye what put the mischief into her," remarked the old man, shaking his head, pessimistically. "Niver let anyone handle yer machinery, boy, onless he's an expert. I'll kape wan eye on her whilst ye hunt up a garage." And as Dayton hurried along he recalled with amusement the card the old man had given him. "Michael Fogarty, Refined Furnace and Stove Repairing; also Dealer in White Rats and Mice." Then as he turned a corner, something happened which drove Fogarty, the white rats and even the automobile completely out of his head.

On the edge of a manhole, madly gesticulating, stood a tall teamster, and the prettiest girl Dayton had even seen. Of course, he didn't realize at once that she was the prettiest girl he had ever seen. What he did realize was that she was very angry and that the teamster didn't understand very much English; so he stopped at once and asked what the matter was. The girl raised a pair of snapping gray eyes to his; although she was angry, Dayton thought she was also very near crying.

"It's Trimmings—down there—in that hole!" she cried, breathlessly, "and he won't get him out!" with an indignant glance at the helpless teamster.

"Trimmings!" Dayton had a fellow feeling for the puzzled teamster.

"Yes! My puppy—he's down in that hole. Won't you please get him for me?"

Oh, do you think it goes down very far?"

"I'll get him if it goes to China," replied John, solemnly.

"Oh, thank you! And—and please be very careful jumping down, won't you?"—anxiously.

"I think maybe I can find a better way of getting down than jumping," said John. It was right here that he made the discovery of her astounding prettiness. When, a few minutes later, he emerged from the cellar, carrying a very dirty, scared white puppy, his discovery was confirmed. The gray eyes, full of gratitude, were raised to his again; and he grasped the fact, as he came to his senses, that their owner was asking his name. Decidedly embarrassed under the fascinated scrutiny of the teamster, Dayton pulled out his card and handed it to her, and the next moment, with Trimmings tucked safely under her arm, the girl hurried away. A quarter of an hour later, before the club mirror, an explanation of the request suggested itself.

"By George!" he told himself, "she took me for a tramp and no wonder! I'll bet she wanted to know where I hung out so that she could send her chauffeur around with a tip." Then he added, a bit wistfully for John Dayton, "By thunder, I wish she would!" and proceeded thoughtfully to his breakfast.

Thoughtfulness seemed to be the result of the manhole incident in other quarters beside the breakfast room of the club. Marjorie Gordon went home in a very absorbed frame of mind. The puppy's bath progressed with unusual solemnity. Perhaps a clue to her preoccupation may be gained from the remark she made while combing out the anguished Trimmings.

"I don't understand—I simply do not understand—how such a nice looking young man can be just a common, ordinary furnace man!"

THE next afternoon, Dayton stopped at Fogarty's shop on his way from luncheon. He went ostensibly to thank the man for his good offices, but really from an interest in the old fellow. He arrived quite opportunely, for Fogarty was struggling with the intricacies of a letter which had just arrived and which puzzled him extremely. He handed it to Dayton, with the remark that perhaps he'd have a notion

"You may go down and look at it if you wish, but I can't have any noise or smoke this afternoon."



what the woman was driving at. The note read as follows:

My dear Mr. Fogarty:

Learning from your card that you are in the furnace business I am writing to ask you if you will come and see what is the matter with ours, as it is giving us trouble. Thanking you for your kind rescue of Trimmings, I am

Yours truly,

Marjorie Gordon,
374 Edgerly Blv'd.

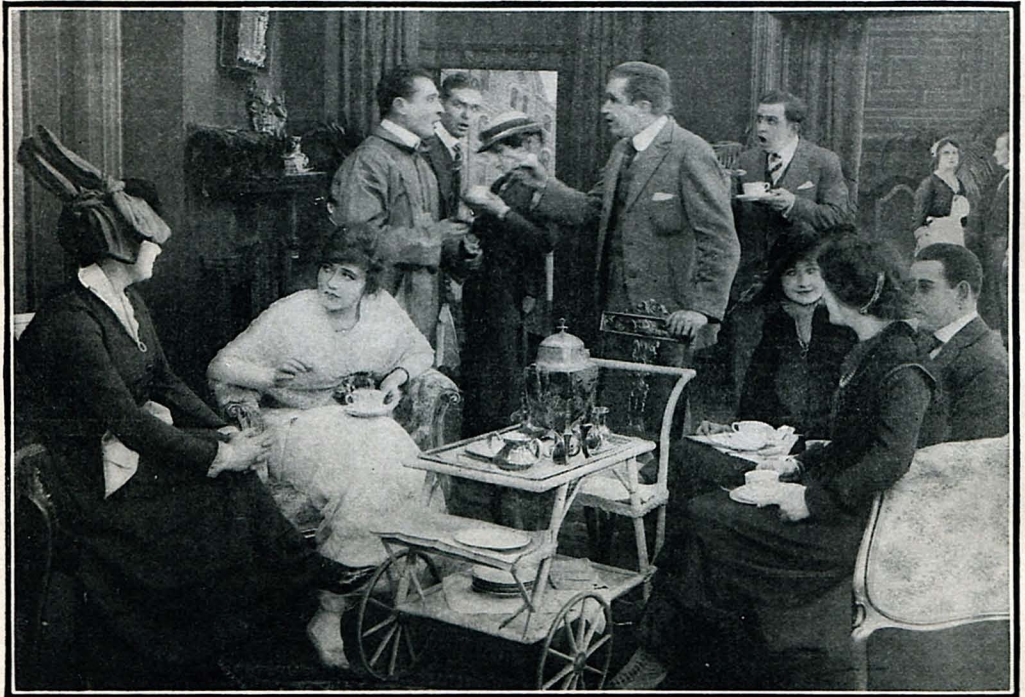
For a moment the young man was as completely puzzled as the old one, then, suddenly, the light dawned upon him. Marjorie Gordon was the prettiest girl in the world, and he had given her old Fogarty's card instead of his own! Then in the wake of this startling realization came a glorious idea. If old Fogarty would back him up why couldn't he play the part? A little rough on the furnace, perhaps, but who cares for a furnace when it's a question of the prettiest girl in the world?

The following day saw young Mr. Dayton, of "Jackson, Everett and Dayton," take leave of his office for a week's duck shooting. The same afternoon saw a good-looking young man, in the working clothes of a mechanic, carrying a box of strange looking tools, shown into the drawing room of Richard Gordon's handsome house on the boulevard. He was such a good-looking young man that the trim maid who ushered him into Miss Gordon's presence forgot to be surprised that her mistress should have the furnace man shown into the drawing room. She hoped that the furnace would not get well too soon.

If Marjorie had been attractive in her street suit, she was adorable in the little dancing frock in which she received the furnace man. She was a bit haughty, however, for she had had time since sending the note to reflect upon its wisdom.

"I got your note yesterday, Miss, but I couldn't come before. I—I was working on another job," said the furnace man.

"I'm sorry. I wanted you yesterday. I'm giving a little dance this afternoon and I'm afraid it won't do to have the furnace tampered with." What a pity to



"John Dayton, by all that's —," began the petrified Bobby, with a glance at the overalls.

have such good looks wasted on a person one couldn't know! If only he had some decent clothes.

"I won't make any racket, Miss. There mayn't be much to do to it, you know."

"There is a great deal to do to it or I shouldn't have sent for you," replied Marjorie, with dignity. "You may go down and look at it if you wish, but I can't have any noise or smoke this afternoon."

"All right, Miss, I'll go down at once," and he started for the door with disconcerting promptness.

"Wait a minute, Mr.—Mr. Fogarty. Your card says that you sell white rats. Do you?"

"Yes, Miss, I do."

"They're such ridiculous things to sell!" Marjorie dimpled deliciously, and Trimmings wagged his tail as though he quite agreed with her. The haughty young lady had vanished and the mischievous school-girl was in her place.

"Not at all. Some folks are very fond of them."

"I have a nephew who adores them. I shall have to get some for him."

"I hope not!" the young man corrected himself quickly. "You see, mine are all dead, Miss Gordon."

"Dead?"

"A dog got into the shop and cleaned out the lot of them."

"Oh, how dreadful!"

"Wasn't it? But perhaps I'd better take a look at the furnace."

"Oh, certainly! Ellen will show you the way." Then, as the door closed: "Trimmings, my love, it's a crime against society for that young man to be messing around furnaces!"

The tango dance was progressing famously. The furnace man knew because he could hear the voices of the guests as they laughed and chattered and the noise of their feet as they fox trotted and half and half'd merrily. He set his teeth and stoked the furnace angrily. This was a fool stunt, he told himself. Why the deuce hadn't he found somebody who knew Miss Gordon and been presented to her in the orthodox way? Another shovel full of coal went into the interior of the suffering furnace. Why take advantage of a misunderstanding and creep into the house like a thief? How those gray eyes would snap when they found him out. What a de-



"Do — do you think it's going to explode?" she asked, fearfully.

licious girl she was, anyhow, and how in the world had he managed to live thirty years without her? More coal.

"Marjorie, have I got a stroke of some sort, or it is fearfully, savagely hot in here?" gasped Bobby Sullivan to his partner.

"It's hot—dreadfully hot," replied Marjorie, apologetically. "I—that is—we—father's got a new man to look after the furnace, and I'm afraid he doesn't understand it very well."

"Well, let's open some windows," panted Bobby.

"A misunderstood furnace is an awful thing."

"I'll go down and tell him to do something to it at once." Marjorie's eyes snapped. "It's ridiculous."

A moment later a vision in white sailed angrily down the cellar stairs and accosted a very dirty young man as he was in the act of putting a shovelful of coal into the furnace.

"Stop! Stop this minute! Don't you know we are simply burning up upstairs?"



Don't you dare put another drop of coal in that thing."

"I'm sorry, Miss, I—"

"Sorry! I only hope you haven't set the chimney on fire."

"Dear me, I hope not. That would be awkward."

"Awkward? It would be awful. Don't you know anything at all about furnaces?"

"Sure I do, only you see I wanted to see the thing under full pressure in order to tell just what was wrong with it, so I filled it up. Sorry I made it so disagreeable for you, honestly I am," and the young man bent a look of sincere contrition upon the vision. It was really very difficult to stay angry.

"Well, please don't do it again; and will you come upstairs and see if you can close the register in the drawing room? There's something wrong with that, too."

Thus it was that a few minutes later Marjorie's guests saw a tall and very good-looking young man come into the room and struggle with the register.

"Marjorie Gordon, who is that good-looking creature?" demanded Sue Harvey, in an awe-stricken voice.

"That? Oh, our new furnace man."

"Well, I'm glad he's your and not ours," replied Sue, with a sigh. "I should forget myself some day and ask him in to tea."

In the meantime, the register adjusted, the furnace man rose and started to leave the room, when, to his amazement and horror the figure of Bobby Sullivan arose between him and the door.

"John Dayton, by all that's—" began the petrified Bobby, with a glance at the overalls.

"Hush!" savagely. "If you want to talk to me come outside."

"Oh, very well. I'm not particular where I talk; if the region of the refrigerator isn't occupied it will suit me splendidly," and Bobby followed the furnace man out into the dining room. "Are you riding the goat or did the other night's little adventure interfere with your brain works?"

"The other night's little adventure turned out very wonderfully for me," replied Dayton, solemnly.

"It did for all of us," said Bobby, shrugging his shoulders. "Jim Heriot had to be married in a rented dress suit and I got the deuce from Marjorie when the story leaked out."

"Marjorie!"

"Yes, Miss Gordon; forgot you didn't know her. You know she and I are old pals; in fact, we're sort of half engaged, you understand."

"Oh!" Dayton felt suddenly cold. "I

say, Bobby," he said, hurriedly, "Don't ask me to explain this business just now, for I can't. In a day or two I'll tell you all about it. It's—well—it is a sort of goat affair. And don't mention it in there, that's a good chap. Bye, bye." And the furnace man vanished abruptly.

"Well, I declare!" murmured the astonished Bobby, as he went back to the drawing room. "Queer fellow, Johnny! Wish he hadn't asked me not to tell—I'd like to ask Marjorie what it all means."

In the meantime, a savage-looking young man in overalls was tramping up and down the furnace room. Engaged to her! Bobby Sullivan! It wasn't possible; no girl like Marjorie would marry a trifter like Bobby. If she would, somebody ought to stop her. Her father, for instance. He was evidently Richard Gordon, of Gordon & Selton, the big exporting firm. Dayton had heard rumors about that firm of late. It was said that the war abroad had hurt its business and that there was danger of bankruptcy. A light came into the furnace man's eyes.

Fate was evidently disposed to make short work of Miss Gordon's dance.

Twenty minutes after the exit of the furnace man a stream of smoke, stifling in its thickness, poured out of the half closed drawing room register and out of several open ones in the adjoining rooms. Choking, weeping and wondering, the guests decided that it was time to go home, and that they had had a charming afternoon, and that they hoped that reckless young man wasn't trying to burn the house down. Marjorie, furious and bewildered, bade them good-bye and then hurried down the cellar stairs. This time the young man would receive a lesson that he wouldn't forget in a hurry. Trembling with anger, a lump in her throat and tears in her eyes, she arrived just in time to seize the furnace man's arm as it was conveying another shovelful of coal to the open door of the roaring, raging monster.

"Don't you dare—don't you *dare* put another lump of coal in! Haven't you one bit of sense?" she demanded, wrathfully.

"Sorry, Miss, but you told me to find out what was wrong with the furnace—"

"I didn't tell you to drive my guests away and burn down the house!" furiously. Then, as a flame leaped out of the open



"Get out of here!" thundered Mr. Gordon, in a manner truly magnificent. "Get out of here at once!"

door: "Do—do you think it's going to explode?" she asked, fearfully.

"I don't think so, Miss, but you can't tell. Furnaces are a lot like womenfolks; don't always know their own minds."

"How dare you! If you touch that door again I'll call the police! Do you understand? You are discharged. I don't ever want to see or talk to you again!"

Of course it was very impertinent; Dayton realized that, several minutes later. But she was so very tempting as she stood there, shaking her finger in his face and threatening him with her angry eyes that discretion fled.

"I'm sorry you feel that way," he said, "because I'd like to talk to you all the rest of my life." And without more ado, he took the vision in his arms and kissed her right on the mouth. There was a little scream and a scuffle and something in white fled wildly up the steps.

There was a knock at the door of Richard Gordon's study and a young man, in the garb of a plumber, entered. A strong smell of smoke accompanied him, and Mr. Gordon realized that a domestic crisis was evidently to the fore.

"Well, what's the matter?" he said, looking up from his papers. The young man sat down, somewhat to Mr. Gordon's surprise.

"Do you mind," he said, "if I smoke? I've got something awfully important to say to you, and I can think better when I'm smoking."

"So can I," said Gordon, who had a sense of humor.

"You see," went on the young man, "it takes nerve to say what I'm going to say to you. I want to marry your daughter and become your partner."

"What!?"

"Oh, I forgot that you don't know me," and the young man handed the older one a card. It did not bear the name of Michael Fogarty. Then, in a few words, the story came out. "Of course it was cheeky, but I was afraid somebody else might have the inside track—like Bobby Sullivan, you know; and I didn't dare wait to be introduced."

"Great Scott, man, do you suppose I'd let my daughter marry a young loafer like Robert Sullivan?"

"Well, I didn't know. Fathers do queer things now and then. You see, I knew

(pardon me if I seem to be talking about things that don't concern me), but I do know that your firm is in difficulties, on account of the war; and Bobby, of course, has a lot of money—"

"My daughter and my business are two entirely separate things, Mr. Dayton," was the curt reply.

"I'm glad of that. I'll take my chances with Miss Marjorie. But about the other proposition; I've some money, left me by an uncle, that I'd like to put into a good business. If you'll take me into your firm, I'll guarantee that you won't regret it. I understand that this has nothing to do with your daughter, beyond granting me a proper introduction to her. You see—" He stopped suddenly. Marjorie, white and angry, had burst into the room. She stopped abruptly at the sight of the furnace man, cigar in mouth, sitting on the edge of her father's table, conversing earnestly with that gentleman.

"Father, what in the world does this mean?" she gasped, wildly.

"The young man is discussing furnaces with me," replied Mr. Gordon promptly. "He tells me that you engaged him."

"Has he told you that I discharged him?" Marjorie threw herself into her father's arms. "He's an impostor, father; he doesn't know a thing in the world about furnaces; he's nearly burned the house down, and he—he—well—he was excessively rude to me."

"Rude to you, darling?" Mr. Gordon's voice was admirable.

"Yes, he—he—he tried to kiss me! You know you did—don't you dare say you didn't." Mr. Gordon turned a majestic front upon the embarrassed youth.

"Get out of here!" he thundered, in a manner truly majestic. "Get out of here at once!" Without the wink, which the young man caught as he left the room, it would have made a fine stage scene. "There, there, darling," he said, as he stroked the girl's hair. "Stop crying and go and make yourself pretty for dinner. My new partner is coming to dine with us, and I don't want a sad little girl at the head of the table. Forget about that fellow—you'll never see him again."

"No—I—I—suppose not!" sobbed Marjorie, as she dabbed her eyes with her handkerchief.

When Ellen announced, "Mr. John

Dayton," about an hour later, Miss Gordon hurried down to greet her father's new partner. She stopped in the doorway, startled.

"Oh," she cried, "what do you mean by coming—oh—what does it all mean?" For the furnace man, handsome and immaculate in evening clothes, stood before her. And he was blushing.

"I'm sorry," he said, slowly. "I played a shabby trick on you. I gave you that card by mistake, and when your note came, I couldn't resist keeping up the deception. You see, all my life I've had in my mind a girl just like you, only I didn't know it till I saw you yesterday morning. Won't you try to forgive me—Marjorie?"

"For the trick, yes, but—"

"But not for taking advantage of you in your own cellar? I promise solemnly never to do that again."

"It was very impertinent of you—"

"It was."

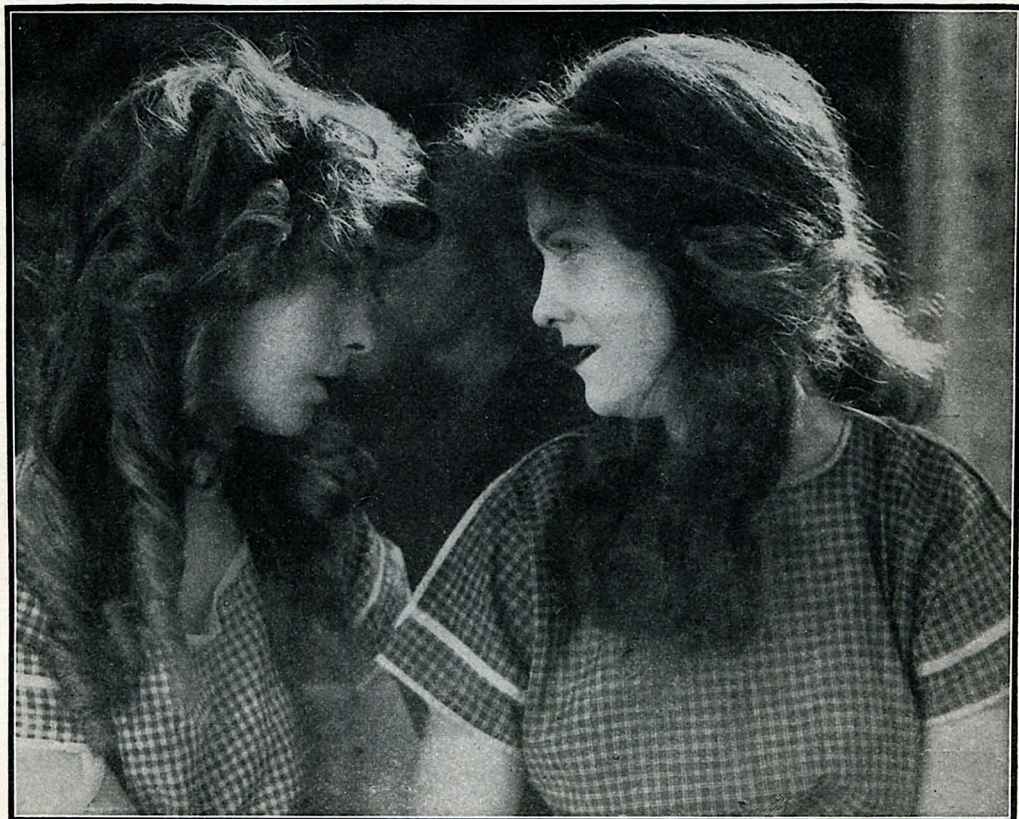
"And I'm glad I fired you. You were a very poor furnace man."

"I would make a much better husband."

"I wonder!" The gray eyes looked into his again and Dayton held out his arms pleadingly.

"There," he said, as he looked down at the face on his shoulder. "You've made me break my promise already."

"No, John, you haven't. We're in the drawing room."



Lillian and Dorothy Gish

Here's a new picture of the two delightful Gish sisters, Lillian (left) and Dorothy (right) who appear in Griffith feature films. Dorothy has only recently recovered from a painful injury which she met with shortly before Christmas when she was run down by an automobile on her way home from the Mutual studio in Los Angeles. Both girls have proved themselves, under David W. Griffith's tutelage, capital comedienness.

Herbert Yost Side Steps the One Part Jinks



MUCH has been written recently of great actors and actresses who have been induced to forsake the legitimate stage to "pose" for motion pictures, but Mr. Herbert Yost's reasons for doing this are unique. Mr. Yost disappeared from the dramatic stage two years ago during the run of "Over Night," in which he had scored the most conspicuous hit of his career. Since that time he has been unheard of in theatrical circles, and a report of his death was widely circulated and rather generally accepted as a fact. And the strangest part of it all is that Mr. Yost insists that the rumor was not, as Mark Twain once said of a similar report about himself, "greatly exaggerated." And thereby hangs a tale of unusual interest.

"Yes, I died," insisted Mr. Yost as he told the story for the first time.

"When I first broke into New York I was very much alive, and felt certain that my three years' training with a 'ten-twenty-third' repertoire show

Not long ago, a report of Herbert Yost's death was widely circulated and Mr. Yost insists that the rumor was not "greatly exaggerated."

Under the name Barry O'Moore he went into the movies. Perhaps his most successful part was that of Octavius in that delightful series of Edison comedies built around Octavius, the amateur detective.



had shaped my shoulders especially to gracefully fill out the mantle of Booth. It took me only two days to secure an engagement—and two nights for the show to fail and go to the storehouse.

"After that I left New York, and went to study in that great school for actors—an institution that exists no more—the stock company.

"For five years I played leads and character parts in the big stock companies of Detroit, Boston, Pittsburg, Milwaukee and Toronto.

"Then I came back for another attack on Broadway.

"I was engaged for the star part in Philip Bartholomae's 'Over Night.'

"The play gained in popularity as it ran on from month to month. I had made a great hit, and my own personal popularity seemed to grow with the play. 'At last,' I said to myself, 'I am established and I can now go out and pick the style of part that best suits my ability.' Then I went the rounds of the managers, and to my great astonishment I learned that I was dead!

"There was no more Herbert Yost, actor, creator of characters—Herbert Yost was dead. As far as theatrical managers were concerned, all that remained was Richard Kettle, the character he played in 'Over Night.'

"No matter where I went it was all the same—they could not be convinced that I could play any other type than the one that had impressed them. One manager said he had a part that would just suit my 'type,' but he would not engage me because I lisped. It happened that I had given a lisp to Richard Kettle, and the manager couldn't picture me playing any part in which I didn't lisp.

"I then realized that if I stayed on the stage I would have to become a 'type'—a one part actor—a Richard Kettle for the rest of my career. There was only one way to overcome this condition—to leave the stage and stay away from the managers until they had forgotten all about that 'type.' I knew that this action would mean the loss of all prestige I had gained and

compel me to begin all over again in my climb up the ladder—but anything was better than remaining dead.

"So I handed in the customary two weeks' notice to the 'Over Night' Company, and quietly dropped out of sight.

"Then I changed my name from Herbert Yost to Barry O'Moore—a name which was intended as a tribute to Ethel Barrymore who, though I had never met her, had always stood as my ideal of women.

"Taking a new name meant that I must enter the film world unheard of, and unknown—but I was rather glad of this because it meant that whatever success I might win would depend entirely on effort and not upon past achievements.

"As Barry O'Moore, a total stranger, I secured an engagement with the Edison Company. In a few weeks I became a regular member of the Edison Stock Company, and for the last two years I have been an Edison Star.

"That motion picture experience was invaluable to me—it taught me things about acting that can never be learned on the stage, where one is apt to depend so much upon voice and personality. Most important of all, it saved me from the dreadful fate of being a one-part actor. I didn't want to be a one-part actor—I wanted to try anything and everything, and motion pictures gave me my opportunity. From the actor's point of view, this makes the new art a vitally interesting one. I know of no other way in which it is possible to get such a wide variety of experience."

Some months ago, Barry O'Moore again disappeared from motion pictures and Herbert Yost appeared on the legitimate stage playing leads at the Punch and Judy Theatre in New York. It is now practically certain that simultaneously with Herbert Yost's appearances on the legitimate stage, Barry O'Moore will again appear in pictures.

There is one tribute he ought to pay to motion pictures, however, and that is to adopt for his work on both stages, his motion picture name, Barry O'Moore.

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"When he was gone, I knew I couldn't stand 'Red House' any longer. I had to be a real person or die."

Beauty to Burn

By George Orcutt

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENTS: *Bernice Frothingham, a beautiful girl of twenty, who lives with her step-father and step-mother at their country place, "Red House," at Lake Geneva, falls in love with Robert Mac-Cameron, the son of a neighboring farmer. Her step-father, Colonel Frothingham, is a multi-millionaire with great pride in his family name and connections. In order to frustrate the proposed marriage, he arranges to have the young man sent away for three years. Bernice is thoroughly disillusioned by her lover's conduct and completely dissatisfied with her restricted life at "Red House." She resolves to run away to Chicago. There she finds a place to live, pawns a rope of pearls which had been her own mother's, and sets out in search of a job under the name of Bernice Gale. Her first experiences are disheartening. She has no experience and no references. Her clothes excite suspicion by their style and quality. But she finds a friend in Sarah Wilbur, a trained nurse. Through Sarah's advice, Bernice secures from Tom Morgan, director of the Transcript Company's productions, a promise of a try-out as a moving picture actress. She hurries back to tell Sarah of her luck. But Colonel Frothingham has now succeeded in tracing her and when she reaches her room she finds him there waiting for her.*

CHAPTER VI

"OH!" Bernice said, in a tone that was almost a sob. She was so startled that she could not have said more even if she had not been completely out of breath. The Colonel rose sharply to his feet. For a moment Bernice stood facing him, her cheeks brilliant, her breath coming and going in gasps and her head in a whirl. With a great effort she pulled herself together and held out her hand.

"How do you do, father," she said. "I wasn't expecting you."

"I suppose not."

The Colonel smiled blandly. Perhaps in his heart he dreaded this interview with his step-daughter as much as she did. But he had had a good two hours in which to prepare himself for her entrance, and he had not run up two flights of stairs at top speed.

"Of course," he added gently, "we couldn't rest until we had found you. I'm more glad than I can say to find you are all right. We did not know but that you were dead, or kidnaped."

"I'm sorry, awfully sorry," Bernice said contritely. And then, realizing that the contest was on, and that she was being attacked on her weakest side, the side of her sympathy, she continued firmly: "But it couldn't be helped. I had to get away, and I knew you wouldn't let me go."

The Colonel sat down, his hands folded on the silver head of his walking-stick.

"Come, Bernice," he said. "Take off your hat and coat and let's talk this thing over amicably. We can still be friends and endeavor to understand each other, can't we?"

Bernice was silent. She took off her hat and her coat and sat down in the other red plush chair. She could not refuse the Colonel's reasonableness and yet she felt the utter hopelessness of trying to explain everything to him. He simply couldn't understand! She wasn't sure that she herself understood everything.

"I know there has been misunderstanding on our part, a painful misunderstanding. Your mother and I have wanted you to be happy. Somehow or other we have failed. We want you to help us to do

better. We would not have interfered in your friendship for Robert MacCameron if we had not put your happiness above everything. We know how hard it was for you to give him up. It was our misfortune that we had to interfere. Perhaps it seemed to you that we were sacrificing your happiness to gratify our own prejudices. But we have hoped that you would understand why we objected to your marrying him, and that in time you would forgive us. Aren't you already—a—a—recovering?"

The Colonel selected his last word with an effort.

Bernice nodded. She did not trust herself to speak for fear she would cry.

"I am glad," the Colonel declared. "And we want you to come back to 'Red House.' We'll forget what has happened. Can't you come back with me tonight, Bernice?"

The Colonel waited a moment for an answer to this question, but Bernice was looking steadfastly out of the window. He decided that the psychological moment had not yet come.

"We know that this thing will rankle for a while, and we realize that there may be other things. We feel that we have not been as considerate of you as we might. We are afraid that we have made you feel that you were not—not—wanted at 'Red House.' If we have done that we have hurt you when we least intended it. We want nothing in the world so much as to have you come back to us. If there is anything we can do to make it pleasanter for you we want to do it."

The Colonel went on talking, saying the same thing over in different words, but Bernice hardly heard him. She was thinking about the question he had asked. Why couldn't she go back to "Red House?" She saw more clearly than she ever had before just why she had run away from a home which provided her, as a matter of course, with everything that money could buy. She was perfectly certain that the Colonel would not understand her reason. But perhaps it was only honest to tell him. Perhaps it would do him good to be told. And now that she had it all so clearly in her head she wanted to put it into words. So when the Colonel finally paused she turned to speak.

"Won't you come back to your mother and me?" he asked, as their eyes met.

"I'm sorry," Bernice answered. "But I can't."

"Why not?" There was the least bit of asperity in the Colonel's tone, which until now had been so paternal.

"Because 'Red House' is so dull that I should go crazy if I tried to live there," Bernice said.

"But—but—," the Colonel was so deeply shocked that he almost stuttered, "but we can make it more interesting. We mean to. That is one of the things we want to do for you. Your mother was saying only the day before you disappeared that you needed to see more of young people. She proposed a house party for the holidays. There are a number of young people who would be delighted to come to Lake Geneva for week-ends. We recognize that you need more of a social opportunity. We feel that we were remiss in this respect or you would not have made friends with Robert MacCameron. It is part of our plan for you that you shall lead a more active life socially."

"All that would make very little difference now," Bernice commented.

"Won't you tell me what would make a difference?" The Colonel's voice was still kind.

"I'm afraid that nothing you could do would make a difference, father," Bernice said gently. "You see it isn't so much that you offer too little as that you offer too much. Let me explain. I had lots of fun learning to ride, and to swim, and to sail a boat, and to skate, and to run on skis. But when I had learned all these things I wanted something else, something harder. All those things were made so easy for me. I felt that I was young and strong and equal to doing things, real things; only there was nothing to do. There were times when I was so bored I could have cried and worse times still when I did cry, and life didn't seem worth living. I wished I were a boy, so that I could be somebody. And then Robert came. I don't want to talk about that part. But he made everything different. You know what happened. I don't blame you for making his father send him away. Perhaps you were right. And anyway that wasn't the worst of it. The worst was that Robert calmly accepted the arrangement. That made me realize that he wasn't the man I thought he was. And then, when he was gone, I knew I

couldn't stand 'Red House' any longer. I had to be a real person or die. I wasn't going calmly to accept everything the way Robert had, and live just the life that somebody else planned for me. It may be very wonderful to have a maid to do everything for you, and all the clothes in the world, and the finest saddle horse in the Middle West—if you've never had anything. But all that isn't much of a satisfaction if you've always had it. I want something that I've got for myself. I want to be on my own. I don't want to be pampered and petted and coddled and protected. I want to meet people, lots of people, and to know them the way they really are. I don't want to know just the carefully selected ones who would be invited to a house party for me. People are the most interesting things in the world. And I've never really known more than three or four in my life. Why, Johnson was my maid for four years and I never got to know her at all. I never could. She was a servant and so we couldn't talk. It was maddening. To me, the most exciting thing in the world is to come into a strange house like this and rent a room and meet the people who live here. There's a trained nurse next door who is the most astounding girl—and the most likable, too. Mother wouldn't have such a person at 'Red House.' Of course not; it isn't done."

The Colonel had been growing more and more fidgety, and at this point he interrupted.

"My dear Bernice, don't you realize that this is a passing fancy of yours that you will tire of in a week. You'll have satisfied all this rather morbid curiosity of yours before you know it and what will be left to you? You talk like a sixteen-year-old boy rather than a carefully brought up young woman. This is all romantic nonsense."

"I don't want to be a carefully brought up young woman," Bernice answered hotly. "I won't be. It doesn't interest me. And Chicago does interest me. Chicago is the most fascinating place in the world."

"But you can come to Chicago—often. Your mother will—"

"You don't understand, father. I've been in Chicago half a dozen times, a dozen probably, with mother. But I never ate my breakfast sitting on a stool at the lunch counter in the railway station restaurant

until I came alone. And as for hunting a job—"

"A job!" The Colonel's tone betrayed his increasing impatience.

"Yes, father. I asked for a job and got turned down and asked again and—"

"Good heavens, Bernice," the Colonel broke in. "You have gone quite far enough. I shall have to forbid you to take a job. Don't you realize—why, I believe you're crazy."

"No. I'm merely more sensible than I've ever been before, that's all. I want to find out how it feels to earn your own living. It's a game. You must understand that. You would understand my feeling perfectly if I were a son instead of a daughter."

"But you are not a son and you are a daughter. You haven't stopped to think. Do you really suppose that young men work because they think it is fun? They work because they have to."

"Perhaps some of them do, even most of them. But at first, at least, it's fun to get a job and to hold it. And that's the fun I want to get out of life right now. I want to try myself out."

"You don't know what you're doing!" The Colonel almost shouted.

"I didn't know what I was doing when I ran away," Bernice admitted. "I ran away like a child, without thinking what was going to become of me and without in the least seeing what a desperate experiment I was trying. If I had known how hard it would be that first night in Chicago I might never have had the courage to come. I hope I should, but I'm afraid I shouldn't have. But now the worst is over with. I have a place to live and nearly all of the hundred dollars I borrowed on my pearls and—"

"That necklace is worth \$5,000," the Colonel interjected.

"And I'm going to redeem it, too," Bernice answered. "I tell you, father, I'm going to work—and that's all there is to it."

"Work at what?" the Colonel roared.

"I'm going to be a moving picture actress in the Transcript Stock Company."

"Good God!"

The Colonel rose from his chair and stalked about the room.

"Don't you know that the newspapers will never let us hear the last of it?"

"The newspapers?" Bernice had not

thought of them. But the idea did not particularly frighten her. "I'm sorry, father. Maybe they won't know of it. I don't see why they should. If they do, we'll have to stand it."

"I won't stand it."

Bernice remembered that her father had nourished a special antipathy to newspapers ever since they had ridiculed his loss of memory on the witness stand in a great federal trial involving some of his business interests. But quite apart from this fact, newspaper notoriety would be the last thing in the world that the Frothinghams would want.

"I'm as sorry as I can be, father," Bernice said. "But I'm determined to have my way this time."

The Colonel picked up his gloves and his stick.

"You'll not have your way, young lady. You'll be back in 'Red House' within forty-eight hours. That's all I have to say to you: 'Red House' in forty-eight hours."

And the door slammed behind him.

CHAPTER VII

THE next morning, as Bernice got off the car to walk the block to the Transcript Company's studios, she noticed a big limousine car start from the curb and move very slowly, its engine purring like a great cat, in the direction she was taking. It did not overtake her. A few yards from the door of the Transcript Company's building she noted that a big man in a derby hat and wearing no overcoat was cutting rapidly across the street. It seemed to her in that moment that he was planning to intercept her. And as she dismissed this idea from her mind as a childish fear, she saw Colonel Frothingham, with a third man, come round the corner toward her. Bernice did not know whether to run or to scream, so she stood still and waited.

"I want you to come with me, Bernice," the Colonel said crisply. He waved toward the limousine, which was now creeping up to the curb within a yard. "This car is waiting to take us to the railway station."

"I sha'n't go," Bernice said in a low voice. She was afraid there would be a scene, and that a crowd would collect. "I thought you knew from what I told you last night that I wouldn't go."

"Then we shall have to take you," the Colonel said, his mustache quivering. "We are going to take you. I advise you not to resist."

Bernice realized that the big man in the derby hat was close at her shoulder, that she could not make a dash for the door of the Transcript building with any hope of reaching it. She did not know what to do. She was trapped. Inwardly her rage at her step-father was so great that she could have killed him if she had had a weapon. Outwardly she had not lost her self-control.

"I shan't go. If you try to make me I shall scream. I shall scream if any of you move an inch nearer."

The Colonel tapped his breast pocket.

"I have a warrant for your arrest in my pocket, Bernice. Nobody has any power to stop us. These men with me are deputies of the court. They have legal authority to take you. You are under arrest. Now will you come quietly or make a scene?"

Bernice remembered a line from a story she had once read.

"On what charge do you arrest me?" she asked of the man beside the Colonel.

"I guess it's insanity, Miss," he said.

Bernice felt all her courage leave her sickeningly. The trap had sprung! She tried to smile. In that moment, when all the hope and joy of her adventure, which had survived so many fears and so many difficulties, were gone she still wished to retain her outward poise, to yield gracefully. She looked at the Colonel, her lips parting. She saw the Colonel's face relax with the knowledge that he had won at last. But before she could indicate her assent in speech she saw beyond the Colonel, on the steps of the Transcript building, the face of the director who had listened to her the day before.

"Oh, Mr. Morgan," she called.

Tom Morgan turned, his hand on the door-handle. For a moment Bernice feared he had not really heard and yet she had not breath to call again. The Colonel made half a step forward, as if to seize Bernice, and then paused. Tom Morgan walked briskly toward the group.

"What's up, Miss Gale?" he asked, one corner of his mouth lifting a little in the curiously friendly, humorous way she had observed in that first brief interview with him.

"This is my step-father, Colonel Frothingham, Mr. Morgan," Bernice said, indicating the Colonel with a nod that somehow made her speech a statement of fact rather than of introduction, "and these men with him are deputies of the court. They have a warrant for my arrest on the charge that I am insane. I am afraid I shall have to go with them, so that I sha'n't be able to fulfill my contract with you this morning."

That word "contract" was pure divination on Bernice's part. She hardly knew the significance it had in Tom Morgan's mind. She did not in the least know that he had been thinking of making a contract with her.

"That's unfortunate—," Tom Morgan began, eyeing the Colonel, and Bernice alternately, alert to find the crux of this situation.

"It's very unfortunate, Mr. Morgan," the Colonel said hurriedly, "and that's why we want to keep it the rather private matter it is. It will be too bad if my daughter's condition becomes a matter of public notoriety. I hope you will regard your information as confidential. Come, Bernice." The Colonel made a gesture toward the car at the curb.

"Pardon me, Colonel Frothingham," Tom Morgan said. "I don't want to interfere in a private and family matter—."

"That's exactly what this is," the Colonel interrupted. He was anxious to indicate to Mr. Morgan that his presence was not desired but he did not want to offend this man, whose mere knowledge of what was going on made him dangerous to the Colonel's peace of mind.

"I see," Tom Morgan observed, and his smile was gone. "But you have a warrant for Miss Gale's arrest, which makes the matter a public as well as a private one, Colonel Frothingham and—."

"It is not public. I have arranged that it shall not be public. Nobody knows about this matter but we four here and the court and if you will be so kind as to assist us in avoiding a scandal nobody else will know of it. Now can't you see that this delay is dangerous?"

"Just a moment, Colonel. I have a contract with Miss Gale. That contract is worth money to my firm, or I shouldn't have made it. I have an interest in this matter perhaps as deep as yours."

He turned quickly to Bernice, the smile appearing slightly as he spoke.

"Are you dangerously insane, Miss Gale," he asked.

"You should be a judge, Mr. Morgan," Bernice said with a flippancy that indicated how rapidly her courage was coming back. "I ran away from home in order to join the Transcript Stock Company."

The look that Bernice and Tom Morgan exchanged was of the briefest, but it meant that they understood each other, and that they would stand together in this matter.

"I have had enough of palaver," Colonel Frothingham said angrily. "If you will kindly step aside, Mr. Morgan, we will—."

Tom Morgan looked the Colonel in the eyes.

"I think you had better come in to my office for a moment. I'd like to discuss this matter a little farther."

"Nonsense," Colonel Frothingham said. "We shall do nothing of the sort. The matter does not concern you. I resent your—."

"Of course you resent it, Colonel," and Tom Morgan's smile curved irregularly upward as he spoke. "But you're coming in just the same. If you don't I'll have every newspaper in Chicago at your heels in half an hour and the judge who issued that warrant so quietly for you will have to explain how you got it."

The Colonel's face was white with rage.

"Sir, I—."

"I think, Colonel, that the headlines will be two columns wide tomorrow morning."

The Colonel seemed to shrink. He was really frightened. He was not a man who was accustomed to opposition of any sort. Bernice's defiance of him had angered him at the same time that he had felt genuinely concerned about her. All his pride of family and wealth, which was the great pride of his life, had urged him to compel her obedience to what he regarded as only the natural obligation of a young woman of her place and class. And so he had gone farther than he had intended, farther than it would be at all safe to let the public know. To have the whole matter headlined in the newspapers was precisely what he had tried to avoid in his attempts to persuade Bernice from her course. Above all things he did not want anybody to know of his daughter's attempt to run away from

home and become a moving picture actress—for the Colonel still called it an “attempt” in his own mind. Tom Morgan’s threat touched the one weak spot in the Colonel’s plan.

Tom Morgan watched the Colonel with alert patience. He could guess something of what was passing through the Colonel’s mind. And now he spoke in the voice of authority:

“I think you’d better come in and talk it over with me, Colonel. Perhaps we can come to an understanding.”

Colonel Frothingham said nothing; instead he walked toward the doorway of the Transcript building. It was the gesture of defeat; and that he knew it, was evidenced by the fact that he paused before entering the building to confer a moment with the two deputies and to dismiss them. For though they were technically officers of the court, and hence sworn servants of the commonwealth it was apparent enough that they were in reality the hired employes of Colonel Frothingham.

Bernice never knew in detail what happened in Tom Morgan’s inner office that momentous morning. He left her in the ante-room, leaning over to whisper in her ear, as he seated her in a chair: “You stay right here until I come back.”

Scarcely a minute after he closed the door on himself and the Colonel an office boy came in through another door with “a paper” and a freshly dipped pen with which to write her signature. She noted that the ink in which the memorandum was written was freshly-blotted and that the words she so hurriedly read had something to do with “fifty-two (52) weeks” and “One hundred dollars (\$100)” a week. While she sat waiting for Tom Morgan and her step-father to reappear she was able to construct in her mind what the incident meant. The memorandum was evidently the mythical contract which Tom Morgan had mentioned with such assurance when the Colonel had objected to his interest in the warrant for her arrest. Tom Morgan, she imagined, had kept the Colonel waiting a moment under some pretext or other while he wrote out an informal contract and got her signature, in case it should occur to that gentleman to doubt the existence of any written agreement between his daughter and the Transcript Producing Company.

The Colonel had regained his usual manner when he came out of the office and said a brief good-bye to Bernice. He assured her that he and her mother would be glad to have her visit them at any time, that they hoped to hear from her often as to how she was getting on and that she would call upon them for anything they might do for her comfort or happiness, but that he had been persuaded that if she wished to try being a moving picture actress for as much as a year she might do so without any sort of interference from them.

He regretted her decision, feared that it would become known among their circle, but he expected that it would not become known to the newspapers until it was an old story, if at all. With that he shook hands with Bernice and bowed himself out almost as gracefully as if everything had gone to his utmost satisfaction.

Bernice felt a little shaky when the Colonel had gone, and for the first time it really seemed as if she were to have the chance in life she had so coveted and for which she had dared so much. She felt a strangely compelling desire to burst into tears. She was deeply grateful for the imagination which made Tom Morgan realize this.

“Now Miss Gale, I am going to turn you over to one of our company, Evelyn Sharp. She’ll show you around and introduce you to everybody. Perhaps you’d rather see the studio and some of our people at work before you meet anybody. We sha’n’t do any trying-out just now. I think you’ll do for something or other. The try-out will help to decide what you can do best. I am going to tear up this contract engaging you at \$100 a week. My boss might ask me some embarrassing questions if he knew that I had hired an unknown at that salary. But I don’t doubt that after six months he’ll thank me for persuading you to accept twice that much.”

Evelyn Sharp proved to be a jolly plump girl, a “comedienne,” as she explained to Bernice with an infectious laugh at herself, who talked so incessantly about everything and nothing that Bernice was not required to talk at all. So she was able to gain her self-control and gradually to put out of her mind the pain of the hour when Colonel Frothingham seemed to have won and she faced the prospect of being legally confined



"I have had enough of palaver," Colonel Frothingham said angrily. "If you will kindly step aside, Mr. Morgan, we will"

to "Red House" under the alternative of going to some private hospital for the insane. To one who has been brought up with every protection and every luxury the idea of submitting to the law is painful enough, without the additional pain of being adjudged insane. If the Colonel had actually succeeded in his plan he would undoubtedly have produced the insanity in Bernice which he had charged and which, so great was his pride in his family and in having his own way, he would have "proved" with the aid of "experts." For insanity is not an easily definable thing, recognizable to the lay observer. Most of us are sane enough but all of us are, as somebody has observed, "a little insane at times." To be adjudged insane by error or by criminal intention is an experience which few but the strongest of us could survive. That is why it is so difficult to discover long afterward whether depriving a human being of his liberty on the charge of his relatives that he is insane was justifiable or not.

But Bernice's reflections on these matters gave place before she knew it to her curiosity about the arrangements of the studio. Evelyn Sharp explained everything with such gusto that Bernice could not help enjoying her talk even if she was unable to appreciate a single one of the personal allusions to this member or that of the world behind the camera in which Evelyn Sharp lived. Bernice saw for the first time the famous mercury-vapor lamps, which take the place of sunlight during the greater part of the time in most studios and which produce such an astounding, not to say horrifying, effect on even the finest complexion. Evelyn Sharp saw Bernice's start of surprise at the ugly blueish blotches which appeared on her own face under the mysterious light of the sputtering tubes.

"You don't need to register horror at me," Evelyn protested with a laugh. "You're own face looks just as bad in this light."

Involuntarily Bernice raised her hand to her face, as if to rub off the blotches.

"Doesn't it matter in the film?" she asked.

"Not a bit. Colors are the same to the camera as they are to your eye. You'll learn a lot about that when you get your costumes."

"And what does register mean?"

"Register! Don't you know what 'register' means? Why every film fan knows that word."

"But I've never been a film fan," Bernice explained. "I've never had a chance. I never saw a moving picture show in my life until day before yesterday."

Evelyn was speechless for a moment, an extreme expression of her astonishment.

"Kid," she said, "where did you come from?"

Bernice had to explain as best she could without telling the story of her life.

Evelyn looked her up and down.

"Well," she observed, "I must say that if the pictures haven't got to the wilds of Wisconsin the Paris clothes certainly have. I'll bet Mary Fuller herself hasn't got the mate to that suit you've got on."

When Bernice had accounted for her clothes, explaining where she had got this thing and the other, Evelyn introduced her to a group of the Transcript Stock Company who, having dressed their parts, were whiling away the time, until the director should call for them, with gossip and the contents of a basket of home-made cookies which an admirer of the Transcript's leading lady had expressed to her from a Virginia town so small that none of them had ever heard its name before.

They all greeted Bernice with friendly curiosity, after their several fashions. The fat man with the sad eyes and the rich voice whose name was Baldwin—even Bernice knew the name of Arthur Baldwin, the low comedian whose long years of success on the speaking stage had been capped by the most astounding popularity in the films—greeted her with solemn courtesy. It seemed absurd to Bernice that everybody called so dignified a man "Baldie." It seemed less absurd the next moment when he passed her a cookie with a gesture so droll in its unctuous exaggeration that she had to laugh in spite of herself. The other man whom she remembered best afterward was introduced simply as "Our Buddie." It was several days before Bernice learned that he was the great James K. Budlong, who was compelled to employ two secretaries to answer the more pressing letters from the enormous bag full of mail he received daily and who was said to spend an hour morning and night in signing the photographs of himself he sent to the ad-

mirers who requested them. He was dressed like a college boy, only more smartly, and wore his hair brushed back from his face in the fashion just then popular among undergraduates. Bernice could not tell whether he was twenty or thirty years of age but she thought she had never seen a man with a finer profile in her life. He might have been a young Greek god, with his slender yet strong figure, his close-cropped yellow curls, and his straight nose and rather rounded chin, so deeply-cleft. Mary Gardiner, the leading woman to whom the cookies had been sent, was not present; but her understudy, Gladys Morgan, a small dark girl with the hands of a baby and a delicately moulded body and great dark eyes with long lashes—to which in make-up had been added "beads" so that, as Bernice explained that night to Sarah Wilbur, they shaded her eyes like awnings—was introduced. Bernice remembered her afterward because she had felt a subtle antagonism in the girl, something that she could not describe or identify in anything the girl did or said, but which she instinctively felt was there. It was natural enough and Bernice would not have puzzled a moment about it if she had known a little about professionals and their jealousies and the reasons for them. The fact was that Gladys Morgan was nobody's fool and she saw at a glance that Bernice would be her rival from the start.

Before she went home to tell Sarah Wilbur all about everything Bernice spent an hour with Tom Morgan.

"Sit down and tell me about yourself," he said, when Bernice entered his office in response to his summons.

"There's so much to tell I—."

"I see you're an actress already," Tom said, his twisted smile appearing. "The best thing an actress does is to tell about herself."

"I was going to say that there was so much to tell I thought you'd have to take a week off to hear it and so I'd better not start in."

"I know," Tom Morgan said, with a quick look at her. "Your story can wait. I'd like to hear it some time—if you want to tell it to me—but I want you to forget about it now. Don't think about it any more than you can help. You're going to make a movie actress of yourself and a good one. You've got everything to learn. I'd

learn it fast if I were you. Didn't you tell me you could ride horseback?"

"Yes."

"And swim?"

"Yes."

"You aren't afraid of a good dive?"

"Not a bit."

"I'm glad to hear it. It takes nerve to do some of the things we ask our people to do. But I never ask them to do anything that's really dangerous—I mean dangerous to a person with nerve. If you've really got the nerve you'll never break a bone in my company. There aren't many directors that can say that, but I can. Only don't imagine that it's easy to do everything I want. It isn't."

"Can you skate?"

"Pretty well."

"You've never been on skis, or snowshoes, I suppose?"

"Yes, I have been on skis a lot and I have tried snowshoes."

"That's good; we'll be wanting to do some outdoor work in the snow this winter, a story that may take us to the Yosemite National Park, where they use skis. And don't mention the fact that I told you that. I shouldn't have. All our plans are secrets. They've got to be. Only I hate not telling a thing to one of my people when I want to. I like to trust them."

"You can trust me," Bernice said. "And I haven't had a chance to tell you how grateful I am to you, I—."

"Never mind that. You needn't be grateful. I thought my company needed you, that's all. It was a pure matter of business."

Bernice knew it wasn't a "pure matter of business," and she knew that he knew. They understood each other very well already, these two, and each respected the other from the start, though each realized how much there was to learn about the other, how much that was mysterious.

"Now," Tom Morgan said, "I want you to register a pleasant smile." And he smiled his own curious, twisted, humorous smile at her, a smile that gave a turn to everything he said, however commonplace the words seemed to be.

Bernice smiled frankly back at him.

"That's good enough," he said, "but it's a little too friendly. It's a little too nice a smile—just the kind of smile you ought to give me and I take it now as my reward

for saving you from the clutches of father—and not the smile you would give somebody who was being introduced to you.”

These words, without any volition on Bernice's part, lowered the curve of her smile. She was conscious of not quite liking them.

“That's it. That's just it. The society lady smiling pleasantly yet without meaning anything pleasant. You've got it. Now register despair.”

Bernice didn't know how to register despair. She rolled her eyes, but the idea of the expression wouldn't come.

“Try saying some words. Say, ‘I'll never see him again,’” and Tom Morgan's tone was slow and deep.

Bernice said the line after him, in the same tone.

“You're not acting,” Tom Morgan cried. “You're not thinking what those words mean. Think what they mean and nod your head a little as you say them.”

Bernice tried again.

“That's a little better but you haven't enough expression. Do it again.”

And so Bernice said the line and tried to express it in her face over and over again.

For nearly an hour Tom Morgan continued to work with her, becoming more and more the earnest teacher and less and less the friendly man.

“When you go home to-night practice these things in front of your mirror. Practice them whenever you think of them and you had better think of them often. Tomorrow I'll give you an order on the costumer. And in a day or two we'll have a chance to see if you got the kind of nerve

a movie actress needs to have. Good-night.”

As he spoke his goodnight, Tom Morgan turned back to his littered desk. Apparently Bernice was only a machine to him and he was a busy man.

“But Mr. Morgan,” Bernice asked, “will I do?”

He turned impatiently toward her.

“O, you'll do for something, never fear. You'll do pretty well if you work hard. I don't prophesy anything unless you work.”

Bernice thanked him and went out, a little disappointed. She had hoped for more than that. She resolved to work hard. She would surprise this man, who interested her so deeply because he seemed to understand so much that was going on in her head. It did not occur to her that Tom Morgan had known enough of what went on in her head to guard her against an inflated idea of her capacities—that he had deliberately under-stated the case when she had asked him if she “would do.” Indeed, if Bernice could have been looking over Tom Morgan's shoulder at the night-letter he was writing to Lonsdale, the head scenario writer of the Transcript Company in New York, instead of walking down the street toward the elevated station, she would have had more than one surprise. For this is what she would have read:

“I want a three-reel from you just as fast as you can get it. One for a new girl I've found. Get as much variety as possible into it so as to give her the experience. She can swim, ride, anything you like. And as for a face and a figure—well, she's got beauty to burn.”

(To be continued next month.)

THE MOVIES GET ANOTHER BROADWAY STAR

MISS GLADYS HANSON, who is widely known as a Broadway star and who played the leading role in the Famous Player production of “The Straight Road,” has been engaged by the Lubin Company and will be featured first in Henry Arthur Jones' “The Evangelist,” under the direction of Barry O'Neil. Miss Hanson has the distinction, an almost unique one, of having been trained by her parents for the stage. Instead of going to a finishing school when she graduated from the Washington Seminary, Miss Hanson was sent to New York, where she studied foreign languages, music, and literature, and went to see all of the best plays produced. She has been leading woman with E. H. Sothern, with Kyrle Bellew, and with Henry Miller.

Her Husband's Son

DO YOU THINK ROBERT WILLARD HAD A RIGHT TO DOROTHY'S LOVE? DO YOU BELIEVE THAT HE DID THE RIGHT THING AT THE RIGHT TIME? DID HIS SON DO JUST WHAT A SON SHOULD DO? READ THE STORY AND SEE WHAT YOU THINK ABOUT IT.

By George Bernard

Illustrations from the Edison Film.

EVEN a careless eye, beholding Robert Willard for the first time that March morning as he sat musing in his dressing-gown, would have noted that his was a distinguished face. He had heavy, black eye-brows, in sharp contrast to his hair, which was prematurely white. But the most observing person would hardly have guessed how deeply troubled he was. The only outward sign of what was passing in his mind was a slight knitting of those fine brows. He was a strong man and one who prided himself on his strength. It was part of his code to keep his troubles to himself, and long schooling of himself had taught him to look the world serenely in the face, whatever happened. Just now he frowned, because the future looked so desperate. He wished he knew someone in all the world with whom he might talk it all out. But the two persons whom he held nearest and dearest, his wife and his son, were the two above all others with whom he could not talk.

He had been a fool, he reflected, to break his vow and marry again, especially to marry Dorothy, who was not yet twenty-two. He had overheard a gossiping woman say, "It can't last; he's old enough to be her father." The first three words of that speech, "It can't last," kept coming back into his mind. He could not forget them. And now it seemed that they were already true, after less than a year. He remembered how angry he had been when his son, Robert, Jr., coming home for a holiday from college, had asked, "Why did you break your promise, father?" It was true that he had vowed he would never marry again; but he had made his vow to no one but himself; he had not broken a promise so much as changed his mind, when he had fallen in love with Dorothy. He won-

dered if Robert, Jr., had foreseen the result of such a marriage. Perhaps his resentment of Dorothy was due to a feeling that she had, as he would have said, "roped him in." Nothing could have been less true, he reflected. He had fallen in love with her almost at sight and taken her away from half a dozen young men. It was not a matter of money, for two of these former suitors of hers were at least as wealthy as he was. He blushed at the thought. He knew that Dorothy was not the sort that marries for money. But could her interest in young people, the set that danced and dined and golfed together, mean anything but that she was no longer interested in him?

Robert, Jr., was something of a problem, too. Within a week he had written asking for \$200 to pay a gambling debt. It was the third time in a year. There was nothing Robert Willard detested much more than gambling. It seemed inexcusable to him that a twenty-year old boy should contract gambling debts at college. And so he had replied to his son's letter, enclosing a check for \$200 and saying that the money could be used as the boy saw fit. Only if it went to pay gambling debts it could not go to pay college bills, and he did not intend to send any more money for two months. "You can either adjust your gambling debts," the letter had concluded, "so that you can pay them gradually out of the \$100 a month I allow you or you can use the \$200 I am sending to pay them at once and begin to earn your own living. In the meantime I do not care to hear from you." He wished he had not written that last sentence. It was unnecessary. It did not represent his real feeling. After all, he had played poker a little himself while he was in college; and if he managed not to

get in as deep as his son, that was perhaps no credit to his moral character but rather to his luck. He wondered if he had not been harsher with Robert, Jr., than he would have been if the young man had not taken an apparent dislike to Dorothy.

Robert Willard looked up suddenly. Dorothy had come into the room dressed for the street. Her mere presence drove away the blues. She was so young, so fair—and so friendly.

"Put on your things and come out with me!" she cried. "It's a glorious day."

"Every day is a glorious day at your age, Dorothy," he said.

"Pshaw!" she answered. "You talk like a grandfather but you look like a matinee idol. I suspect you of dyeing your hair white in order to make yourself look older."

"Flatterer."

Her answer was a kiss.

But he did not respond to her bird-like caress. Some remnant of his moody self-questioning held him back. She seemed

to realize that he was not in a mood for talk, and she did not repeat her invitation to accompany her.

"Good-bye, then," she said. "I've got some shopping to do. You haven't forgotten that we're going to the Barton's dinner-dance tonight, have you?"

"No," Robert Willard answered briefly, almost curtly, "I haven't forgotten."

He watched her as she moved off, her young head so proudly poised. She stopped at the table in the hall, where the letters were put. He could see her looking through a pile of them in the tall mirror opposite while she could not see him. She turned the envelopes over, rejecting two at a glance and opening a third. It was a mere card which she read instantly and then thrust in her purse. He saw her face for an instant. To his morbid eye the faint smile on her lips seemed furtive. She came back into the room and fluttered down at his feet.

"Robert," she said, looking up appealingly, "I need some money, a lot of money."

"But why such a beseeching tone?" he said, smilingly. "You know you have only to ask."

"I know you always give me what I ask for without any questions but I hate to ask, just the same. I want \$200."

"What, all that?" he asked, mockingly, and took his check-book out of his pocket. "You're as bad as Robert. He wanted \$200 the other day."

She took the check, and holding it by one corner, waved it in the air a moment to dry the ink.

"I know Robert wanted \$200 and I think you ought to have given it to him, especially when he honestly admitted that he needed it because he had been gambling. How do you know I don't want this \$200 to pay a gambling debt? I may have been losing at bridge for all you know."

"Well, what do you want it for?" The question had been trembling on his lips for three minutes and yet the moment he had uttered it he could have bitten his tongue.

"O," she said, "that would be telling."

He frowned in spite of himself.

She saw the frown.

"I don't have to tell, really, do I?"

"Of course not," Robert Willard answered, heartily. But the heartiness cost



She came back into the room and fluttered down at his feet.

him an effort. His curiosity was so thoroughly aroused that only long habit prevented him from losing his self-control and demanding the letter she had put in her purse as well as a precise statement as to what she intended to do with the money. He felt a keen sense of relief when she said good-bye again and started off. Then a wave of doubt swept over him.

"O, Dorothy," he called.

The door closed. She had not heard him. Or had she? The black mood came down on him again. For an hour he went over and over the problem of the letter and the check. Every fifteen minutes he would come to the conclusion that neither was of any significance whatever. But he no sooner realized that the simplest and most innocent of explanations was behind the incident than his mind went on to consider all sorts of possibilities. He had not the slightest reason to suspect Dorothy of anything and yet there he was suspecting her of everything. Why had she chosen that letter so unerringly from the pile as the only one she wished to read? Why had she thrust it in her purse without a word about it? If it interested her that much it should interest her enough to tell him about it—unless it was something she did not want to tell him. Why had she avoided telling him for what purpose she wanted the \$200? It was true he always gave her money when she asked for it and that he had never asked her to tell what she wanted to spend it for. It had never occurred to him to ask. He was always glad to give her money. But she had never asked for so much before and usually she had frankly stated why she wanted money.

He went over all the ground of his former thinking, of his folly in marrying one so much younger than himself, of Robert's dislike of her, of her ready interest in the younger set she was always with, of days when he had sat on the club-house porch exchanging reminiscences with one of his fellow-lawyers while she played eighteen holes at golf, of the evenings spent mostly in the smoking-room while she danced the hesitation and the fox trot. He wondered if she were flirting with any of those young men, with George Harper, for instance. At the last dance she and young Harper had been very gay together. He had noticed that they danced two dances in succession together. For all he knew it



"I'll tell you a secret. I want a smoke."

might have been three or five, because he had escaped from the ball-room. Young women bored him. In fact, nearly all women bored him, except Dorothy. He decided to go down to his office and work. He was ashamed of his mood. And as he tied his tie he gave the mood a name: it was jealousy. Nothing else but jealousy, the one human feeling that he least respected in others.

It was one of the longest days of his life. He could not work. He tried to dictate a letter and awoke after ten minutes to the fact that his stenographer was waiting patiently while he stared moodily out of the window and turned over in his mind the incident of the letter and the check. By evening he had a raging headache. He hurried home to dress for the Barton dinner-dance. On the way he began to wonder where Dorothy was and what she had been doing all day. He wanted to see her, to lead her on to talk about where she had been and whom she had seen. He rushed up the stairs to their rooms.

"O, Dorothy," he called. He realized that his voice was harsh and strained.

There was no answer.

He called again. The maid came in to tell him that Mrs. Willard had not yet returned.

"I'm expecting her any moment," she added. "It's six o'clock now and the carriage is ordered for seven."

Robert Willard paced back and forth as he dressed. He laid his watch on his dressing-table. His eye returned constantly to it. "Five minutes gone," he said to himself. That meant five minutes of suspense, of fear and suspicion and hatred—hatred of himself—had been endured. At last she came, smiling gaily.

"I'm awfully late. I'll have to jump into my clothes," she cried, and disappeared into her room.

For a few minutes he was calmer. He tied his dress tie with skill, found a cigar, and went down stairs to wait. By the time Dorothy appeared he had gained control of himself. He was almost himself during the ten-minute drive to the Bartons. He could eat nothing at dinner but he chatted with simulated gaiety all through the meal. Afterward he disappeared in the smoking-room. The effort he had made to keep his self-control had told on him. He felt chilly, although the room was warm. After he had smoked a cigar he felt equal to wandering into the ball-room. He saw Dorothy dancing with George Harper. How graceful she was! How charmingly she held her head! And how happy she seemed!

The dance stopped, as he stood in the doorway. A little group formed around her. She was laughing, as she bantered George Harper. He watched them bitterly. Why could not he be a part of all this? And if he could not why should she?

He started to go to her but was stopped half way across the ball-room by two radiant young girls, friends of Dorothy's whom he had known since they were babies.

"Oh, Mr. Willard," Susan Armstrong exclaimed, "aren't you ever going to ask any of us to dance? All of us girls are just dying to dance with you and they dared me to ask you."

"I certainly am," he answered, gallantly. "But first," putting his finger to his lips, "I'll tell you a secret. I want to smoke." His voice sank to a mysterious whisper, "and I promised Dorothy that I'd stay here. Now promise me that you won't tell her where I've gone and I'll be back in just a little while to dance with all of you."

At that moment Dorothy caught sight of

him, and turning from the group she came swiftly toward him.

"O, Robert," she cried, "won't you dance with me? It's such wonderful music."

He smiled in spite of himself at her bright face.

"Of course," he said. "I'd like to dance with you. I've been wishing to all evening."

The music started up as he spoke. He moved as if to put his arm around her.



"Come on," she said. "Let's dance it together."

"O, no," she said. "I've got this one taken. We can't dance till the third one after this."

His smile vanished. She saw that he was disappointed.

"Come on," she said. "I'll cut him. It's only George Harper. Let's dance it together."

"No," Robert Willard said, evenly. "let's wait. You mustn't cut a dance, even for me."

"Well, then," she said, "don't you forget. We have the third from this."

"All right." He turned as if to go.

"O, Robert," she said. "Stay here and

watch. You'll surely forget if you go back to the smoking-room."

As young George Harper claimed her as his partner a card dropped at her feet. She danced off without seeing it. Robert Willard stooped quickly and picked it up. In a scrawl that seemed somehow familiar, it read:

"You're an angel. Look for me in the conservatory at the Barton dance any time after midnight. I can't get there before."

He thrust the card in his pocket and strode out of the room, got his coat and hat, slipped out of the side entrance, walked a block, hailed a taxi, and drove home. While the machine waited outside he ran up the stairs, took a revolver from a drawer, slipped it into his coat pocket, and ran down again. Within half an hour after he had read the card he was back at the dance. No one had noted his absence except Dorothy. When he had not come to dance with her she had supposed he had forgotten.

At mid-night Robert Willard took up a station in the hall leading to the conservatory. He could see after a time the glow of a cigarette back in the darkness among the palms. Apparently the man who was smoking waited alone. Willard took the revolver from his pocket.

After a moment he saw Dorothy in the bright light of the other doorway. She slipped lightly in, and walked rapidly back into the darkness. Robert Willard could hear whispering. The glow of the cigarette had disappeared. On tiptoe he advanced rapidly toward the couple. Within two yards he halted. The man, taller than

Dorothy, had bent over to kiss her and she was turning up her face to his. In that moment Robert Willard felt himself a madman.

He raised the revolver and fired.

He did not know what happened in the next few minutes. The dancers came pouring in at the sound of the shot. Some one turned on the lights.

With a start of anguish Robert Willard saw that the young man with blood on his shirt front was his own son.

Mr. Barton was saying, mechanically: "Who shot you, Willard? Who shot you?"

Robert, Jr., looked up, one hand gripping his shoulder where the bullet had struck him. He recognized his father. He realized that his father was the only man there who could have shot him.

"I don't know, Mr. Barton," Robert, Jr., gasped. "I think he got out of that open window there."

Everybody rushed to look, and two of the men climbed through and dropped to the flower bed below.

Robert Willard bent over his son.

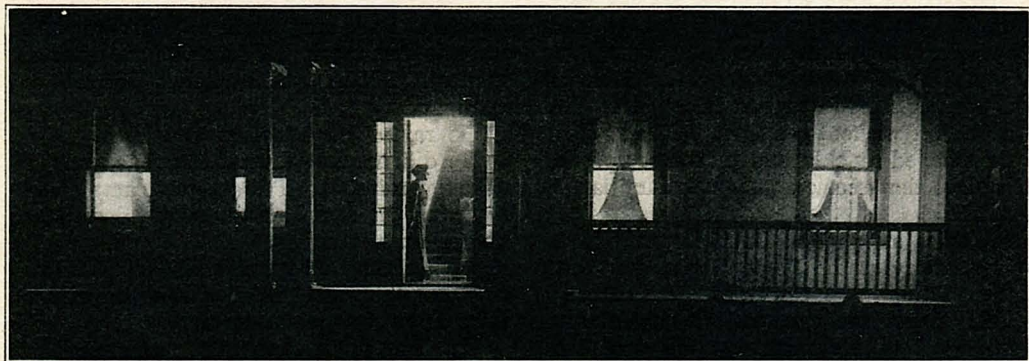
"Are you badly hurt?" he asked.

"I don't think so, father," he whispered. "Everything's all right, isn't it? Dorothy wrote me she'd pay the debt for me. We're friends now."

The doctor pushed Robert Willard aside then and took charge. Oddly, the thought flashed through his mind in that instant that the handwriting had been familiar because it was that of his own son and with the thought he slipped quietly to the floor in a dead faint.

A NEW MOVIE STAR FROM ENGLAND

MISS EDITH WYNN MATHISON, one of the most distinguished English actresses who has come to this country, is to appear in the Lasky-Balsco production of "The Governor's Lady." Those who have seen Miss Mathison in the quaint and moving role of "Every Man" will rejoice that so beautiful an actress is to appear in films, but they will regret deeply that there is no means of giving to the movie fans a reproduction of Miss Mathison's marvelous voice. There is probably no actress on the English speaking stage who can equal Miss Mathison in the reading of either prose or verse.



From Motion Pictures taken at midnight with the aid of the new portable light for "The House of Fear."

New Light for Night Pictures

Compact little invention makes taking of moving pictures possible in dark places and widens the field of activity.

THERE was a time when moving picture actors and actresses could count on having their evenings, at least, to themselves, but evenings have now been put on the director's optional list along with their Sundays. Most any day a player can now expect to hear the director say: "Be ready tonight at midnight. I'm going to take part of the company out to get some weird light effects"—or: "Come back early this evening. You are going to explore an old deserted house for that new two-reeler, 'Who's Who, or the Mystery of the Black Cat'"—or (there is no end to a director's infernal schemes): "Be down at the Battery at nine this evening. We are going to put a little realism into some scenes in the subway under the river as soon as the theater rush is over."

The thing that is responsible for all of this

impending trouble is a little portable light just 19 pounds in weight when packed in its suitcase-like carrier. It is only about 18 inches long and 12 inches wide when packed, can be used on either direct or al-

ternating current, and needs only 15 amperes on a 110-volt circuit. Hereafter, if a director is not satisfied with the atmosphere of his studio setting of a basement or ship's-hold scene all he has to do is bundle up a few of these lights, and take the players down into the basement or the hold of a ship or a subway tunnel, where he can get the desired effect.

A company of Universal-Imp players recently made a trip from New York to Edgewater Heights, N. J., set up a few of these lights in the windows of a house rented for the occasion, and there they took pictures from eleven o'clock at night until four the next morning



The new light can be carried around like a suitcase.

for "The House of Fear." The moon inconsiderately made its appearance on the wrong side of the house so one of the property men, light in hand, climbed a tree growing at the side of the veranda and played moonlight tricks on the front porch, steps, and lawn, that were vastly superior to the moon's best efforts.

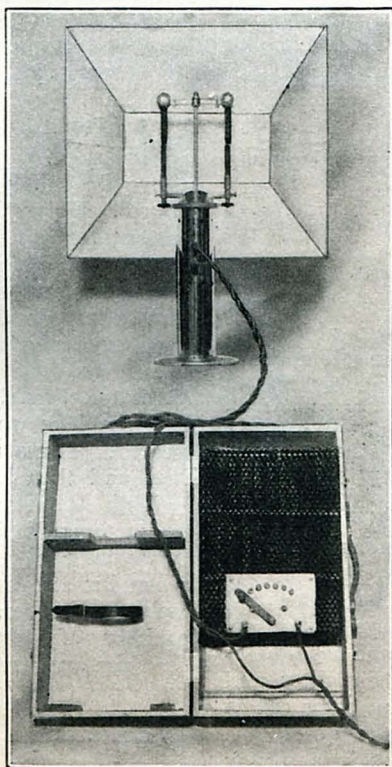
Night scenes taken under such conditions are much more convincing than the ordinary green-tinted scenes. Instead of all objects showing equally plain against a green background as they do now in the latter class of night scenes, the new effect obtained by the use of these portable lights will bring the objects in the foreground out bright and clear against a jet-black background.

Inquiring into the personality of this little light we find that it is in a class of its own in being the only lamp in use having the two arcs fed by the same solenoid, thus assuring even feed for both. As the two arcs, which are four inches long and last two hours, work in series, each having about 50 volts across the arc, very little current is wasted in resistance. The total candle power of the two arcs, consuming together only 15 amperes on a 100-120-volt circuit, is 8,000, and the light is very rich in actinic quality.

The perfect color of the light is secured by



Another scene from "The House of Fear." The players worked under the new light from eleven o'clock at night until four the next morning and the pictures were exceptionally good.



Remarkable new portable light showing collapsible reflector and carrying case.

chemically treating the small carbon so that the ultra violet and a small part of the blue section of the spectrum is cut out, thus obtaining almost absolute photographic daylight. By the latter is meant light which will render colors in photography with the same relation to each other that we see in daylight. All photographic films are much more sensitive to the blue part of the spectrum than they should be for good pictures, the blue in the light registering entirely too strong.

This little light is the instrument by means of which the fake will be removed from night pictures. Gone are the days of the night picture taken in the middle of the day! There is no longer excuse for taking scenes in the studio because the real place is not lighted.

The director's assistant will simply locate the place for the picture and the film will be made regardless of local lighting arrangements.

We already know about double exposures, cut-ins, fade aways, and other tricks that are played by the moving picture camera. We have ceased to marvel at one player acting an entire play.

At the present time, the picture-going public are impressed with the wonders of the deep sea as shown by means of moving pictures actually taken under water.

What will be the next invention, we wonder?

The Unfinished Story

Here are the best endings submitted on the unfinished story "The Scorpion's Sting" which was published in the February issue of PHOToplay MAGAZINE. Of all the letters sent in, only one writer believed that Lyda would carry out her intention of drowning her lover without an explanation.

AFTER rowing a short distance, Leister commenced his tragic story. How he had made a midnight visit to her father who had remorselessly ruined him in business in the hope of recovering a part of his fortune. Assaulted by her father, he had shot in self-defense. When he had finished, he said very simply:

"I have told you my story because I love you. I have placed it in your power to do with me as you wish. I did not know you were the daughter of my former enemy until yesterday. But I loved you and will continue to do so no matter what happens."

As she gazed at him she realized how absolutely she loved him and how empty life would be without him. She knew he was virtually innocent. And, after all, what mattered except their love? She stretched out her arms to him and he looked up and realized that again love had conquered fate.

Gladys Annand, Duluth, Minn.

MANN and Lyda reached the centre of the lake. He stopped rowing, took her hands, and confessed the sordid story. Lyda, convinced he had shot in self-defense, revealed her identity. Mann sat silent, astounded. She sadly gazed at him, then said: "I can never marry you. Of course my dead father stands between." He buried his face in his hands for answer and Lyda quickly jumped out of the boat. Horrorstruck, he caught and pulled her back. She fought and struggled, but his grip was iron. Once he kissed her and she faltered, then struggled on. Marston, from the spirit world, may have beheld this battle of strength between daughter and slayer. That night, the moon came out in all her glory and bathed the quiet lake and a small, overturned boat in a silvery light.

M. L. W., Belmont, Mass.

LYDA heard his story, there as the boat drifted idly along. Waves met the sides of the boat and broke! She likened these waves to herself—the boat to her father. How long could she have withstood the iron will of her father before she, too, would have been broken? Did such a cold, calculating nature as Horace Marston's invite duty, even from a daughter? She raised her eyes, after what seemed an eternity to Leister. Looking into his earnest, boyish face Lyda felt love surge through her veins and her resolution melted completely.

Leister's eyes were pleading—his arms were outstretched. Lyda crept along the boat—slowly—into the embrace of the one man who meant, for her, Love and Life.

Mary Phoebe Foose, Altoona, Pa.

WHEN they reached the middle of the lake Leister ceased to row and allowed the little boat to drift slowly in its own course. He was about to speak when Lyda interrupted him.

"I know just what you're going to say," she cried and rose sobbing. The strain had overpowered her. "You—you—," then suddenly she fainted, a splash was heard and she disappeared beneath the water. Leister threw off his coat and dived into the lake where Lyda had just disappeared. For a moment nothing could be seen and then he re-appeared with Lyda.

With the strength of a mad-man he swam towards the shore with his burden. They were about thirty feet from shore when his strength gave out and he could swim no farther. With a cry for help he sank out of sight. But two men who had seen the accident had come to their rescue and drew them out. An hour later as Lyda regained consciousness she whispered to Leister, "I only know I love you and that is all I care to know."

Miss Marjorie Lion, New York City.

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A MODEL PHOTOPLAY FORM*

This scenario is reprinted here exactly as it was submitted to the Universal Editor by Joseph Gollomb, one of the staff writers, with one exception. Mr. Gollomb's original manuscript did not include a synopsis, and for this reason, the action is perhaps done more in detail than is necessary when a synopsis is included.

"The Laugh That Died"

One-reel Melodrama.

SYNOPSIS.

Carlotta, the beautiful daughter of an Italian laborer, loves and is loved in return by a young American engineer, Dick.

One day, when she brings her father's lunch to him, Rigi, Boss of the gang of laborers, a powerful brute of a man, sees her and is immensely attracted at once. Carlotta's father is delighted at Rigi's interest in the girl and consents to her immediate betrothal to Rigi, although both know that she is in love with Dick. When Dick comes to see her, he and Rigi quarrel, and Dick is ejected from the house of Carlotta's father. He sees no more of Carlotta but as he waits outside of her house, a note falls at his feet thrown from her window, which tells him that she is to be married the following morning by force. On her wedding morning, Carlotta is taken by her father to Rigi's house to robe herself. The room is well furnished and there is a large wardrobe on one wall. They hand Carlotta the bridal dress and leave. Dick has followed the party from Carlotta's house and now attempts to get to her by means of the fire escape. It is broad daylight and Rigi sees him and shoots him. Carlotta hears the shot, runs to the window, and helps Dick, who has managed in spite of his wound, to climb up to her window, into the room. She hides him in the wardrobe and throws the key far underneath the bed. Rigi, with two or three other Italians, begins searching for Dick, giving Carlotta into the care of three other men. Carlotta is frantic; if she leaves her lover where he is he will die, and if she releases him, he will die. The shy, sweet girl is roused to elemental woman, fighting for the life of the man she loves, ready to match a woman's craftiness against the brute strength of these men. She begins flirting with two of the men who are guarding her. They have been drinking and respond eagerly, but when, getting bolder, each discovers he has a rival in the other, they begin to quarrel. Carlotta flirts with the third man and persuades him to leave the room with her. She has managed to conceal a carving knife under her shawl and once outside the door, she turns on this man, forces him back into the room and locks the door. Then she rushes back to release her lover. Dick has fainted and when Carlotta unlocks the wardrobe she has to lift him out. He revives somewhat and by the time the whole party of men discover Carlotta's strategy and come rushing in, he is able to stand with Carlotta's help. Holding the knife menacingly before her, she backs them down the stairway and out of the house, and once out in the friendly open, her troubles and terrors are over.

CAST

Carlotta.... Daughter of Italian laborer

Dick.... A young American engineer

Rigi.... A powerful padrone or boss

Carlotta's father

Three of Rigi's lieutenants

Police, priest, doctor, nurse

SCENE 1

Building Excavation.—(Subway or office building or any other similar setting.) Carlotta, a daughter of laborer carrying a lunch pail. Dick, a young American engineer, stops her, as one who has met her before and likes her exceedingly. She is equally interested in him. Noon whistle sounds. C. starts guiltily as being late, leaves. Dick looks, lover-like, after her.

SCENE 2

Another Excavation Set.—Rigi bossing Italians around. He laughs with every mood — impatiently, overbearingly, etc. Among the men bossed is C.'s father. Whistle sounds. Men fall to lunch which is brought to some of them by children. C.'s father impatient. C. enters late, apologizes to father, who is gruff with her. Rigi, struck with the girl, approaches the two. Father obsequiously introduces her. Rigi makes no secret of his quick interest in the girl. She, unimpressed, leaves. Rigi, watching, follows after.

SCENE 3

Another Excavation Set.—Dick, who has been waiting, makes love to Carlotta, who reenters. Rigi and her father follow and spy on them. Lovers exit, Rigi and father after them.

SCENE 4

Front of Carlotta's Home.—Lovers enter—betrothal—bid affectionate *au revoir*—father and Rigi come up after C. enters house and Dick leaves. Rigi lets father know he wants the girl for wife. Father consents. Rigi laughs.

SCENE 5

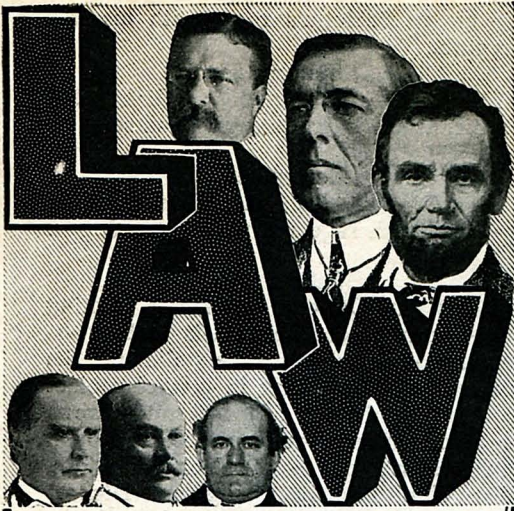
Excavation.—Dick back at work—quarrels with Rigi, who laughs with suppressed hate and prospect of swift revenge coupled with satisfaction of getting Carlotta.

SUB-TITLE—THAT NIGHT

SCENE 6

Carlotta's Home.—Carlotta is told by her father to have nothing to do with

* The "Photoplaywrights Department" is omitted this issue so that we may fulfill the many requests we have had for a model photoplay form.



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Dick—Rigi enters—C. is told she must prepare to marry Rigi. Dick enters. Quarrel between him and Rigi renewed. He leaves. Rigi and father leave. Carlotta runs to window.

SCENE 7

Outside Carlotta's Home.—Dick leaves door, hides behind post—Rigi and father enter and leave—Dick emerges, looks up to Carlotta's window.

SCENE 8

Carlotta's Room.—She writes a note—throws it down to Dick.

SCENE 9

Outside Her Home.—Dick picks up note. It reads. "To-morrow morning they will force me to marry Rigi. Help!"
"Carlotta."

SUB-TITLE—"THE NEXT DAY"

SCENE 10

Front of Rigi's House Next Day.—Rigi and father enter his house with Carlotta between them.

SCENE 11

Room X in Rigi's House.—A woman's dressing room. Clothes cabinet or other article of furniture big enough to hide a man but not larger. Rigi, Carlotta and father enter. "Put this on!" Rigi hands her a bridal dress. Men leave. Carlotta hopeless.

SCENE 12

Back of Rigi's House.—Dick climbs fire escape and into window.

SCENE 13

A Hall Window in Rigi's House.—Rigi looks out—sees Dick.

SCENE 14

Flash of Dick entering window.

SCENE 15

Back to 13.—As Dick climbs in Rigi tackles him—fight—Dick with superior science with fists beats Rigi—one or two henchmen run to aid—Rigi in rage draws revolver—fires at Dick, who is escaping out of the window.

SCENE 16

Room X (Scene 11).—Carlotta hears shot—runs to fire escape window. Sees.

SCENE 17

Fire Escape.—Dick, wounded, is climb-

ing up to Carlotta's room with his last strength.

SCENE 18

Room X—Carlotta pulls Dick in.—frantic, as she looks out again and sees.

SCENE 19

Fire Escape.—Rigi and others climbing up—mad with rage and wine—shouting—.

SCENE 20

Room X.—Carlotta holds half fainting Dick—frantic—sees he needs instant attention—also hears the others climbing the fire escape—hides Dick in clothes cabinet or closet or dresser (Z) locks it—throws key under dresser—resumes pose as though Dick had run out of the door. Rigi and others climb into room. Demand Dick of her. She insists Dick has run through the door. Men search room—decide Carlotta has told the truth—take her with them as they leave. She is dressed in bridal dress.

SCENE 21

Room Y in Rigi's House.—Table with wine and fruit and a long knife. Three henchmen. A, B and C, seated drinking hard—Carlotta is dragged in by Rigi and her father—put under guard of the three, while the others run out to hunt down the wounded Dick. Carlotta in frantic despair.

SCENE 22

Flash of Dick, wounded and stifling in closet Z.

SCENE 23

Flash of Rigi party hunting for Dick—scene hallway or some room.

SCENE 24

Room Y.—Carlotta sees desperate situation of her lover. If she reveals his hiding place he dies; if she does not, he dies. The gentle, modest girl is roused to elemental woman, fighting for the life of the man she loves, matching her wits against brute strength. She plays the fickle and dangerous coquette. She is seated with her side to audience, all four around a table. She flirts with A, who quickly responds.

SCENE 25

Flash of Dick in Z.

SCENE 26

Flash of searching party in another room or part of stair.

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SCENE 27

Room Y.—A has been roused by Carlotta to attempt caresses—she shrinks back from him into the arms of B, who is thus betrayed into acting her protector; puts his arms around her; too warmly, for Carlotta shrinks back from him again into the arms of A. The two men become jealous. Begin to quarrel. C looks on, sulkily jealous of both.

SCENE 28

Flash of Dick in Z—collapsing.

SCENE 29

Flash of hunting party somewhere else in the house—furious, tear doors of closets open; guns and knives in hand.

SCENE 30

Room Y.—A and B quarreling furiously over Carlotta. She steals her hand, under the table to C, who has been scowling at her. Takes his hand and presses it. Sends look of promise and coquetry to him, giving him to understand that he is her favorite and that she has set the other two quarreling to give him a clear coast; motions with her hand that she would like to step out into the hall with him.

SCENE 31

Flash Dick in Z. Has fainted.

SCENE 32

Flash hunting party in room where Dick is hid. Get some suspense here.

SCENE 33

Room Y.—A and B are brought to a desperate clinch by Carlotta and C. As they close in Carlotta jumps to her feet, motioning to C for both to run out of the room. C makes for the door, Carlotta stopping only long enough to hide a long carving knife under her dress. She had "planted" the knife on the table before this. C takes key out of lock and both run out. (The stealing of the knife can be shown as close-up.)

SCENE 34

Hall Outside of Room Y.—Carlotta and C run out of door. C quickly turns key in door and turns around for his reward of, a kiss from Carlotta. She whips out knife. Demands key. He gives it up. She unlocks door, opens it, showing two others fighting on floor. Thrusting C into room, Carlotta locks door again and flees, knife in hand.

SCENE 35

Room Y.—C furious tries door, finds it locked. Tears the two fighters apart, tells them how they have all been duped. The three fling themselves on the door and try to break it down, hammering on it with fists and shouting alarm.

SCENE 36

Room X.—Hunting party trying the closet in which Dick is hidden. Listen to hear whether he is in it, as it is locked. Instead of Dick, who has fainted, they hear the clamor from

SCENE 37

Flash Room Y.—Three men hammering door and clamoring.

SCENE 38

Room X.—Hunting party runs out.

SCENE 39

Corner of Stair—Dark. Carlotta runs up—hears hunting party running down—shrinks down into dark corner. Hunting party dash down and pass her. She jumps up and runs up stairs.

SCENE 40

Hall before Room Y.—Hunting party arrive—try door—break it in.

SCENE 41

Room Y.—Door bursts in, hunting party in—excited talk—all rush out.

SCENE 42

Corner of Stairs.—Carlotta racing up stairs.

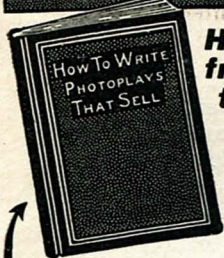
SCENE 43

Flash of Dick, unconscious in closet Z.

SCENE 44

Room X.—Carlotta runs in—finds key—frantically unlocks closet—Dick falls out unconscious—Carlotta desperately brings him to semi-consciousness, after her fear that he is dead is dispelled. She hears men on the stairs. Hitches the half-conscious Dick up so that she half carries, half walks him, one arm around his waist, his head on her shoulder. In her right hand is the long knife held out menacingly before her. The hunters burst in. Held off by her knife. She advances on them, Dick on arm, knife at their breasts. She backs them out of the room, herself following.

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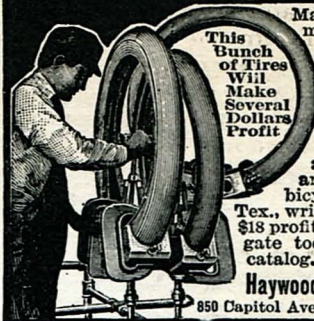
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SCENE 45

Outside Room X.—Hunters back out before Carlotta and her knife. She follows, Dick on arm.

SCENE 46

Stair Corner.—Men back down stairs step by step before Carlotta and Dick.

SCENE 47

Another Stair Corner.—Repeat action of Scene 46.

SCENE 48

Hall before Street Door.—Repeat action, adding Carlotta's maneuvers to open the street door and escape through it with Dick, just out the clutch of Rigi.

SCENE 49

Street before Rigi's Home.—Carlotta and Dick stagger out. Carlotta tries to keep the door from being opened on the inside.

SCENE 50

Street.—Policeman and pedestrians catch sight of Carlotta and Dick. Rush up to them just as hunting party rush out.

Policeman covers the party with revolver while he whistles for help.

SCENE 51

Close Up—of hunting party under policeman's revolver. Rigi, who has been laughing with every mood and action, suddenly sees other police running up. The first policeman suddenly nips handcuffs on him. Points to Dick, wounded, who collapses in faint, looking like dead man. Rigi's laugh dies forever.

SCENE 52

Street Scene in Front of Rigi's House.—Rigi and other Italians held by police. Ambulance dashes up. Dick is taken away. Carlotta, anxious, mounts the ambulance step. All exit.

SCENE 53

Police Station House.—Rigi and others locked up.

SCENE 54

Hospital Ward.—Dick on cot—Doctor telling Carlotta he will recover. Glad renewal of betrothal by lovers. Fade out.

Finis

MAKING ALLOWANCE

A ONE-TIME impecunious author met a friend whom he had not seen for some years, and they adjourned to a cafe to discuss old times over a cup of coffee.

"Yes!" exclaimed the author, "I gave up novel writing a couple of years ago, and devoted my time to scenario writing. My boy, it's a gold mine. Why, I've made—now guess how much I've made in the last two years."

"Oh! I don't know," was the reply. "About half, I suppose."

"About half?" queried the author. "Half of what?"

"Oh! about half of what you say," was the reply.

TO SET OUR READERS RIGHT

ON page 58, in the February number of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, we inferred that Mary Pickford was with the New York Motion Picture Corporation. At that time, it was generally known that she had made the change, but since then the announcement has been made that Miss Pickford will continue to appear in Famous Players releases.

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Where to Send Your Scripts

The names, addresses and scenario wants of the film companies that are in the market for photoplays. All manuscripts must be typewritten. They should be folded, not rolled and addressed to Scenario Editor, with the address of the company following. A stamped, self-addressed envelope should always be enclosed to be used in case of rejection.

American Film Mfg. Co., Santa Barbara, Cal. F. A. Wall, editor. Novel subjects with big, fresh ideas running from 500 to 8,000 feet. Exceptional one and two-reel dramas and comedies especially desired. This company also reads for "Beauty" and desires small cast, heart-interest dramas and comedies for Margarita Fischer.

Balboa Amusement Producing Company, Long Beach, Cal. F. Wiltermood, editor. Big American dramas wanted; three, four and six-reel plays that show good romance and plot of intrigue.

Beauty—See American Film Mfg. Company.

Biograph Company, 807 East 175th street, New York City. Strong one and two-reel scenarios of their own style. Also farce comedies and burlesques of half-reel length.

Bison 101—See Universal Film Mfg. Company.

Eaco Films, 110 W. 40th street, New York City. Three-reel dramas with a "punch," which may be used to feature Edwin August. One-reel westerns and comedies.

Thomas A. Edison, Inc., 2826 Decatur avenue, Bronx, New York. One and two-reel plays. Modern settings desired and action must embrace incidents with which the average person is familiar.

Famous Players Film Company, 213-27 West 26th street, New York, N. Y. B. P. Schulberg, editor. An almost impossible market for any but experienced scenario writers. For stories in four reels without a single flaw in plot or theme, this is a splendid market, but they must be strong enough to compete with popular novel adaptations.

St. Louis Motion Picture Company, Santa Paula, Cal. Strong western and Spanish dramatic and light comedy scripts in one reel.

Gold Seal—See Universal Film Mfg. Company.

Historical—Historical Feature Film Company, 105 W. Monroe street, Chicago, Ill. One-reel comedy.

Holland Film Mfg. Company, 105 Lawrence avenue, Dorchester, Mass. One and two-reel comedies and comedy-dramas. Three, four and five-reel dramas with New England settings. Plenty of action. Send to scenario editor.

Imp—See Universal Film Mfg. Company.

Joker—See Universal Film Mfg. Company.

Kalem Company, 235 W. 23rd street, New York. Phil Lang, editor. Single-reel, farce comedies and two-reel dramas. Underworld and crime stories not desired. Address all scripts to the scenario department.

Keystone Film Co., 1712-19 Allesandro street (Edendale), Los Angeles, Cal. Craig Hutchinson, editor. Farce comedies; fast and logical action and plot; will read good synopsis only.

Komic—See Majestic-Reliance.

L-KO—See Universal Film Mfg. Company.

Lubin Manufacturing Company, Indiana avenue and 20th street, Philadelphia, Pa. Lawrence McCloskey, editor. One-reel light comedies, unique in character and incident; strong multiple-reel dramas replete with novelty of plot and climax.

Miller Brothers, 101 Ranch, Bliss, Okla. Three-reel melodramatic westerns with Indians figuring prominently. Only high-grade scripts of this class considered.

Majestic-Reliance Studios, 4500 Sunset boulevard, Los Angeles, Cal. Frank E. Woods, editor. Reads scripts for Reliance, Majestic and Komic. Novel stories in one and two-reels, filled with dramatic action desired for first two companies and one-reel comedies of farcical nature for the other two. Stories submitted in synopsis form only will be considered. Stories must have the "vitally different twist."

Majestic—See Mutual Film Corporation.

Nestor—See Universal Film Mfg. Company.

Powers—See Universal Film Mfg. Company.

The Photoplay Entertainment Company, 7311 Greenwood street, Pittsburgh, Pa. Short and snappy original comedies of about 10 scenes, 200 feet of film, or less for Animated Jokes, a 1,000-foot reel to be issued weekly and consisting of about five short comedies. Pay 2½ to 5 cents per foot of film.

Reliance—See Majestic-Reliance.

Rolfe, B. A., Photoplays Inc., 1493 Broadway, New York City. One and two-reel comedies.

Rex—See Universal Film Mfg. Company.

Selig Polyscope Company, 20 East Randolph street, Chicago, Ill. J. F. Pribyl, editor. In the market for everything from split-reel comedies to five-reel dramas. Former must be lively and humorous and latter big and gripping. This is one of the few firms buying single-reel scenarios at the present time, and they demand the best.

Smallwood Film Corporation, 1303 Flatiron Bldg., N. Y. In the market for one and two-reel comedy dramas suitable for featuring Miss Ethel Grandin, an ingenue lead. Prefer small cast stories.

Sterling Motion Picture Company, Hollywood, Cal. Fred Balshofer, editor. One and two-reel farces that will fit Ford Sterling. They must be along novel lines, compelling in action and virile in plot.

Universal Film Manufacturing Company, Eastern office, 1600 Broadway, New York. Jack Byrne, editor. Uses modern and society scripts principally and reads for Imp, Powers and Victor. Stories fitting Ben Wilson, Mary Fuller, Harry Meyers and Rosemary Theby especially desired. Western office, Hollywood, Cal. James Dayton, editor. Not buying much at present, but considers all novel plots suitable for production in California. Reads for Gold Seal, Rex, Nestor, Bison, Universal Ike, L-KO, and Joker. Pays good prices for available stories and gives credit on screen to the author.

Universal Ike—See Universal Film Mfg. Company.

Victor—See Universal Film Mfg. Company.

Vitagraph Company of America, East 15th street and Locust avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Marguerite Bertsch, editor. Are well stocked with scripts on account of recent prize contest, but will buy any scenario or plot that is novel. Whether it be good comedy, strong drama or melodrama, the prime requisite is that it shall be different, uncommon.

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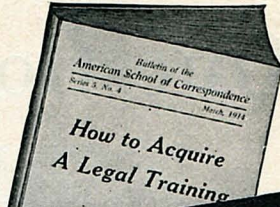
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P.P. 3-15

Questions and Answers

A Service to the Readers of PHOTOPLAY
MAGAZINE thru which they may get informa-
tion about Anything Concerning the Movies.

GLADYS B., BALBO, MD.—In Vitagraph's "The Athletic Family" the two sisters were played by Alice and Edna Nash, as you guessed, but it was Alice who was the nice one and Edna who was the tomboy. Sorry, but we can't answer your Lubin and Kalem questions, as we haven't cast sheets of either of those two productions. Lubin's "The Lion and the Mouse" was filmed at the Philadelphia studios of that company. A letter addressed to Myrtle Stedman, care of the Bosworth studio in California, will reach her, we feel quite sure.

I. M. ALIVE, NEW YORK CITY.—The last we heard of Walter Miller he was working for the Imp Company, but we recall no recent releases in which he has appeared, so perhaps he is now with another company. Strange, isn't it, that you should so closely resemble him. The name of the first picture in which Mr. Chaplin is to appear for Essanay hasn't been announced at the time this answer is being written, though probably by the time it appears in print the Essanay advertising in trade journals will give you that information, for we understand the first one will appear early in February. No, he is not appearing at the Chicago studio of the Essanay Company, but will stage his picture at Niles, Cal., the Essanay's western plant. Augustus Carney, so far as we know, is not at present appearing in pictures of any brand.

JESSIE J. W., QUINCY, ILL.—The Victor Company hasn't furnished us with a cast sheet of "Tempest and Sunshine," so we'll have to disappoint you on that answer. Francis X. Bushman, the Essanay player, is more of a blonde than a brunette, though we should just call him a medium.

FLOYD S., GAINESVILLE, GA.—Jack in Victor's "Elsie's Uncle" was Sydney Nason; Charles Ogle played the role of Walter Sandrey in Victor's "The Heart of the Night Wind." The Mary Pickford release you mention was made way back in the old days when Mary was an Imp star and all cast sheets on those releases were destroyed more than a year ago. Mary Pickford has not left the Famous Players Company, but is now in California at work on new pictures. The leads in Broncho's "The Cross in the Desert" were Walter Edwards and Leona Hutton.

EDWARD S. G., CYNTHIANA, KY.—"The Speed King," written as you say by Philip Lonergan, is a Thanhouser release. Yes, a number of the so-called popular magazines are now using stories relating to screen stars. They are discovering that the photoplay has followers the country over and that interest in the silent drama is as great or greater than in the big productions of the legitimate stage.

"INQUISITIVE," MEADVILLE, PA.—Your point regarding the doctor who so frequently appears on the screen is very well taken and we quite agree with you that producers should be more careful with the various "props" used by the characters appearing in their productions. The method by which Cleo Madison is enabled to appear in two roles at the same time on the screen is what is known as double photography. She posed for one sister and was photographed that way, and then on the same negative was photographed as the other sister.

S. P., DETROIT, MICH.—"In the Bishop's Carriage" was a Famous Players release of long ago, and Mary Pickford appeared in it.

FRANK K., 6114 ARCH ST.—The lieutenant in Kay Bee's "Mother of the Shadows" was John Keller; Hulda Mott in Broncho's "Romance of Old Holland" was Elizabeth Burbridge; the girl in Thanhouser's "A Reader of Minds" was Muriel Ostriche; David in Domino's "Not of the Flock" was Charles Ray; the Keystone players we can't name, as Keystone supplies no cast sheets. Awfully sorry, Frank, to disappoint you. We've tried hard to crack some of those hard ones that you have asked us about old Biograph and foreign releases, but the only one we can answer for you is Thelma Slayter in that old New York Motion Picture release.

"INQUISITIVE," LIVINGSTON, MONT.—The way in which effects such as you describe in Edison's "A Lady of Spirits" are obtained is known as double exposures. One picture is taken and then on the same negative another exposure is made. This permits you to apparently see right, through people or 'make them look like spirits,' as you say. For players' photographs, it is best first to ask the company which employs them. To get Grace Cunard's photo, for instance, write to the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, Mecca Building, New York City. You should, of course, enclose a small sum to cover postage and packing.

MILDRED K. AND LILLIAN H., CHICAGO.—Clara Kimball Young is now appearing in World film productions. In most of the recent Vitagraph pictures in which Norma Talmadge has appeared the actor playing opposite her is Van Dyke Brooke. James Kirkwood played opposite Mary Pickford in that Famous Players release that you mention.

MRS. E. H. C., MONTGOMERY, ALA.—William Shay is a leading man of the Imp Company. Address him, care of the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, Mecca Building, New York City. The confusion as to where William Shay is appearing may be due to the fact that Vitagraph also has a player of that name, but he spells it differently.

K. N. H., EVERETT, MASS.—Mary Pickford is now about twenty-two years of age. Owen Moore is her husband. We can't answer questions that pertain to the religion of a player. What difference does it really make what their religion is?

R. S., PITTSBURG, PA.—Yes, the entire Biograph organization is now in the West. In the absence of the company the Biograph Eastern plant is said to be undergoing a thorough overhauling and rebuilding. The date of Charles Chaplin's first Essanay release has not yet been announced, but it is understood to be scheduled for some time early in February. Blanche Sweet is now located at the Lasky studio in California. We presume the lady will answer your letter if you enclosed a stamp and addressed letter. It will probably depend, however, on how busy she happens to be at the time your letter reaches her. No cast sheet has yet been issued for the Griffith film "The Clansman," so we cannot tell you whether or not the actress you name appears in it.

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From Photoplay Magazine, March

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LOUIS M., PINE LAKE, WIS.—John North in Kay Bee's "The First Love's Best" was played by Webster Campbell; Vera Morris in the same picture was Rhea Mitchell and the country girl was Margaret Thompson. Keystone release three comedies per week. Can't give you casts of those productions, however, since the Keystone Company supplies no cast sheets on its releases.

KATHERINE H., WASHINGTON, D. C.—We can't tell you the name of those children in that Selig production because the cast sheet does not give them. Why not write direct to the Selig Polyscope Company, East Randolph Street, Chicago, and see if they can tell you who the youngsters were? Norma Talmadge is not married to the player you name. Leah Baird's husband is the manager of a film exchange in the Middle West.

ARTHUR S., ENID, OKLA.—Jessalyn Von Trump played with one brand of the Universal Film Manufacturing Company after leaving America. Still more recently she was cast in Majestic dramas, but recently we have not seen any films in which she appears, so can't say where she is now.

GEORGE S., HOBOKEN, N. J.—The release entitled "Martin Eden" was made by the Bosworth Company, now releasing on the Paramount program.

MISS A. S., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Leone in Domino's "Not of the Flock" was played by Enid Markey. We agree with you that she is an excellent actress.

LUCILE G., KIRKLIN, IND.—Kato in Broncho's "The Tragedy of the Orient" was Sessue Hayakawa and Kismioia was Tsuru Aoki. Both of these players are real Japanese. Arnold in the same picture was Frank Borzage, and the release date of the picture was June 10, 1914. William Russell is now appearing in releases of the Famous Players brand. Since you did not give the maker's name of the other film you mention we cannot reply to your question. We must insist upon having the film brand name, as without that it is almost hopeless to look up the necessary cast sheets. Often, too, two or more companies release films of the same title, so without the brand name we can't tell which production you refer to.

RUTH W., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—You are quite right in declaring that Edison's two-reel film, "The Young Mrs. Winthrop," closely resembles a successful play. The reason is that it is a direct adaptation of the play of the same name by Bronson Howard, and was made by special arrangement with Mr. Howard, the author of the play in question. Various other film companies are now buying the rights to successful legitimate productions and then presenting them in film form.

B. F. H., SALEM, ORE.—There really is no royal road to becoming either a photoplaywright or a motion picture photographer. Just try and then try again is all we can advise, though of course there are books on photoplay technique and the proper arrangement of your scenarios which will probably do a lot toward setting you on the right track. As to the cameraman's duties, we know of no school that will undertake to teach you that difficult profession.

CLARABELLE H., OMAHA, NEB.—The complete cast of Vitagraph's "The Old Flute Player" is as follows: Herr Kreutzer, Charles Kent; Anna, his daughter, Edith Storey; John Vanderlyn, Antonio Moreno; Mrs. Vanderlyn, Maud Milton; Pietro Moresco, Mr. Tovell; Maria, Ethel Lloyd; Col. Hozelt, J. Herbert Frank. No, Clara Kimball Young is no longer with the Vitagraph Company, though she still is to be seen in some of the recent Vitagraph releases. The reason is that the films now being released were taken long before she left the Vitagraph studios.

DOROTHY B., WARREN, IND.—Sameo in Universal's "The Desert Sands" was Sydney Ayres, formerly leading man and a director with the American Film Manufacturing Company. The above production was, we understand, his first release on the Universal program. Ethel Barrymore is not regularly employed as a player by the All Star Company, but was especially engaged for the one production of "The Nightingale."

STEWART T. B., PONTIAC, MICH.—Awfully sorry to disappoint you, but Keystone does not give casts of its players and we, therefore, are unable to tell you who played the various roles in the two Keystone comedies that you mention. We hope the time will come when Keystone players will be cast, and then we can answer hundreds of questions like those you sent in.

J. F. MCD., CARTERSVILLE, MO.—William Shea and Annette Kellerman had the leads in the "Nephtune's Daughter" film released by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company.

MRS. WM. MCD., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Yes, Charles Chaplin once appeared in vaudeville in the act you mention. He has more opportunities for good work in pictures, though, don't you think?

"FATTY," CLEVELAND, O.—"Judith of Bethulia" was the last big picture produced by David W. Griffith before leaving the Biograph studios to take up the post of chief producer for the Mutual Film Corporation. The reason why Universal, General and Mutual films can now occasionally be seen in the same theater is that these various exchanges now will rent film to an exhibitor using the brands made by other manufacturers. Once upon a time no exhibitor showing General film releases could run other than the pictures made by the various manufacturers who release through the General Film program, but that day seems now to be past forever.

A. K. G., NASHVILLE, TENN.—The moonlight scenes that you refer to were not really taken by moonlight, but were made in sunshine and the film itself, after the positive print had been made, was then tinted blue, thus giving the moonlight effect. It is the same thing as though you should take a snapshot of a friend on a sunny day and then tint the print you made from it a moonlight blue.

LESTER P., WILKES BARRE, PA.—No, Pauline Nash has not left the Universal Company. She plays the lead in "A Small Town Girl," which was released on January 17, so you see, she has appeared on the screen recently. Perhaps you missed that picture, or else the theater you attended didn't run it.

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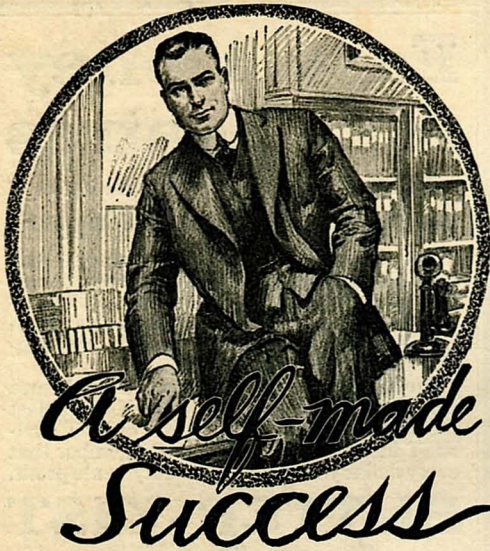
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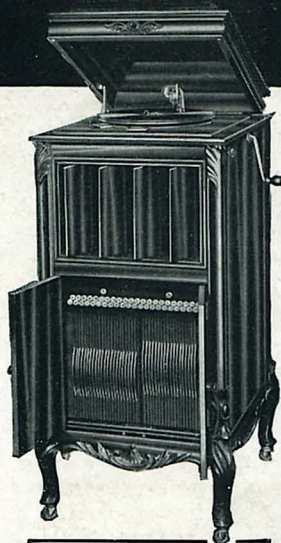


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